THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

APRIL 9, 1949

15¢

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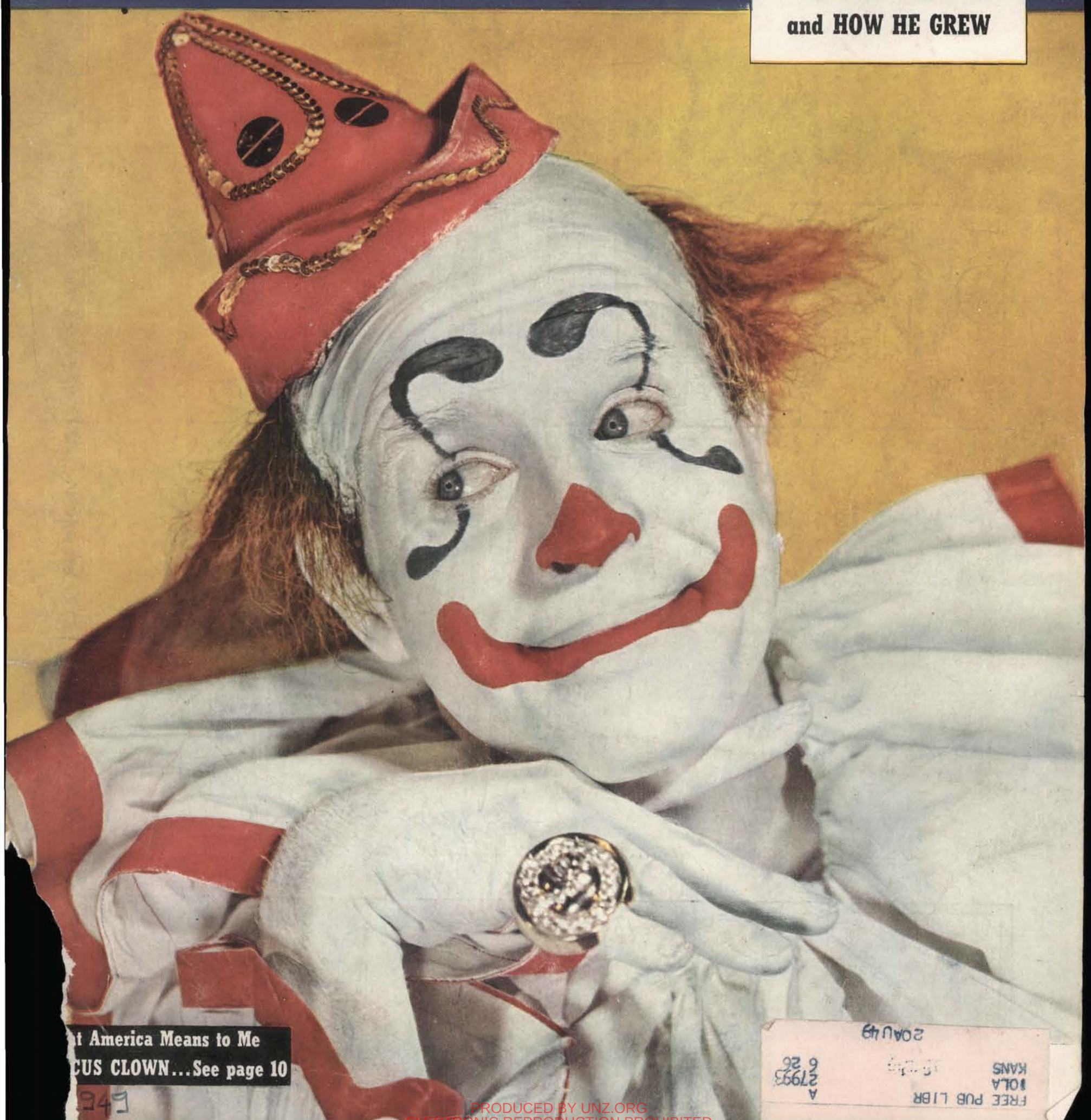
TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME
By ROCKY GRAZIANO

MICKEY MOUSE and HOW HE GREW



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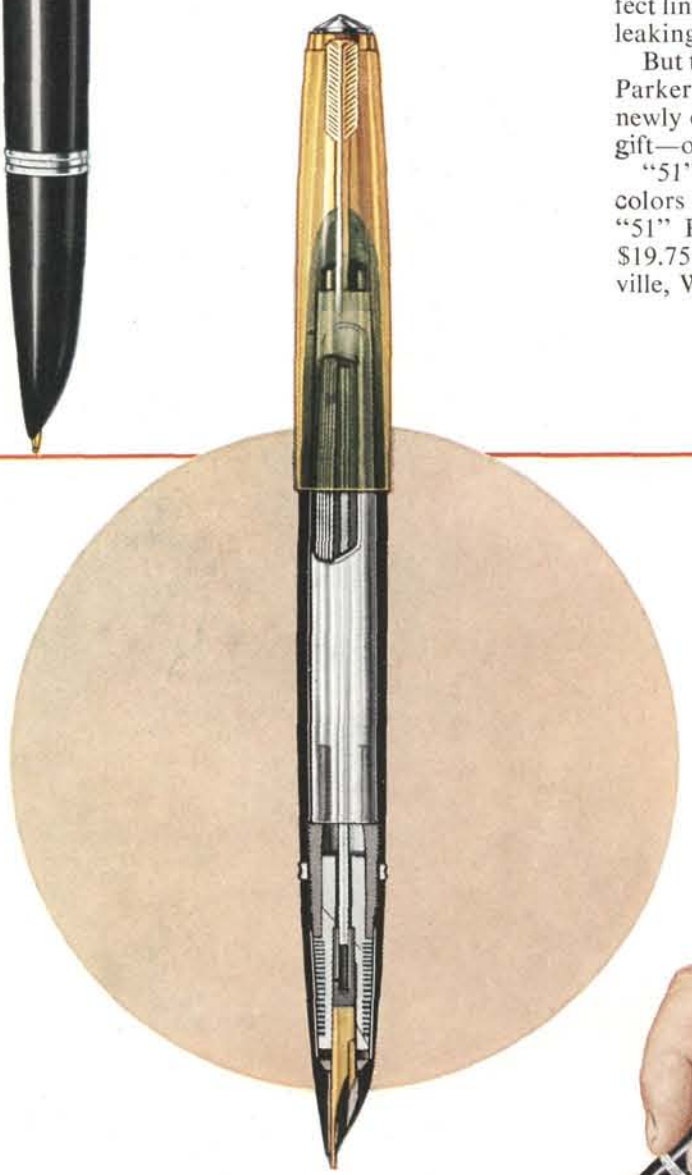

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THE FUTURE HOLDS GREAT PROMISE

Neither chance nor mere good fortune has brought this nation the finest telephone service in the world. The service Americans enjoy in such abundance is directly the product of their own imagination, enterprise and common sense.

THE PEOPLE of America have put billions of dollars of their savings into building their telephone system. They have learned more and more ways to use the telephone to advantage, and have continuously encouraged invention and initiative to find new paths toward new horizons.

They have made the rendering of telephone service a public trust; at the same time, they have given the telephone companies, under regulation, the freedom and resources they must have to do their job as well as possible.

In this climate of freedom and responsibility, the Bell System has provided service of steadily increasing value to more and more people. Our policy, often stated, is to give the best possible service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety and fair treatment of employees. We are organized as we are in order to carry that policy out.

BELL Telephone Laboratories lead the world in improving communication devices and techniques.

Western Electric Company provides the Bell operating companies with telephone equipment of the highest quality at reasonable prices, and can always be counted on in emergencies to deliver the goods whenever and wherever needed.

The operating telephone companies and the parent company work together so that improvements in one place may spread quickly to others. Because all units of the System have the same service goals, great benefits flow to the public.

Similarly, the financial good health of the Bell System over a period of many years has been to the advantage of the public no less than the stockholders and employees.

It is equally essential and in the public interest that telephone rates and earnings now and in the future be adequate to continue to pay good wages, protect the billions of dollars of savings invested in the System, and attract the new capital needed to meet the service opportunities and responsibilities ahead.

There is a tremendous amount of work to be done in the near future and the System's technical and human resources to do it have never been better. Our physical equipment is the best in history, though still heavily loaded, and we have many new and improved facilities to incorporate in the plant. Employees are competent and courteous. The long-standing Bell System policy of making promotions from the ranks assures the continuing vigor of the organization.

WITH these assets, with the traditional spirit of service to get the message through, and with confidence that the American people understand the need for maintaining on a sound financial basis the essential public services performed by the Bell System, we look forward to providing a service better and more valuable in the future than at any time in the past. We pledge our utmost efforts to that end.

Leroy A. Wilson

President

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

From the 1948 Annual Report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

GREGORY PECK
AVA GARDNER
MELVYN DOUGLAS
WALTER HUSTON · ETHEL BARRYMORE
FRANK MORGAN · AGNES MOOREHEAD
in **'THE GREAT SINNER'**

Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Christopher Isherwood. Story by Ladislas Fodor and Rene Fueloep-Miller

Directed by **ROBERT SIODMAK**
Produced by **GOTTFRIED REINHARDT**

Customarily in this column we devote the last paragraph or so to plaudits for those whose artistry contributed to a Picture of the Month. But, this month, the acting and script-writing and direction that went into M-G-M's romantic drama, "The Great Sinner," are so astonishingly good that we must pay our tribute here and now.

Gregory Peck, in our opinion, has never done a more magnificent piece of acting. His role demands tenderness, romance, rage, elegance, brutality — and he handles it all with unbelievable dramatic skill. And playing opposite him, in an unusual romantic situation, is lovely Ava Gardner, who proves that her ability is in every way comparable to her beauty.

Together they vividly portray the ecstasy and terror of sweethearts who are caught up in the irresistible, frenzied grip of gambling for enormous stakes. It is Ava's love, Gregory's life, that finally hang on the fatal turn of the wheel.

The cast, every one of them, contributes to the brilliance and hypnotic fascination of the story. Melvyn Douglas as a steely-cold king of the casino does a masterful job. Walter Huston as the old general and Frank Morgan as the kindly professor give depth and dimension to their portrayals. Their lives tremble at the smile or frown of Lady Fortune. Ethel Barrymore proves indisputably that she is one of the screen's First Ladies.

Acclaim for the direction goes to Robert Siodmak, who need bow to no one as a master of suspense and adventure. As producer of "The Great Sinner" Gottfried Reinhardt earns unstinting praise. For the script, credit Messrs. Ladislas Fodor and Christopher Isherwood.

If we have been lavish with adjectives it is because "The Great Sinner" has been lavish with talent and imagination. This, and we mean it from the bottom of our heart, is great entertainment.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

FRAINTANCES AND SOCIANS

GENTLEMEN: That $1,000 word you asked for describing someone who isn't quite a friend but a little more than an acquaintance is "fraintance," a combination of the two words.

HERMAN L. WEBER, Allentown, Pa.

. . . Why not tack "pal" to the front end of "acquaintance" and make it "palack"?

JOE CAMPBELL, New York, N. Y.

. . . May I submit "knowee"?

NATHAN G. BEARD, New Orleans, La.

. . . "Companable"; also "frienhapp," meaning a friendly air and a happy face.

J. J. MILLER, Boulder, Colo.

. . . My candidate is "socian," in remembrance that in Mexico we said, "*Soy socio* (that is, 'fellow' or 'member') *del Club Rotario de Tampico,*" when attending Rotary Club luncheons.

However, I do not know how you would be able to contact Mr. Webster in the matter.

CARLETON CLYMER, Denver, Colo.

. . . "Associate" amply meets the requirement. . . .

P. D. RUST, Chicago, Ill.

. . . "Dearac" or "frendac" conveys the idea. . . . R. BENDER, Staunton, Va.

. . . Please send the 1,000 bucks for "frenstance."

JUDITH DIANE LIBERMAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Permit me to ask when does a friend often turn into an acquaintance? Is it

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 123, No. 15. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Donnerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, E. A. Schirmer, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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Remember

how he looked on his first birthday?

Remember his eyes when he saw the cake . . . how they shone in the candlelight?

Remember his face when he walked across the room to you for the first time . . . and that afternoon you took him to see Santa Claus?

Remember how he looked when he had his baby hair cut off . . . and when he lost those two front teeth?

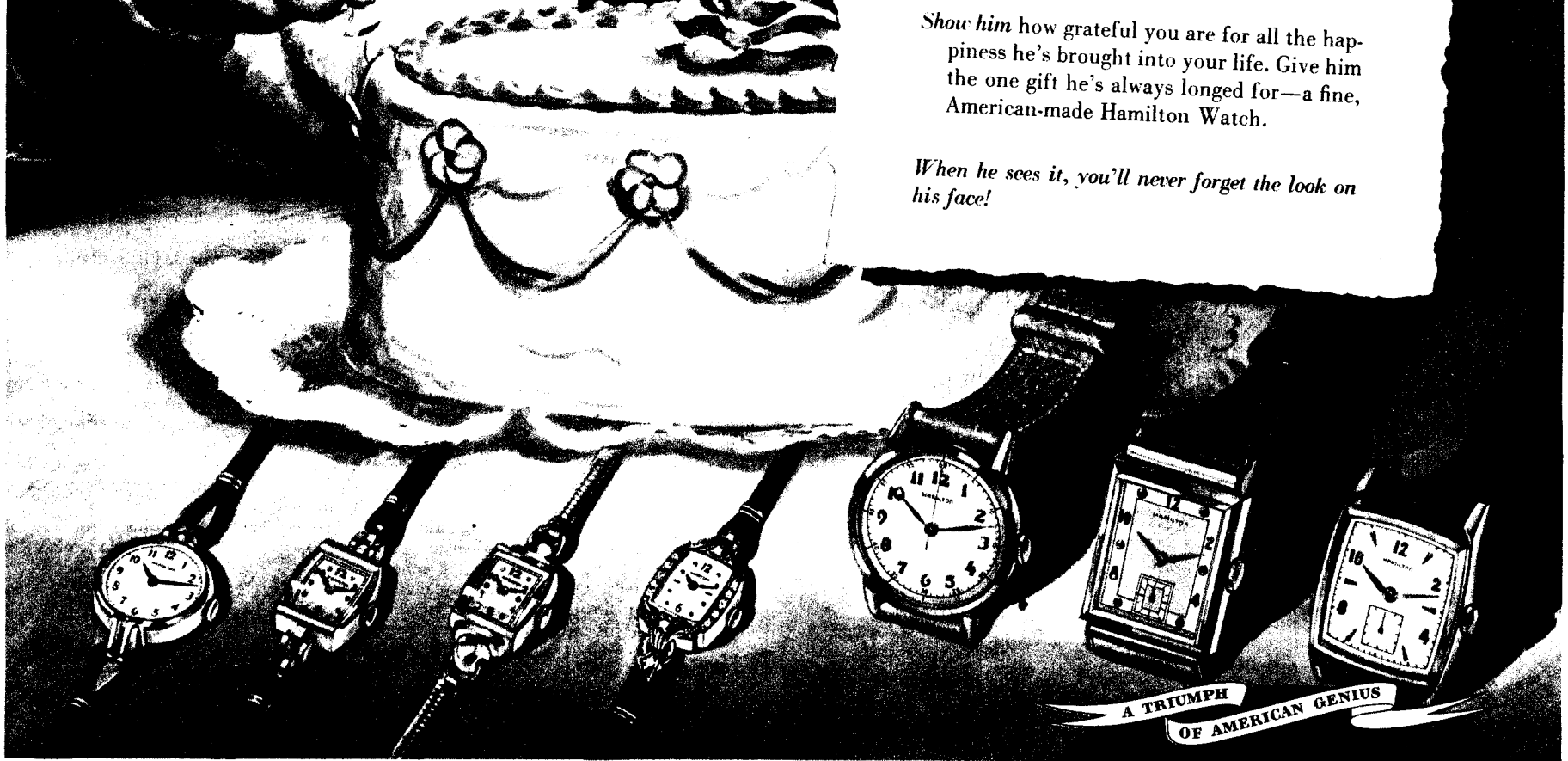
Remember his expression the day he learned to swim . . . and the day he put on those first long pants?

Remember the way he looked when he was "desperately in love" . . . and, three days later, when he swore off girls for life?

How quickly the years go by! Soon he'll be reaching another milestone on his way to manhood—his 18th or 21st birthday, or his graduation.

Show him how grateful you are for all the happiness he's brought into your life. Give him the one gift he's always longed for—a fine, American-made Hamilton Watch.

When he sees it, you'll never forget the look on his face!



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possibly when you try to borrow money of him??? S. J. DEMARY, Springfield, Vt.

UNDERCOVER FACE

DEAR EDITOR: Please print a photo of Albin P. Pugel, who is on your Feb. 12th cover. I have been dying to know what he looks like without his goggles.

ROSE PETERS, South Bend, Ind.

IT'S CIVIL WAR, FOLKS

TO THE EDITOR: I'm *fed up* with "foreigners" like the Cominses from Boston and their remarks re our state (The Week's Mail, Feb. 19th). No one *begs* Easterners to come to California.

DORA MCALLEN, Beverly Hills, Cal.

. . . A correspondent states California is warm in summer, cool in winter. Florida is warm in winter; stifling in summer. Stifle means to suffocate, smother, extinguish, deaden. If anyone has smothered, extinguished, deadened here I have not seen them. There is no use trying to run us down. We have what it takes, and sensible folks are finding that out. They are coming winter and summer.

REV. CHARLES AYLETT ASHBY, St. Augustine, Fla.

. . . It makes me mad that people will brag about the big blizzards in their home states, how deep the snow gets and how far below zero the mercury falls, and then complain about *one* snow that wouldn't even be counted in their home states. . . .

PAULINE MARTIN, Torrance, Cal.

DEATH IN THE DARK

DEAR EDITOR: Thank you for J. C. Furnas' wonderful article Darkness Is Danger (Feb. 12th). I am seventeen but have piled up in a car because of a poorly lighted dead-end street. Five feet away a young girl also smashed up. The steering wheel went right through her. Both of these accidents could have been prevented if the town had catered to its responsibility.

ROBERT CARROLL, Teaneck, N. J.

. . . It was the night of Nov. 29, 1947. . . . An unlighted ditchdigging machine occupied half of the street on a steep hill. No road block above. Below, two street lights out. A car in which my grandson of nineteen was a passenger turned into the street —a head-on collision. Grandson instantly killed.

No recourse against the city. Cities hide behind the law. New bodies will be provided. Hearts will mend. Both are cheaper than well-lighted streets. So nothing is done.

OTTO G. TAGUE, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . Daily we read of cars hitting railroad trains, running off the road, overturning, colliding with bridge abutments and other stationary objects. One wonders how many of these occur through distraction of the driver, because his radio is going.

HARRY W. WANNER, Palmetto, Fla.

THE UNDERPAID GABLE

MY DEAR SIR: George Frazier says that Clark Gable once dressed tools for $12 a week (The Man Behind the Gable Fable, Feb. 12th). I consider this a great slam to that almost extinct profession that I followed for about 30 years. Placing the time by his age at 1917 to 1920 it would have been closer to $12 a day.

EDD L. MATHERS, Dallas, Texas

. . . The full-page portrait of Mr. Gable was wonderful. I am having it framed as a prized possession. But how come Frazier forgot to mention Gone with the Wind? . . .

JOSEPH GROSSMAN, Cleveland, Ohio.

. . . Oh, that Gable! What he does to me! Pow! Zock! Yok! Keep your Widmarks, Clifts, Dereks, Lawfords and Lancasters. They're infants in glamor diapers. . . .

BETTY (BOO)M. SHAEFER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GREEN KOREA

DEAR SIRS: In Korea, Ireland of the Orient (Feb. 19th), Stanley Rich compared the Koreans with the Irish as stubborn, pugnacious and illiterate. Mr. Rich should have looked into the annals of American history where other characteristics are described.

General Meagher, Washington's aide-de-camp, was born in County Mayo, and John Barry, "Father of the American Navy," in County Wexford, Eire. John Hancock, Patrick Henry and John Rutledge were of Irish lineages as was Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence who also donated ground for the new Capitol. In World War I, there were such Eire heroes as General "Wild Bill" Donovan, Father Duffy and Joyce Kilmer. In the last but futile war the first hero was Captain Colin Kelly.

PVT. WM. K. BARTLETT,
PVT. EDWARD J. KOCHS,
Fort Belvoir, Va.

. . . A fine article. The pictures look very realistic after spending some time over there. However, "Migook," when I was there, meant "beautiful country" or "a foreigner from a beautiful country" and not "dirty Americans." The insulting word was "yaunko" or "yonko," and translated as near as possible means "foreigners with long noses." By their traditions a direct insult.

SGT. G. F. YEAGER, C.P., Kilmer, N. J.

BILL STUMPS, HIS MARK

DEAR MR. FOSTER: The account of the deciphering of the Moundsville Stone (Keep Up With the World, Feb. 26th) bears resemblance to an episode in Dickens' The Pickwick Papers. Mr. Pickwick discovers a stone bearing the inscription:

BILST
UM
PSHI
S. M.
ARK

and buys it for ten shillings from a "simple" cottager. The stone is taken to London and becomes the subject of much scholarly debate. One of Mr. Pickwick's rivals, however, exposes the hoax: The stone merely says, "Bill Stumps, his mark."

CARL H. KETCHAM, Pleasantville, N. Y.

HAT STUFF

DEAR SIRS: I was delighted to see your beautiful cover (March 5th) featuring Brynhild wearing a green and blue bonnet from my spring collection.

The hat has a story: It is one of my group of "Little Women" hats inspired by and specially designed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of Louisa May Alcott's deathless classic.

FRED FREDERICS, John Frederics, Inc., New York City

PUELLA GLAMORA, CALIFORNIATYPICA

GENTLEMEN: Your Feb. 19th cover typifies, you say, photogenic girls of Salt Lake City. Wouldn't you like to see the unusual, a native photogenic Californian? And what a cover girl she'd make! Her name is Judith Liberman. S. W.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

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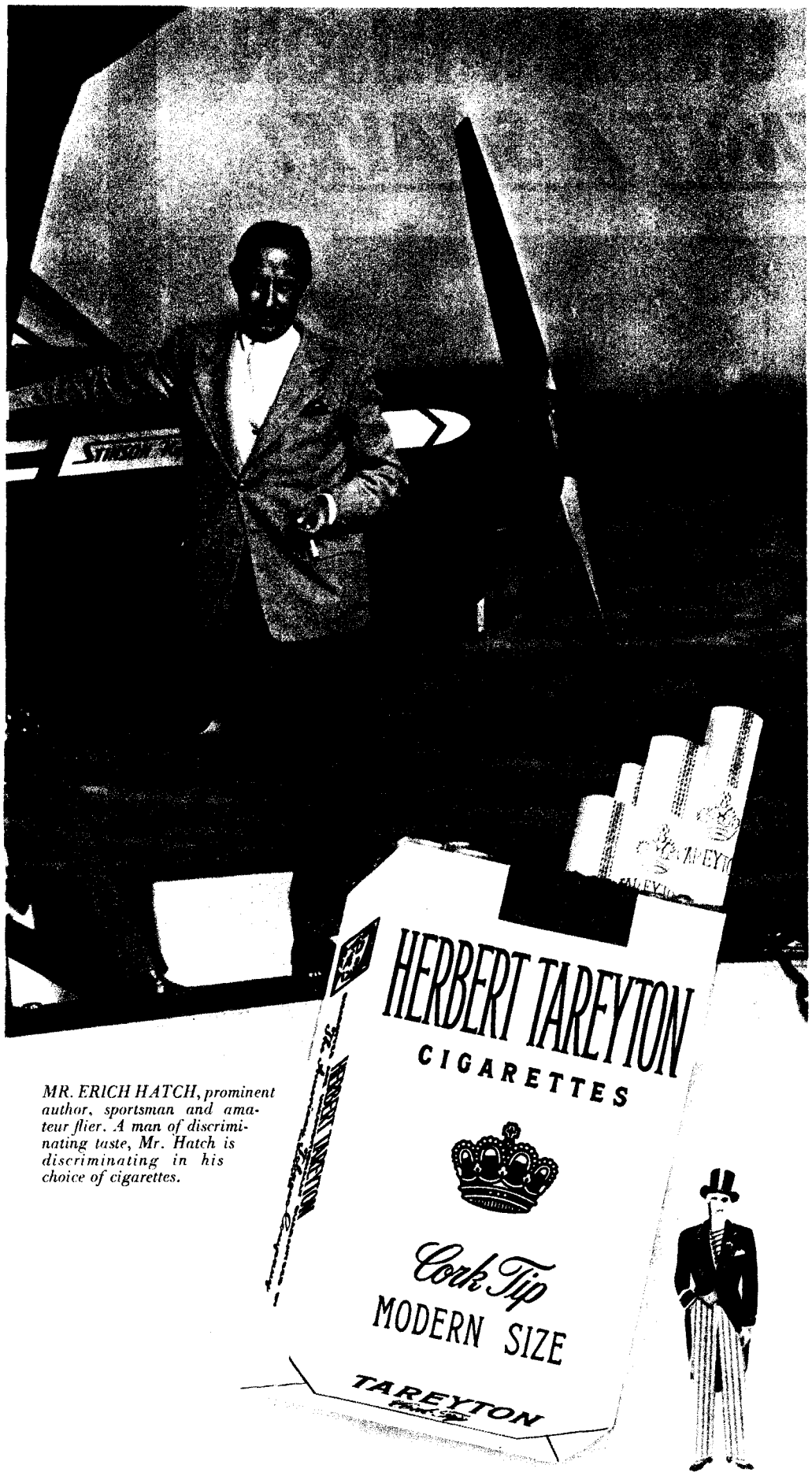

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

A SMALL mammal like a mouse has more skin area, in proportion to its weight, than a large animal like a horse. Strangely, this area-weight factor determines the speed with which the animal would fall. If it happened to drop down a deep, perpendicular mine shaft, a mouse would not be hurt, only dazed, because its speed, after the first 100 feet or so, would be retarded and held at a steady rate by the resistance to the air set up by its relatively large skin area. On the other hand, a cat would be killed, a man would not only be killed but badly crushed, while a horse would land with such terrific force that it would disintegrate into small fragments of bone and flesh.

Passengers aboard an airliner coming in to the New York Municipal Airport one day in 1939 were the first to enjoy the rare experience of having an outside as well as an inside view of their landing. As their plane approached, it was picked up by a television camera in the control tower and the picture was received on a television screen in the airliner.

Many years ago an American life insurance company opened a branch agency in Shanghai and, within a short time, it was crowded each day with men demanding policies. This land-office business puzzled the manager. He had not advertised and few Chinese had yet heard of insurance protection. But a few weeks later, he learned the reason. When one of his clients died, the other policyholders were convinced that the manager was a faker and a mob of them wrecked his office. Each client had taken out a policy in the belief that it would protect him against death.

Lost and in a daze, a strange girl was found and taken in by a wealthy family in Almondsbury, England, on the night of April 3, 1817. Her identity soon became Britain's number one mystery as she wore Oriental dress, had Asiatic mannerisms and spoke an odd language that baffled the foremost linguists. Then a sailor claimed he knew her language, talked to the girl and translated her story. She was "Princess Caraboo of Javasu who had been kidnaped from this island off Sumatra, sold to pirates and recently shipwrecked on the coast of England." Whereupon she was lionized by society. Finally, through a newspaper story which chanced to describe a peculiar scar on her back, she was recognized and exposed by a woman who once knew her. The girl was Mary Baker of Devonshire and she had, aided by the sailor, perpetrated the hoax for a lark. Britons long wondered how this servant girl had been able to dupe learned men for nearly a year.

In 1933 in Manchuria, the number of train holdups on the Trans-Siberian Railway undoubtedly set an all-time record. During the first six months of that year in Fengtien Province alone, 4,874 trains—or an average of 187 a week—were held up, and 9,220 passengers and bandits—or an average of 355 a week—were killed, wounded, kidnaped or captured.—*By Andrew W. Robertson, London, England.*

No criminal ever caused such widespread and prolonged fear as the killer who terrorized Cleveland between 1935 and 1938. During this period he murdered seven men and five women, dismembered their bodies and buried the parts in different places in or near Kingsbury Run, a gully in the city. Only three of the victims could be identified. Nearly 6,000 persons were questioned and one man confessed to one killing, but denied any knowledge of the others. His statement was believed and, later, he died in his cell. Cleveland spent $100,000 on its search for the murderer, who was thought to be an insane surgeon, yet he was never found and his identity is still a mystery.

Along the Italian Riviera, an outside balcony is considered such an important adjunct to a house that families unable to afford a real one have the image of one painted, feeling that this is better than nothing. To appear more realistic, many of these painted-on balconies include the family wash, just as it is usually seen drying on actual railings.

The United States not only had the world's first atomic energy pile or plant, in Chicago in 1942, but it now has 10 of the 14 piles now known to be in operation or under construction. Of the other four, England has two, Canada one, and France one.

Some primitive people still believe that a man who has died in his sleep has been killed in a fight with an enemy he has met in a dream.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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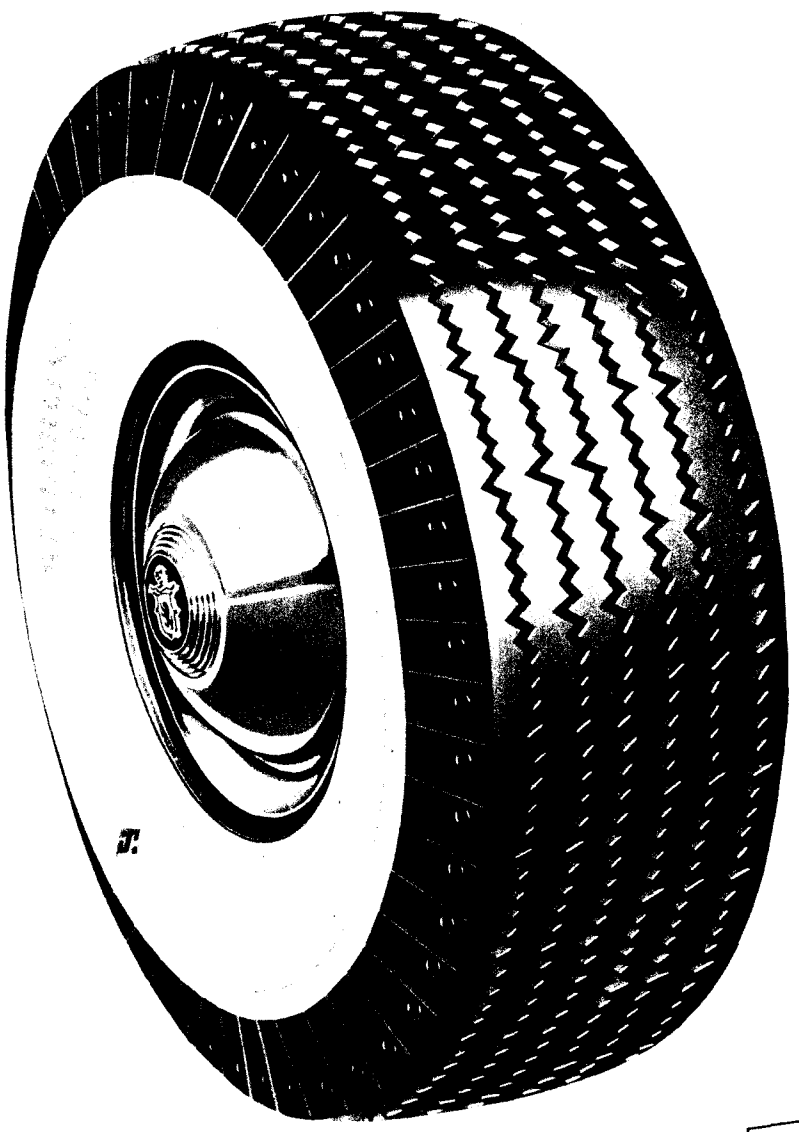
Stay out of the street...

PLAY SAFE!

Playing in the street *may* be fun, but it *might* be fatal! More accidental deaths among children result from traffic than any other source, according to the National Safety Council. Wagons, roller skates, tricycles and scooters are for sidewalk use only. Teach children to *stay out of the street.*

REMEMBER: *Safety is your best investment.*

Only the World's Safest Tires Have Heat-Vents



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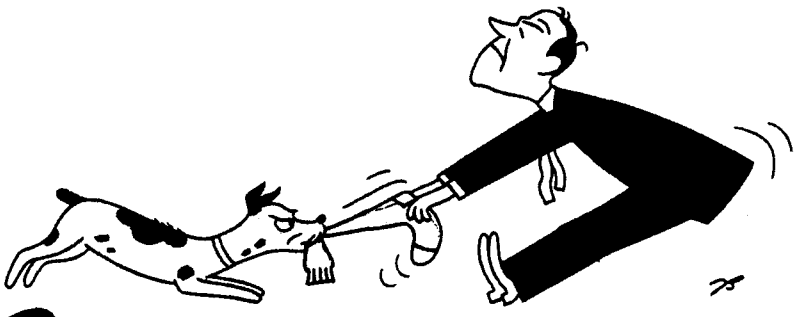

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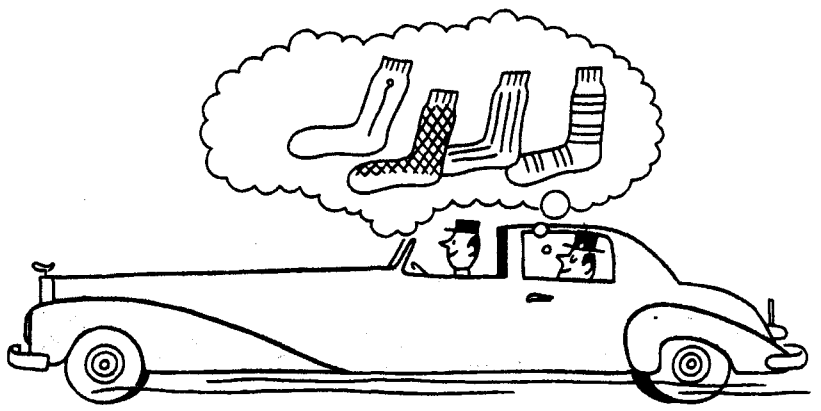

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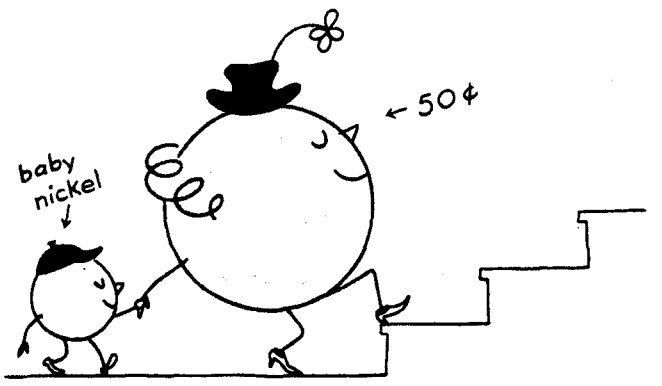

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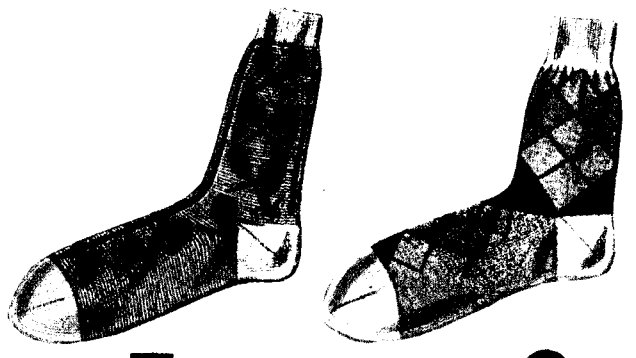

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"The smartest thing on two feet!"

Please know that every Esquire Sock you put on your foot will give you mile after mile of wear.

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Before any Esquire Sock is sold, its construction *must* show superior results in each of these five tests. That's why it's no surprise that Esquire Socks, with their famous Multi-Ply heel and toes, give you so much comfortable wear.

Designed by Fifth Avenue stylists, Esquire Socks truly are "the smartest thing on two feet." They're made by the world's biggest makers of men's socks. 55¢, 75¢, $1 and up to $3. Esquire Socks, 389 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The Week's Work

STARRING this week on page 13 with Gaffney the Accused is James Robbins Miller, an alumnus of Shubert Alley, where he slaved after college as a press agent for the Messrs. Shubert—Jake and Lee. He did a stint editing and writing on the Literary Digest and elsewhere till the Navy sent him, in 1945, to watch submarines on a destroyer escort.

"Mostly North Atlantic convoy duty," he reports, "with a quiet two months on the Pacific just before the war ended. Our battles were against sea and sleeplessness. The Gaffney story derives from the memory of many summary courts at sea, solemn little affairs with much more going on than met the eye. The Navy had some Gaffneys, and some Bartons."

Mr. Miller is thirty-four, married, one-kidded, and lives, normally, in Poundridge, New York.

IRVING WALLACE, who gives us Mickey Mouse, and How He Grew (p. 20), has crossed paths with Mickey quite often on his world travels. For instance in Sweden in 1946, a friend dragged Irving to a movie. "After the feature picture," Wallace says, "my friend woke me and pointed to the screen. 'Now the Mickey Mouses,' he said. 'The first Mickey Mouse on the program is a travelogue!' In Scandinavia, anything from a Pete Smith to a documentary short is a Mickey Mouse."

Back in 1934, Irving was roaming the Central American jungles, and in San Salvador dropped into a mammoth theater at nine in the morning, then stared at five consecutive Mickey Mice in a row and nothing else. At the end of the third one, a major earthquake hit San Salvador.

"I held on for dear life and remembered all the things left undone," Irving relates. "After the 12th consecutive tremor, I found the jammed-in peons and peasantry guffawing over the Mouse. They wanted their money's worth. I wanted out."

Disney's animators, always anxious to sell Disney art, once imported Frank Lloyd Wright to Hollywood with a Russian short satirizing czarist days. When Disney was told Wright had arrived, he asked, "Who is he?"

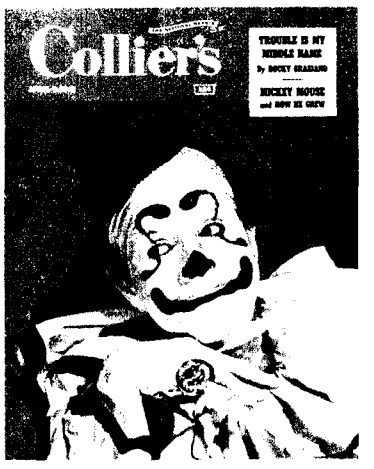
Later in the projection room, Wright said, "Walt, you too can be a prophet."

Disney growled, "Do you want me to make pictures like that?"

Finally the newest rough of a Mickey Mouse was thrown on the screen. Disney sat up, glowed. This was *his* art. . . . TED SHANE

Correction:

In the article Stampede in Stamps in the issue of April 2d, the caption under the Pony Express stamp read "170 Pony Express stamps" instead of "1940 Pony Express stamps" in many copies. In some copies, too, the first U.S. stamp was shown with perforated edges. This stamp was imperforate. Corrections were made before the printing of the issue was completed.



This week's cover: When Americans start taking count of their favorite people, the circus clown is sure to rank near the top of the list. So Collier's decided to herald the opening of the big top's season by asking a favorite American to add to our series of What America Means to Me. Photographer George Karger invaded the land of sawdust and calliopes and found wispy-haired Bill Ballantine, who said:

"When you've been around as much as I have, you get a slant on your country no stay-at-homer ever gets. Born in Millvale, Pennsylvania, I worked as a sign painter there, as a newspaper artist in Pittsburgh, as a staff member of the Associated Press and the newspaper PM in New York. During the war, I served as a civilian in London, North Africa, Italy, France, Luxembourg and Germany. In 1946, I trailed Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey through maybe half the states, working on a book about clowns. Sawdust got into my shoes, as they say, and I joined up for two seasons.

"Clowning isn't my business. I'm an artist. Making statements about America isn't my business, either, but—well, I like the chance to sound off.

"We put out a lot of hoopla and tinsel in the U.S.—lots of glitter, lots of boast and ballyhoo. But we are sincere humanitarians, and that's what America means to me. That's the slant I get on it. America is a big brass band going full toot, and it sounds fine when we're all playing together. A couple of sour notes can give the whole outfit a bad name, though. I keep my ears open for the folks who are off key. You do the same, friend, and America will *stay* the biggest, grandest, most popular show on earth."

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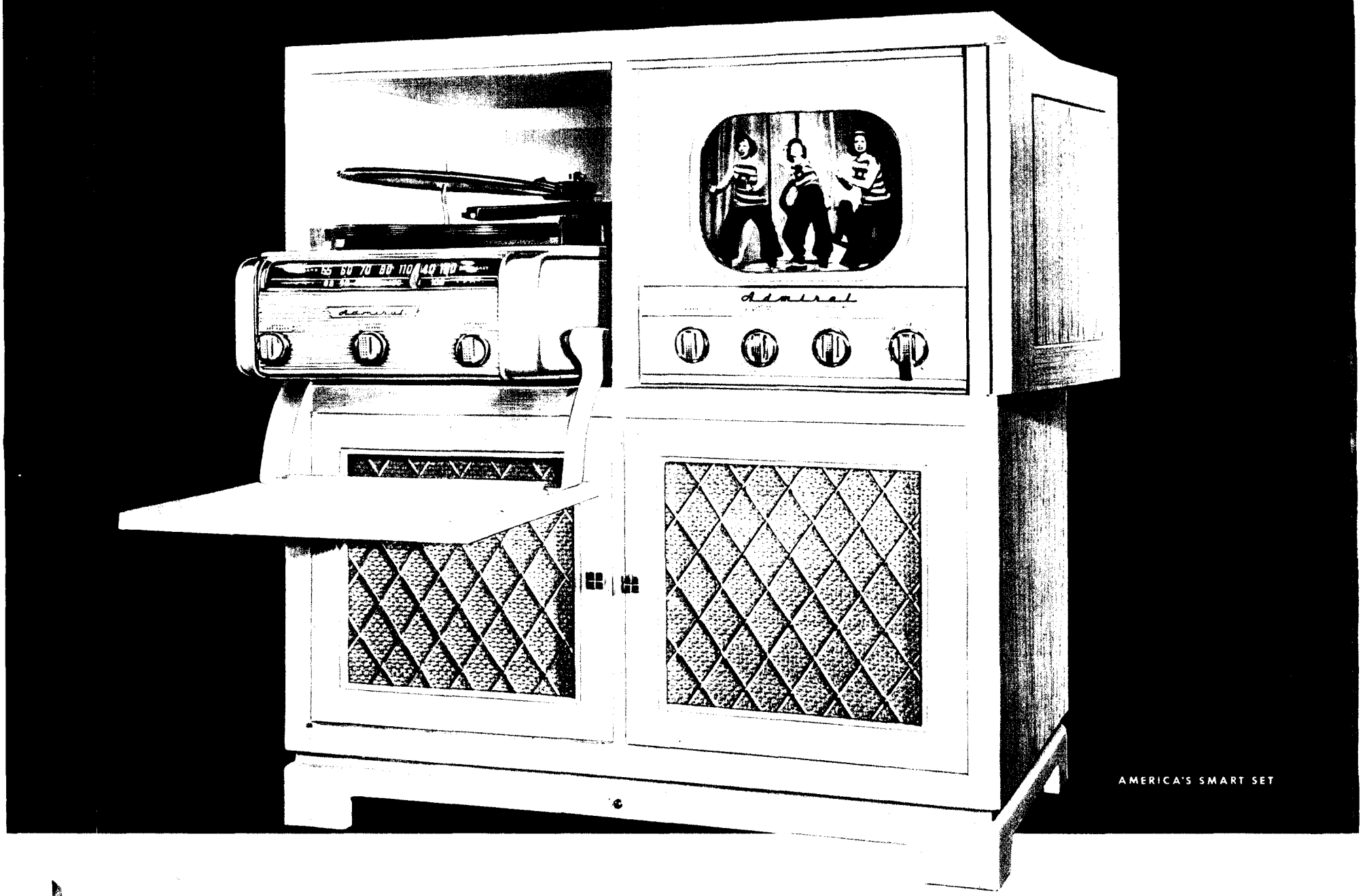

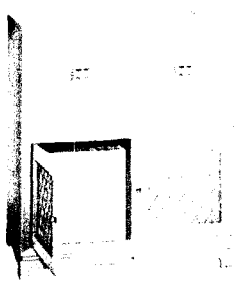

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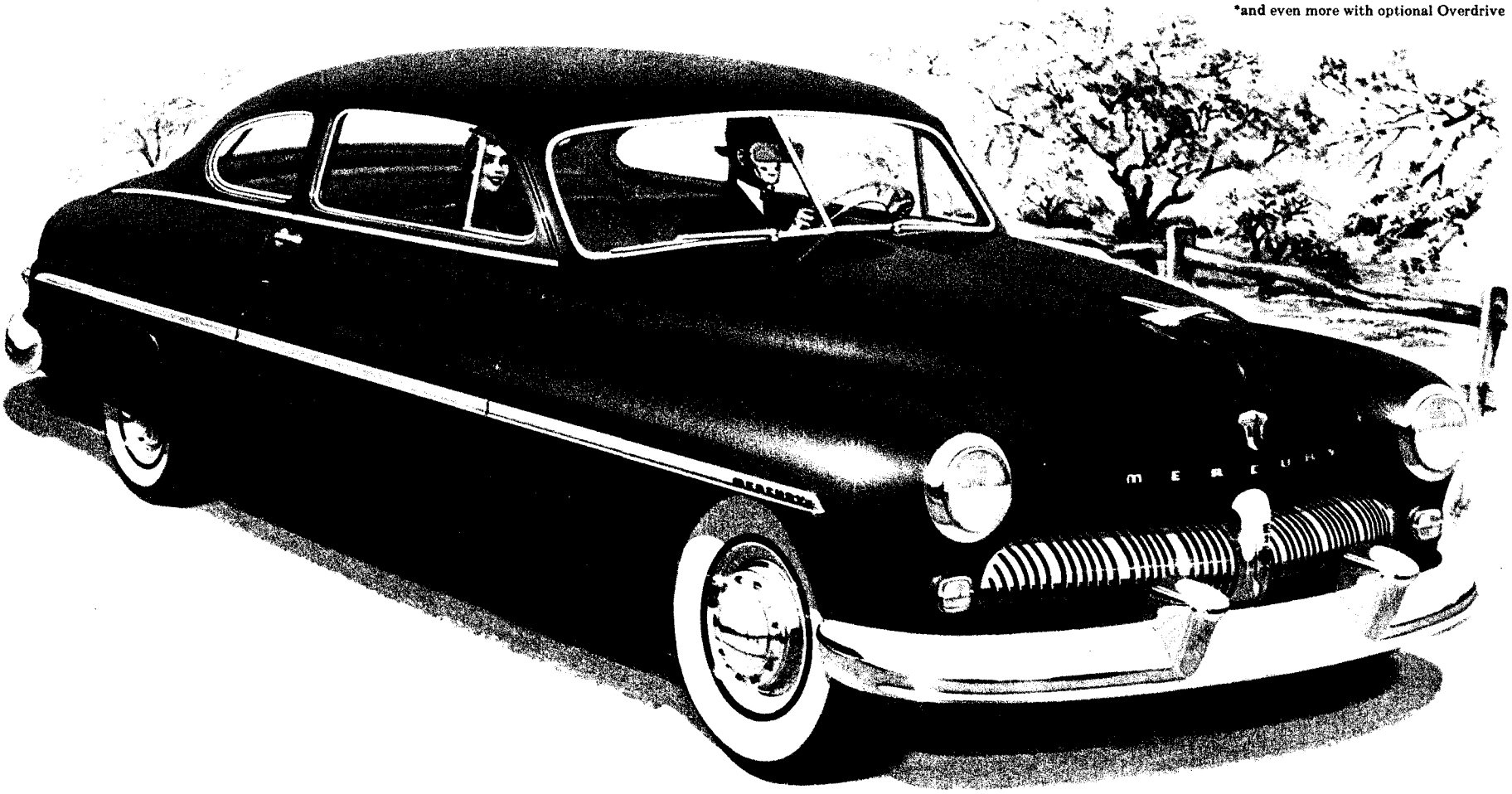

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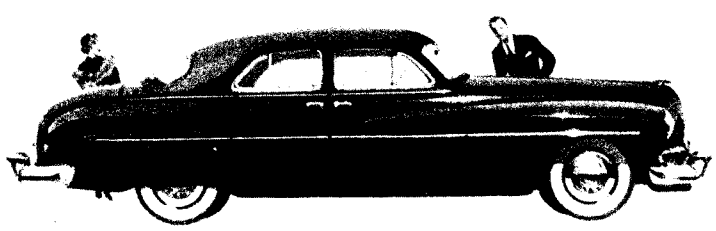

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And everything's been *road-proven* by thousands of satisfied owners for millions of miles!

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Come in and see it! We bet you'll say: *"It's Mercury for me!"*

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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That last night I just had to go over to a place a little ways from the Navy yard and talk to her for a little bit and tell her good-by

GAFFNEY THE ACCUSED

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

If you were sitting in judgment on Gaffney's case, would you find him guilty? Or would you accuse his accuser?

ON THE morning of February 16, 1944, the weariest, bitterest and most furious man in the U.S. Navy was Lieutenant Anson Barton, communications officer of the destroyer escort Gamidge. It was not so much his being swamped with sailing orders, sortie instructions and new call signs—these were the afflictions of every communicator just before getting under way with a convoy. Nor was it the fact that his third-class quartermaster, Farber, in trying to loosen up one of the 12-inch signal lights, had dropped it over the side.

Lieutenant Barton had disposed of this matter by calling Farber a jug-head and giving him 15 hours extra duty.

The real trouble was that at 0800, only an hour before getting under way, Gaffney, the ship's best signalman, was still not on board.

Gaffney was the quiet, careful one, the smart one. The evening before, when it had been announced that there would be no last-night liberty, Gaffney had asked Lieutenant Barton for just an hour ashore. Barton had turned him down, roughly and without regret.

Gaffney had gone ashore anyway, sometime apparently during Lieutenant Barton's own deck watch, for he'd been missing at 11:00 P.M. when Barton had sent for him.

To make matters worse, the skipper took it hard. At breakfast he said, "Left on your watch, eh? Everyone doping off as usual. I told you officers you could come into the wardroom once in a while to get warm, but that doesn't mean you can let your watches go to hell. Hereafter, if you can't keep your gangway p.o.'s on the job, you can stay out there yourselves."

Lieutenant Barton excused himself and went forward to his stateroom. With a groan of misery, he began shuffling through the mass of papers that covered his bunk, his desk and the deck. Some of the other officers had given him a sour look, too. That was just too bad. Did they care about his slaving most of the past two nights to get ready for this sailing? Did they care, at sea, when he stayed up all hours with dozens of signal books and hundreds of dispatches spread out on the wardroom table? They didn't even notice. But if he were then hard to awaken from a few precious hours of sleep

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

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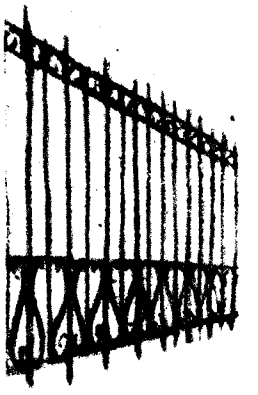

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Here's the sort of thing that will help the teen-agers, Japanese and American, to understand one another—a friendship party Miss Betz (standing) gave in Tokyo

Jap Kids Are Our Job

By BETTY BETZ

Read the inscription. Miss Betz made the sketch

We want the Japanese to become democratic. So what do we do? We preach democracy in Japan—and are anything but democratic ourselves. The Nipponese teen-agers, eager to accept our way of living, don't know what to make of it. Here an American woman who is an authority on the youth of today tells us what's wrong

"WHAT on earth are 'gooks'?" I asked a U.S. Army officer's pretty daughter who interviewed me for her high-school paper, my first day in Tokyo. Listening to Americans discuss Japan, I had caught this strange-sounding word which was new to my ears. Perhaps, I had thought, a gook is a cartoon character in the newspapers.

"Oh, we Americans call the Japanese 'gooks.'" The girl laughed, thinking I was a *real* square not to know that!

"Why?" I asked, as I looked around the lobby of the Correspondents' Club to be sure no Japanese were within listening distance.

"Oh, I guess because 'gook' is easier to say than 'Japanese,'" she replied. Then, as an afterthought she added, "Say! Don't get the wrong idea! I think the gooks are *nice people*!"

I squirmed as she repeated the word gook several more times, while a young Japanese waiter served us our Cokes. After a few minutes I became so ashamed and embarrassed that I excused myself and went to my room, complaining of a headache.

Since that first day in Japan, I have seen much more of the Japanese than have most Americans who have been living here for four years. I have visited bombed-out high schools and talked to many groups of teen-aged Japanese. I have ridden on Japan's crowded railway trains, busses and subways. I have attended Japanese movies, seen plays in Tokyo's Kabuki theater, and even made the rounds of the many off-limits dance halls.

My meals are taken for the most part in Japanese restaurants or with Japanese families in their small newly constructed huts. I have learned that many Americans here in Tokyo have never had the op-

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PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE AUTHOR

portunity to visit in a Japanese home, and that most of them have no desire to do so.

I am fortunate in having many fine Japanese friends. In 1940, when I was in college, my family sent me to Japan to live with Japanese families who had daughters and sons my own age. Before I arrived I had imagined the Japanese to be strange little slant-eyed people wearing kimonos, who shyly appeared and disappeared behind sliding panels.

I guess I had read too many mystery novels. At any rate, when the Akiyama family met my boat they were very different from what I expected them to be. They overwhelmed me with their friendliness. They did everything to make my stay in their home as comfortable as possible, and they laughed when I refused to sleep on the bed with an innerspring mattress which they had borrowed especially for me.

Getting Used to Japanese Customs

"I want to live Japanese style," I said. From the day I arrived in Japan until the day I left I slept on the *futon* of the Japanese, got accustomed to their raw fish, vegetable and rice menu. I wore the two-toed *tabi* socks and wooden *geta* with my American sweaters and skirts, to the amusement of the Japanese, who rarely find an American who accepts their customs. Our quiet but pleasant evenings were spent at home with the family.

Japanese kids never go out on dates, but my life was so interesting that I didn't miss the dances and parties back home in the States one bit. After supper we played the game called go (Japanese checkers), read, listened to the radio, or just talked.

Sometimes my host, Mr. Akiyama, whose hobby was painting, showed me how to do simple Japanese water-color scenes with bamboo brushes and an ink stick. His daughter, Haruko, taught me to embroider brocade and to make funny little playthings out of folded bits of fancy papers. Life was simple but oh, so pleasant!

I was the guest of two other Japanese families, too, the Itos and the Uedas, who also treated me as a daughter. After three months I found all of the Japanese I knew to be so kind, gracious and thoughtful that when I sadly returned to the U.S. and school that fall I was filled with admiration for the Japanese.

Naturally, the Pearl Harbor disaster was a shock to me, but it did not change my feelings for my kind Japanese friends. Everyone knows that the people of a totalitarian nation have nothing to say about politics and the decisions of their militarists. So during the ugly and troubled years of our war with Japan I hoped and prayed that my friends would survive the bombings.

Now there has been peace for four years, and we Americans are trying to forgive and forget. General MacArthur and his efficient staff are conscientiously trying to assist the Japanese in building a new and democratic Japan. The rubble and ruins have been practically cleared away and bombed-out Tokyo is now covered with a layer of hastily constructed one-story houses and shops. The Japanese school children look fat and healthy, for this year the underprivileged ones have had more rice rations than ever before. The women are happier, for they have cast off many of the old traditions, and the men are enthusiastic about their new jobs and business interests.

The public schools are crowded, and the young Japanese look forward to going to daily classes the way our American teen-agers look forward to going to a good movie. Along with the other required subjects, they are studying English, and there is a new course called "human relations," which has many of the students puzzled.

"Will you please explain 'democracy' to us?" asked a fifteen-year-old Japanese girl, when I visited her class at the Toritsu . . . Gakko. The school—a recently built high school—had no heat

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

The author visits a Tokyo high school. Wherever she goes, the plea is, "Tell us about democracy!"

Another scene at the friendship party. The young Japanese like us. They even admire our schmoo!

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The Paper Trail

Only two things could save Tex from being tried for murder —a book of paper matches and a friend who believed in him

I'VE only blanked out three times in my life. I mean really blank, so I couldn't remember what happened. The first time was at a B-29 base on Guam when the news about Hirohito came over and Tex Hubbard opened his foot-locker and broke out a quart of twelve-year-old Scotch. The two of us killed it together. The second time was when I ran into Tex again, here in Chicago, after three years.

It must have been quite a reunion, because when the telephone woke me out of a dead stupor I discovered I was still wearing my shirt and necktie. I was in my own room, but I had no idea how I'd got there, or where I'd been or what time it was. I sat up in bed and groped for the phone, but what I heard sobered me as swiftly as a cold shower.

"Homicide Bureau," the voice said. "You know James Hubbard?"

I said I did.

"A girl name of Powys was murdered last night. We're holding Hubbard."

I stammered: "What for?"

"What do you think, chum?" the voice inquired dryly. "We found him in her apartment."

"But that's impossible," I said, trying to hold the phone steady. "I was with him all night."

"Where?"

I had sense enough to say: "Look, I'll come right over," and I hung up, and sat on the edge of the bed with my head in my hands, and tried to think.

It was hard to think. The evening was all in fragments in my mind, like a shattered mirror. I had a vague memory of getting into a cab with Tex, and arguing which one of us would drop the other first. I had insisted on taking him home, and he had insisted on taking me home, but who won the argument I couldn't remember. I picked my coat up off the floor and got out my pipe and fished in the pocket for a match. The cover of the paper match-safe said "Pump Room." We must have hit the Pump sometime during the night, but whether it was early or late I couldn't recall now if my life depended on it. Or, I thought grimly, Tex's. . . .

He was pale and pretty shaky when they let me in to see him at the precinct station. I was a little shaky myself; I'd been cross-questioned for an hour, and it hadn't proved a thing. It was like trying to fix a dream. Tex wasn't any help, either. "Tell me what happened," I asked him.

"You tell me," said Tex, squashing his cigarette. "I woke up in a strange apartment. The girl was dead. Pretty soon the place was crawling with cops."

"You don't remember how you got there?"

"All I remember," said Tex, taking out another cigarette from his case and tapping it thoughtfully, "you and I were in a cab somewhere. I don't remember anything after that."

I got a pack of matches out of my pocket. I noticed that it said "606" on the cover. "Who was the girl?" I asked, lighting his cigarette.

"Marie Powys. A night-club singer."

"Did you ever know her before?"

Tex hesitated for the tick of a second. "Yes," he said, "I used to know her."

"Oh, brother!" I groaned.

"It was during the war," Tex said. "I met her when I was on leave in New York, and later she wrote me overseas and sent me her picture and stuff."

"The one in black tights on the wall over your sack?"

Tex nodded. "She was a nice kid. Matter of fact, this cigarette case is a present from her."

The inside of the cover said "To my one and only Tex from Marie." It was engraved in her handwriting. I looked at Tex.

"Yeah, I know," Tex said sheepishly. "She took the thing pretty serious, I guess. I got a couple of letters from her after the war, but I tore them up. I'm engaged to a girl back home, and I didn't want to get involved."

"Tex," I said, "how was she killed?"

"Whoever it was went to work on her with a knife." He ground out his cigarette. "These things taste lousy this morning," he said, taking another.

"I woke up in a strange apartment. The girl was dead—and pretty soon the place was crawling with cops. I don't remember how I got in there"

I lighted it for him. The match folder said "Wrigley Bar." "And you don't remember going to her apartment after we left each other?"

"How could I go there?" said Tex. "I didn't know her address."

THE inspector from the Homicide Bureau was named Hourihan. He had his feet on the desk, and he was gnawing the stub of a cigar when I came in. "Sit down," he said, exhaling sour smoke. "All I need is to fix the time. When did you leave Hubbard last night?"

"I don't know."

"Was it after three?"

"I don't know."

He shifted impatiently in his chair. "The girl was killed sometime before four. Hubbard phoned from her apartment about four and gave us the address and said to come over. When we got there, the receiver was still off the hook and he'd passed out."

"How do you know it was Hubbard that phoned?"

He gave me a pitying look. "He said so himself."

I had the first bright thought I'd had all morning. "Look, Inspector," I said, lighting my pipe, "there's another thing that strikes me. Why isn't there any sign of blood on Hubbard's clothes?"

The inspector took his feet off the desk. "I'll ask the questions, chum," he said. "Where were you and Hubbard last night?"

"We were a lot of places. I'm a little hazy. I know we must have been at 606 and the Pump."

"How do you know?"

"I found the matches in my pocket." The inspector looked puzzled. "I'm a pipe smoker," I explained, "I borrow matches. Every time I see a pack of matches, I automatically pick it up and slip it in my pocket." I reached in my pocket. "For instance, here's some with 'JBH' on the cover. Whose initials are those?"

"Mine," he said. "You just borrowed them."

I went across the street, and had some black coffee. While I was sipping it, I emptied all the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT

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Pride's big hands about Sharon's waist were like hoops of tempered steel. The struggle went on in silence. Her hands came up, seeking his eyes, but slowly she lost the fight

Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY, RUTHLESS MAN, THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED HIM—AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Story: When PRIDE DAWSON arrived in New York City in 1870, he was penniless—but he was a man who was consumed with a passion to be rich. In two short years he was worth a million dollars. This money was gained mainly by manipulating the stocks and assets of the Millville and Western Pennsylvania Railroad. In doing this Pride had made an enemy of BLACK TOM STILLWORTH, his father-in-law, and one of the period's richest financiers. Black Tom's beautiful daughter, ESTHER, had had her heart set on Pride from the moment she had seen him and although Pride did not love Esther as he did SHARON O'NEIL, he had not been able to resist the fact that Esther would someday inherit Stillworth's $40,000,000. Sharon O'Neil, a seamstress whom Pride met his first day in New York, was the daughter of a ragpicker. She was very much in love with Pride, and when she heard he had married Esther her grief was uncontrollable. Later Pride went to see her, pleading that they could still be friends and Sharon accepted that. With characteristic Dawson luck Pride managed to build a "nuisance" railroad from Detroit to Chicago which Vanderbilt bought for the sum of twenty million dollars. But when Pride invited Sharon to watch the docking of the ship that was bearing Prince Alberich on a visit to this country his luck ran out—he and Sharon, now a highly successful businesswoman, were seen at the dock together by his wife Esther. This caused a quarrel between Pride and Esther and when he stormed out of the house Esther told him, "Go—and don't come back."

PART 1 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

PRIDE sat down on the edge of Beekman's Pond, between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets, and strapped on his skates. In the seventies, skating was a craze.

Gingerly he moved out upon the ice. He had crossed the pond twice before he saw what he sought. Sharon was skimming along, clad in a trim and expensive skating costume, her hands hidden in a white muff, and a white fur turban upon her dark head.

He skated over to her, and when he was close she saw him. Joy and sorrow tangled in her dark eyes.

"Pride," she whispered, "oh, Pride, you promised not to see me again."

Pride stood still upon the ice, moving only just enough to make way for a lover who pushed his sweetheart ahead of him in a chair mounted upon runners.

"Promised?" he growled. "Reckon I did. I could promise to stop breathing too—but I couldn't do it—not unless you want me dead."

"But, Pride," Sharon said with gentle insistence, "we can't any more. You and I know this is a harmless friendship, but your wife doesn't. As long as we were not hurting her—it wasn't so bad. But now—no, Pride. Please go. Some of these people here might know her."

The skaters swirled about them, silent and brisk. The white curving lines of the skates made arabesques upon the ice; but Pride still stood there, looking at Sharon.

Her brown eyes were very wide and dark in her thin face. The color left her cheeks slowly so that the spray of golden freckles stood out vividly against her pale skin. At the corners of her mouth a little tremble started. She stood quite still, looking up at him, then all at once she was against him.

"Pride," she whispered, "oh, my darling Pride."

Pride bent down and sought her mouth, deep pink, soft-fleshed, startlingly wide and generous in her angular face, so that it was like the petals of a strange, exotic flower, but she turned aside her head.

"No, Pride," she said gently. "It was wicked of me to weaken like that. Come, let's skate."

They moved off among the skaters, the wind tugging at their ankles. Because he was thinking of other things, Pride skated relatively well. He was acutely, miserably conscious of the slim hands lost in his great ones.

He was surprised, when he looked at her again, to see that she was crying.

"I should like very much," she said suddenly, fiercely, "to be in your arms!"

"Sharon! Oh, Sharon, honey!"

But she swung away from him wildly.

"No, Pride," she whispered.

"Oh, damn!"

"I'm sorry. It's true though. It's been true all along. But it's only since I—I lost you that I've had courage enough to admit it." She stood quite still,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

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Trouble Is My Middle Name

By ROCKY GRAZIANO *as told to WALTER BERNSTEIN*

I don't know why I get in trouble. It just seems like I don't want people bothering me. I'm a very stubborn fella. I didn't go to school. But I liked fighting a lot. Very much. I started seeing that with my hands, that was the only thing that I'd be on top. There was no other way

PART I OF A THREE-PART ARTICLE

EVERYONE is always asking me why I get in trouble all the time. They're always coming up and asking me, "Hey, Rocky, what's with the bribe? Hey, Rocky, what's with the Army? Hey, Rocky, how come you run out on the Apostoli fight in California?"

You'd think I was the only guy in the whole world ever got in trouble.

I don't know why I get in trouble. It just seems like I don't want people bothering me. I never even wanted to be a fighter when I was a kid, anyway not a professional fighter. My father was a professional fighter for a while, and I didn't care to fight, because he was such a bad fighter. But he always had boxing gloves around the house and he was always beating up one of my kid brothers, beating me up. And he used to match me and my older brother up, and I always used to get the best of him.

My father always used to have fighters coming over the house and I was always looking up to them. That's how I got my first real interest in fighting.

We were always poor all our life, my family. We never had any money. When my father stopped fighting, he worked down in the food market, on the docks. He was a loader. Nobody made any money in the family but me. I help them all out. Whatever I can do for them, I do for them. We had originally ten kids in my family, but five died. When they were young, in their young age—I don't know what happened. So there were seven of us left altogether, counting my mother and father. My other brothers and sisters, we're like day and night.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

Only the man who lived it could have told this story of Rocky Graziano, in the words of Graziano. Walter Bernstein used a tape recorder to capture the conversational undertones in this, the tale of a boy's memory of his struggle for survival in the densest slums of the world's most populous city. Rocky Graziano is no knightly hero. He is a strong lad with his fists. As a waif of the city streets he saw more of the inside of reformatories than of schools. Yet he achieved a kind of success. Perhaps Graziano's success is not one for pride. Nevertheless, it is a reminder, to those who are privileged, of what must still be done if the children of the poor are to share in the American heritage of freedom, responsibility and understanding. . . . THE EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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The Mouse in an exciting shot in The Moose Hunt, a short released in 1931

Mickey Mouse, And How He Grew

By IRVING WALLACE

You've met him before, many, many times in many roles—but do you suppose you know the real Mickey Mouse? Here is his portrait in words, side by side with his modest creator, Walt Disney. Here is what those who work with him think—in this, his 21st year

NOT so many years ago there was a lady scribbler in Hollywood who made her living ghostwriting a monthly gossip column called Mickey Mouse's Diary. She pretended she was actually Mickey Mouse, relating day-to-day adventures, to the delight of all juveniles under sixty who read the popular comic book in which the column appeared. A condition of her job, however, was that she submit all copy, before it was published, to the Walt Disney publicity department for approval. In one of her monthly whimsies, the lady scribbler, playing Mickey Mouse, wrote:

"This afternoon, I went to a birthday party for Freddie Frog over at M-G-M—"

When the Disney censor-publicist read this line, he was horrified. With trembling hands, he grabbed for his phone, and called the lady scribe.

"You've got to kill that line!" he ordered. "Really, you know very well Mickey Mouse would *never* go to anything at M-G-M—and *you* know those people at M-G-M, they might expect a present!"

The lady scribbler insists she was not being kidded, that the veteran Disney publicist was dead serious, and that she was forced to expurgate immediately the offensive line of gossip.

All of which is by way of final answer to the inevitable question: Is Mickey a man or a mouse? Those who write about him, who write for him, ballyhoo him, dress him, think for him and live by him treat him as a full-fledged member in good standing of the run-down human race.

Though the men who make Mickey always refer to him as the Mouse, it is their policy never to treat him as one. To them he is a very real person. For years, Mickey Mouse pictures have been minus mousetraps, cheese gags or cat villains. Disney animators think he's a lot like Walt Disney. "The same soulful eyes," they say, "the same beaky face, the same trick of falling into pantomime when at a loss for words."

When he was only three years old, there were 1,000,000 youngsters in America who belonged to his fan clubs and believed in him as a person. He still receives a steady flow of mail he is expected to read and answer. He has appeared in Who's Who and the Encyclopaedia Britannica, won a special gold Oscar from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, received a medal from the late League of Nations, been reproduced in Madame Tussaud's Waxworks along with President Truman and Princess Elizabeth, been made an honorary citizen of France and, with his creator, Walt Disney,

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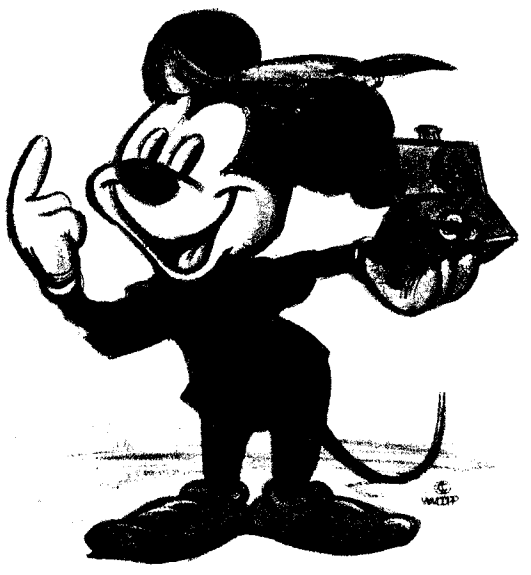
Fantasia made a splash in 1940, with Mickey as The Sorcerer's Apprentice

A year later the Mouse cavorted as a golfer in the short, Canine Caddy



In 1947 he soared to the heights in the beanstalk act in Fun and Fancy Free

been made a member of the Artworker's Guild of London, a society to which George Bernard Shaw also belongs.

So far have his associates and his fans gone in pretending Mickey is a man, not a mouse, that they have burdened him with the most insidious and unhappy baggage of the human race—a birthday. They have celebrated his birthday annually, but this year the celebration is the biggest of them all—he is twenty-one years old.

There are dissenters, a few vocal human beings around who feel Mickey should not be messed up with man-made maturity. They feel that Mickey Mouse is not twenty-one at all, and never will be, but is instead a legend, a folklore, a part of the American scene that is ageless.

Mickey Mouse, either by name or by image, is better known in more places on this mud-ball earth than any human being in all history. In their day neither Caesar nor Napoleon were half so widely known. During the greatest wartime invasion in world history, the Allied landing in Europe on D-Day, one instantly recognizable name was picked as the password at SHAEF—Mickey Mouse. More recently, the American Army asked a group of prominent Koreans to suggest what sign over the doors of its information center would immediately tell their countrymen it was American. After a brief consultation the Koreans' vote went 100 per cent for Mickey Mouse.

A Fantastic Record of Success

But whether the world is celebrating Mickey's coming of age as a man or a mouse or a legend, upon one fact all hands heartily agree. In his 21st year as a movie star, Mickey's record of success is the most fantastic in Hollywood history. During the first three years of his long career, among his most potent rivals were Emil Jannings, Bessie Love, Lon Chaney, George Arliss, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and Nancy Carroll. Today of the five who've survived, not one is active, yet Mickey is more popular than ever.

In 21 years, Mickey has starred in 118 short comedies, and in two full-length features, Fantasia and the more recent Fun and Fancy Free. In the fall he will appear in a full-length feature called Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad. He was off the screen for only one period. That was during the war when Walt Disney converted 90 per cent of his mammoth plant into wartime production.

Today, by public demand, the Mouse is again fully active, ranking a step behind Donald Duck and Bugs Bunny in popularity among people under the age of thirty, and second to Donald Duck among persons over thirty.

In all other, and more profitable fields, he still maintains an overwhelming lead. His name and face, on 2,000 articles of merchandise, including bath towels, wrist watches, Belgian candy, fruit juices, British milk of magnesia and weather vanes, has saved two companies from bankruptcy, and helped gross upward of $100,000,000 a year for manufacturers using Disney labels.

He first appeared in newspaper comics in 1929, and today, two decades later, an estimated 30,000,000 readers follow his antics in 300 different outlets.

Now Mickey is being wooed by television.

Disney makes 18 shorts a year. Of these Mickey Mouse is allotted four, Donald Duck nine. This ratio is maintained not because the Duck has become more popular, but because the Duck is infinitely easier to put on the screen.

Recently, when letters flooded the Disney Studios demanding to know why more Mickey Mouse pictures aren't made, Walt Disney tried to explain. "Mickey's decline was due to his heroic nature. He grew into such a legend that we couldn't gag around with him. He acquired as many taboos as a Western hero—no smoking, no drinking, no violence."

A salty Disney writer elaborated: "Mickey is limited today because public idealization has turned him into a Boy Scout. Every time we put him into a trick, a temper, a joke, thousands of people would belabor us with nasty letters. That's what made Donald Duck so easy. He was our outlet. We could use all the ideas for him we couldn't use on Mickey. Donald became our ham, a mean, irascible little buzzard. Everyone knew he was bad and didn't give a damn. So we can whip out three Donald Duck stories in the time it takes us to work out one for the Mouse."

It is as an actor that Mickey Mouse has most definitely shown the marks of time. While taking wild risks in those early films to save Minnie Mouse from villains like Pegleg Pete, Mickey committed all kinds of atrocities on good manners—pulling a cat's tail, being sentenced to a chain gang, using a goose for a bagpipe, committing every comedy cliché except catching a Keystone pie on his kisser. Through the years he mellowed, until today his taste and temper are strictly a cross between Emily Post and Frank Merriwell. No expletives, violence, practical jokes, double dealings, cruelty, nor arrogance may be found in his present-day make-up.

Physically, too, Mickey has changed with the years. In the beginning, he had black dots for eyes, a long nose and tail, pencil legs, a skinny string-bean body and a jerky walk. Today, Mickey has expressive white eyeballs in which realistic eyes roll, a slight nose bob, handsomely rounded legs encased usually in shorts or trousers.

Mickey has had, and still has, certain physical deformities, mainly because these deformities save the Disney Studios considerable cash. An animator once discovered that a fortune could be saved on each movie simply by leaving off Mickey's tail. This omission cut down countless hours of sketching, copying, inking. In several shorts, Mickey's tail was left off, but when the animator realized it reduced Mickey's expressiveness, like wiping a feature off his face, it was hastily restored.

Missing Fingers Aren't Noticed

Mickey is lacking a finger. From 1928 on, he has been drawn with three fingers and a thumb. "No one seemed to notice," says Disney. The experiment of the missing finger on each hand was so successful with Mickey, that all other Disney wild life was thereafter drawn with digits missing.

"Leaving the finger off was a great assist artistically and financially," insists Disney. "Artistically, five digits are too many for a mouse. His hand would look like a bunch of bananas. Financially, not having an extra finger in each of 45,000 drawings that make up a six and one-half minute short has saved the studio millions."

Around the Disney factory today, many of the old-timers still retain ancient portraits of the early, skinny Mickey Mouse. Even Walt Disney seems more devoted to the youthful Mickey than to the newer, streamlined one. Either because of pure sentiment, or because he himself has not actually drawn the Mouse very much in the last twelve years, Disney is often placed in embarrassing predicaments.

On a recent trip to South America he was begged by the Latins time and again to sketch Mickey as a souvenir. When he complied, the only Mickey Mouse he could draw, or perhaps would draw, was the outmoded, string-bean Mickey of a decade or two ago.

There have been many stories of how Mickey Mouse was born. The actual true story is probably buried deep under a thousand mimeographed publicity handouts, and too much has happened since for Walt Disney to remember the exact details. This

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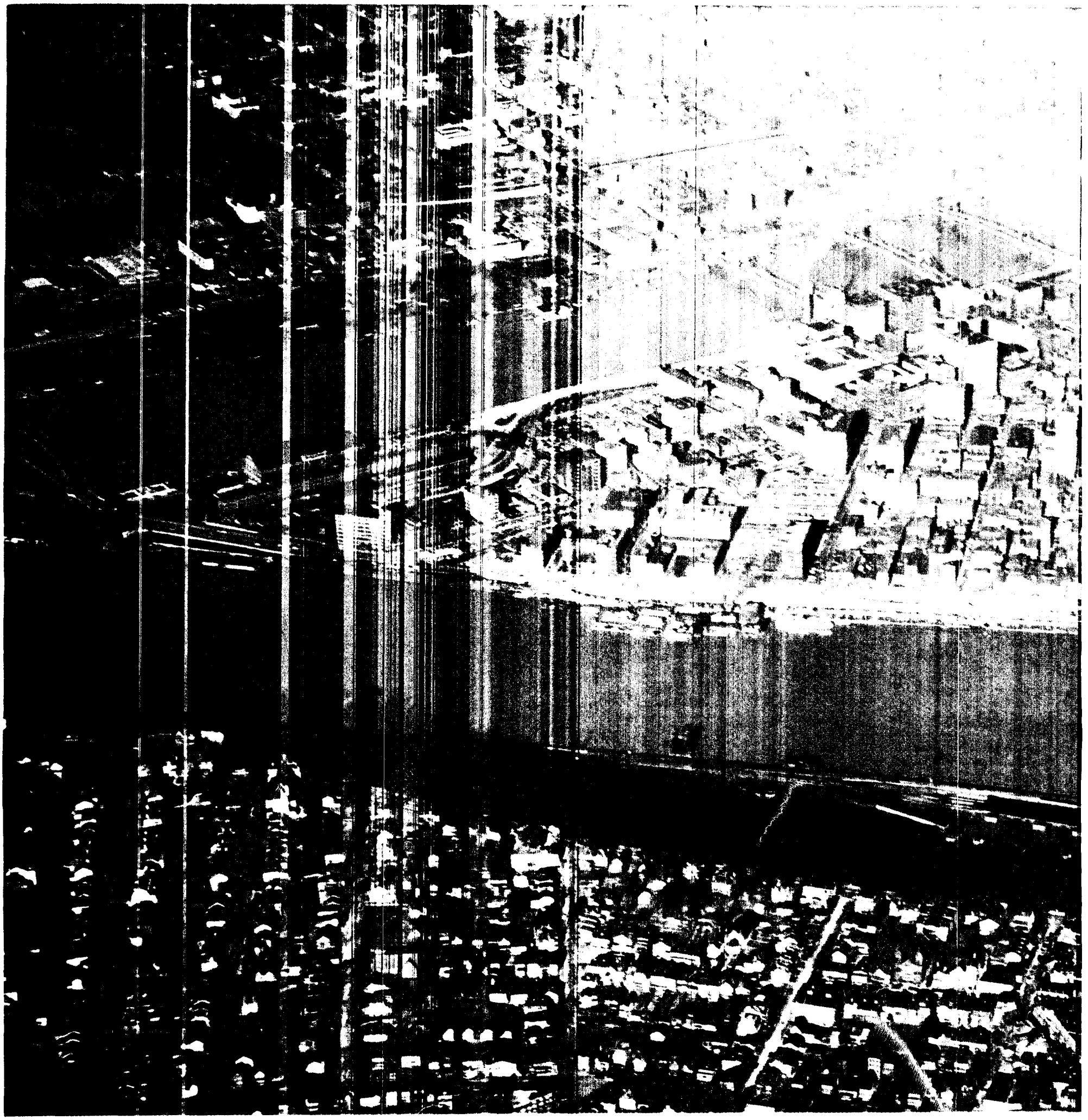

No. 7

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

A CITY in overalls, pounding out steel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is a smoke-eating giant that lives on muscle and spunk, and doesn't give two hoots for anything but hard work. When it discovered, over 100 years ago, that cooking coal and iron was profitable, it went to work, and it hasn't stopped since.

Though sprawling haphazardly over 52 square miles it concentrates much of its power in a 974-acre tricorn called the Golden Triangle—photographed here by the U.S. Air Force, whose job it is to shield America's industrial might from possi-

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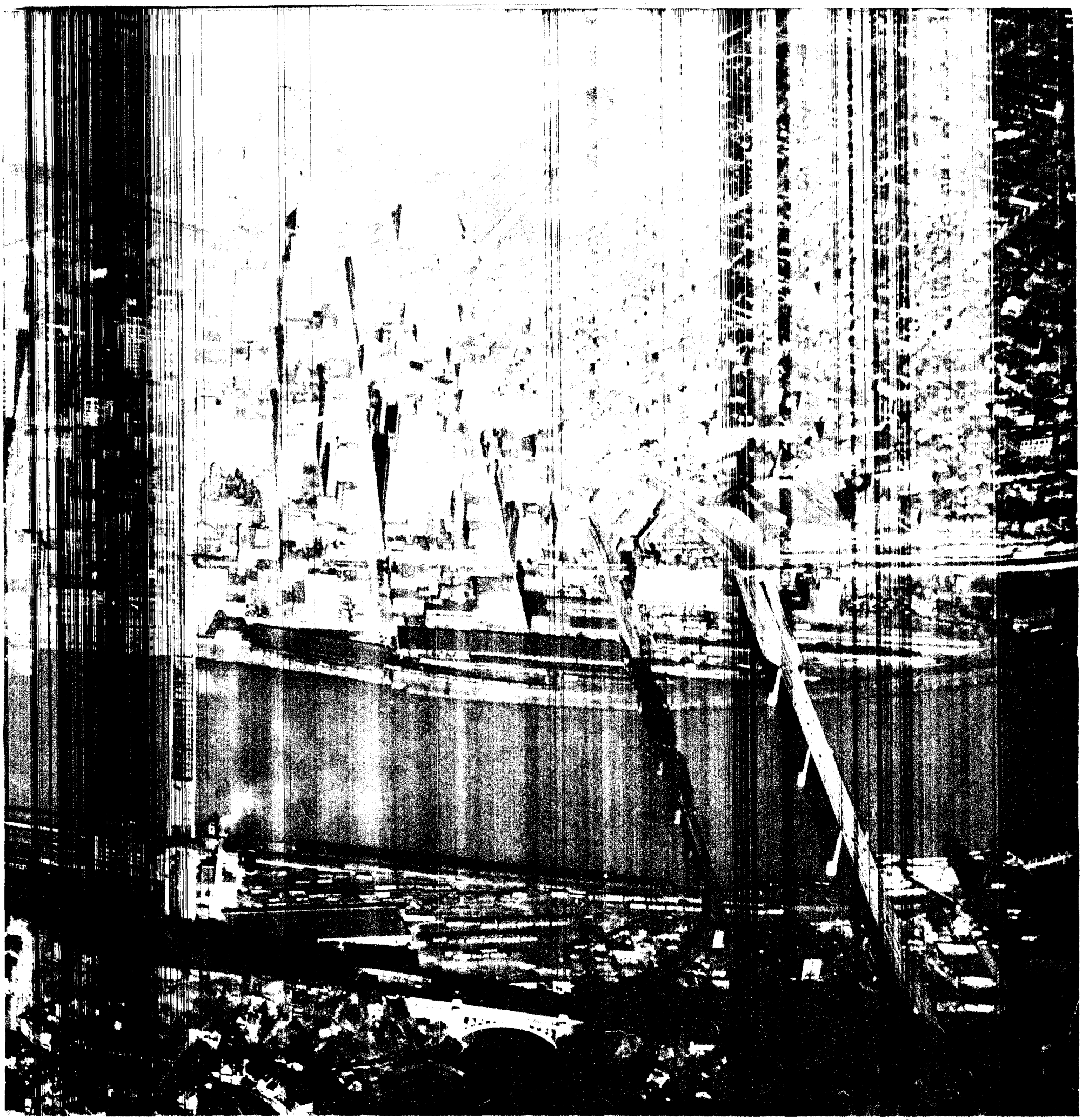

ble aerial attack. This is the commercial heart of Pittsburgh, jammed into the point where the Allegheny (top) and the Monongahela (bottom) Rivers become the Ohio.

The Triangle is Pittsburgh in miniature. Railroads pound, chug and chatter across it, bringing raw products to the vast metropolitan area, taking out finished steel for the nation. Its three rivers bear more tonnage in a month than the Panama and Suez Canals combined. The Pittsburgh area puts out almost 40 per cent of the nation's steel. It is one of the large producing centers of the U.S. Steel Corporation which reputedly makes more steel than all of Russia. Besides this colossus are Allegheny Ludlum, Jones & Laughlin, Armco, Republic, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, Weirton and smaller steelmakers by the blazing handful.

The clang and clamor of Pittsburgh's mills rock the earth. Its nonstop furnaces burn holes in the night skies. But Pittsburgh means more than steel alone. More air brakes, more white lead and more rolling-mill machinery are made in Pittsburgh than any other town on the globe. It makes cork and clay products, pickles, preserves and electrical appliances; it processes coke, aluminum and chemicals in almost unbelievable quantities.

Pushing up alongside its factories and mills, like flowers in a freight yard, are scores of shining edifices like the Stephen Foster Memorial, the Mellon and Carnegie Institutes, the Gulf, Koppers and Grant skyscrapers—and the University of Pittsburgh, the only skyscraper university in the world.

But through the years, Pittsburgh has found little time for anything except plain hard work. Its most imposing sights are sheets of flame and pillars of smoke belching from a thousand stacks.

Working together, the muscle men and the money men—labor and capital—have made Pittsburgh one of the world's key cities.

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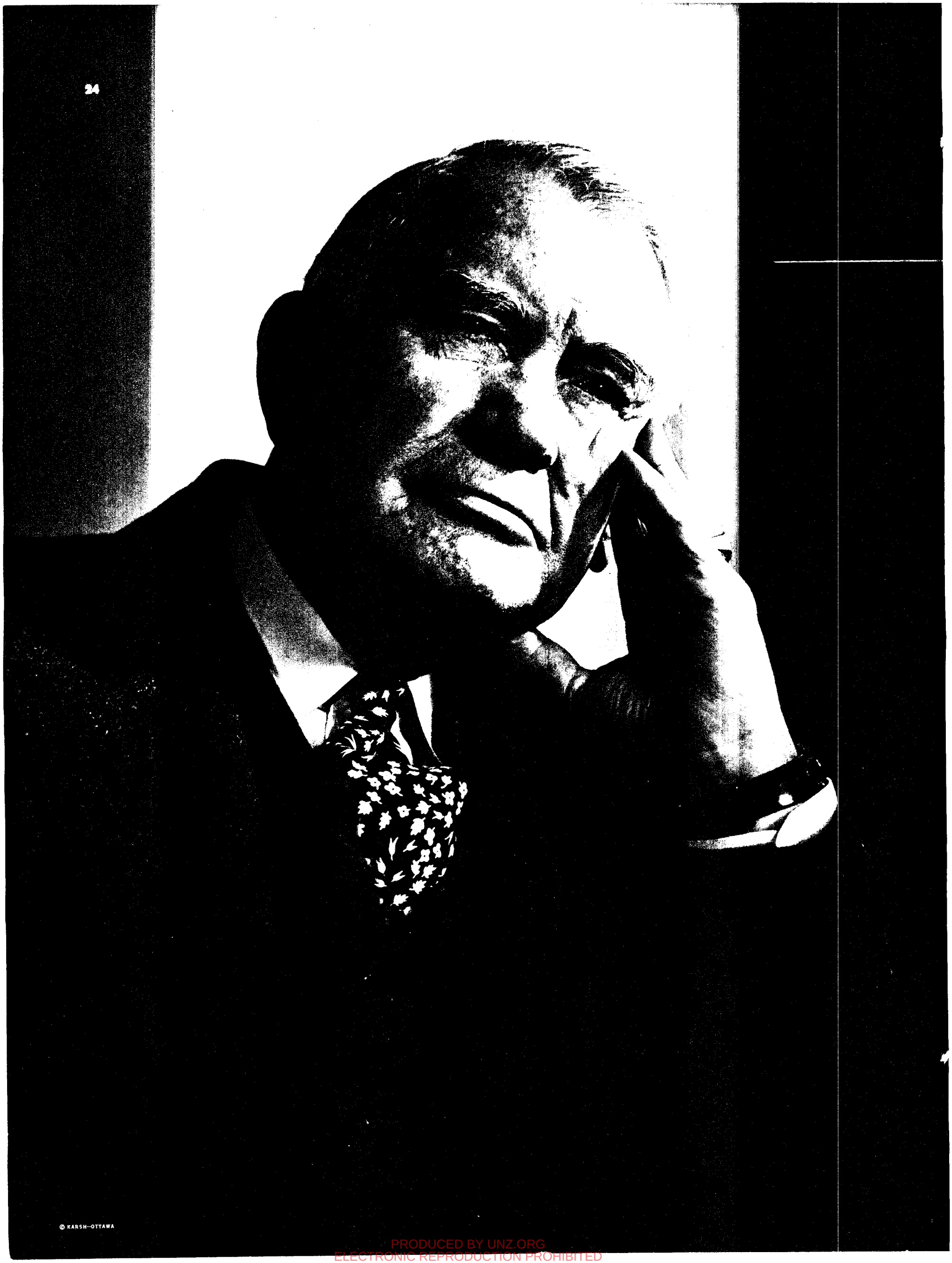

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Iron Man Barkley

By FRANK GERVASI

A free-swinging, old-school orator, and a wise politician of the Kentucky variety, Alben William Barkley was born in a log cabin and has always wanted to be Vice-President. Here are the answers to some questions people are asking about him

WHEN Alben William Barkley recently swore to uphold the Constitution so help him God he became the oldest Vice-President in the history of the United States. He was seventy-two. This fact would, ordinarily, be cause for concern. If anything should happen to President Truman, who is nearly seven years younger than Barkley, the most exacting job in the world would fall to a man who must be reckoned "old" by all ordinary standards.

But those who know Alben Barkley aren't worried. If an act of God were to make him President there is little doubt in their minds that he would survive the job and have a good many years left in which to prune the fruit trees on his 300-acre farm near Paducah, help feed the hogs, polish his antiques and play with his antique china.

Barkley still owns all his natural teeth, which he brushes meticulously three times a day. He has the vigor, enthusiasm and optimism of a man of thirty-eight or forty. About five feet ten inches tall, weighing a well-muscled 198 pounds, he looks like a close-coupled stallion and eats like one.

He likes hearty ham-and-egg breakfasts, light lunches and husky dinners. He hates spinach. His favorite food is string beans cooked with hog jowl, and he is fond of steak. A quart of ice cream is a normal ration and he complains to Mrs. Max Truitt, his daughter and official hostess, if she serves less.

He is, nevertheless, a moderate man about stimulants. He is strictly a "one-cupper" with coffee and never drinks cocktails but likes bourbon with water. He has never smoked. He can relax and go to sleep anywhere at any time.

Barkley comes by his excellent metabolism naturally. He was born in a log cabin on a Graves County, Kentucky, tobacco farm and he and his woodsman father counted the year lost "when we didn't clear another twelve acres or so of stumps." By the time he was twelve he handled a plow with the skill of a full-grown man and down at Lowes Crossroads they still talk about the phenomenal strength and endurance of Iron Man Barkley.

Barkley's achievement of the Vice-Presidency is, in fact, no less an American Story than Truman's rise from county road inspector to the Presidency. It is, if anything, more nearly in the poor-boy-to-President tradition. The Ohio Valley acres which sustained John Barkley, his wife, Electra, and their eight children were among the poorest in southwestern Kentucky.

When he was thirteen years old, Alben, eldest of the hungry Barkley brood, accompanied his father to town. That, he recalls now, was when life began for him. He saw a store clerk dressed in weekday clothes that were better than farm boys wore to church on Sunday.

"I resolved then and there," he says, "that I would move to town, one day, and wear Sunday clothes all week long."

From Grandma Barkley, Alben heard tales about her cousin, Adlai Stevenson, who was Vice-President of the United States under Grover Cleveland, and about another cousin, "Quinine Jim" McKenzie. The latter, a congressman, was responsible for removal of the tariff on quinine imports and indirectly a benefactor to millions of malaria sufferers.

By the time he was fifteen Barkley had determined to educate himself and go as far in public life as his two distinguished relatives. He put on his best suit, left the farm and enrolled at Marvin College, a Methodist institution at Clinton, Kentucky. He paid for his tuition by working as a janitor, sweeping out the classrooms and keeping its heating system going.

It was while he was a student at Marvin that he betrayed his secret ambition. He was wooing the pert and pretty Susan Vaughan at the time.

"Marry me," he begged her, "and become the wife of a President of the United States."

But Susan had another suitor. His name was Will Clayton.

"Marry me," Will promised, "and you will be the wife of a millionaire."

Will won both Susan and the millions and, later, high places in government as Secretary of Commerce in 1942 and Assistant Secretary of State in 1945. Alben finally achieved the Senate in 1926 but was to know 22 years of disillusionment and disappointment before he received, in 1948, the nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

Much hard work went into Barkley's preparation for a political career. After Marvin, he learned shorthand, became a court reporter and sporadically studied law at Emory University, Georgia, and the University of Virginia.

In 1905, at the age of twenty-seven, he saddled up a mule and stumped McCracken County for prosecuting attorney. He won and his political life began. In 1909, he was elected county judge, and in 1913 he went to Congress, where he remained until elected to the Senate in 1926.

Both as congressman and senator he fought for social welfare. He was a liberal while the New Deal was still a gleam in the political eye of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Warning from a Vice-President

Barkley never made a secret of his aspiration to the Vice-Presidency. He was openly or covertly a candidate for his party's nomination for the job in every election from 1928 to 1944, inclusive. Herbert Hoover's Vice-President, Charles (Hell and Maria) Dawes knew of Barkley's ambition and kidded him about it back in 1928.

"It's a dull job," Dawes warned. "Every morning you read the papers to ascertain the state of the President's health. Then you go to the Senate to preside over hours of oratorical bilge, fondle your gavel and watch the clock."

But, although often a suitor, Barkley never received the nomination. None had worked harder or more loyally for the New Deal and its ringmaster, F.D.R., than Barkley. But in 1944 his often capricious friend F.D.R. shelved him as "too old for the job." Barkley was then sixty-seven. Roosevelt picked Truman, who didn't want the job at all and said so. If Barkley was bitter, he held his tongue.

By 1948, Barkley had begun to agree with Dawes about the ignominy of the Vice-Presidency. Last June, a month before the Democratic national convention met at Philadelphia, a friend asked Barkley whether he would accept his party's nomination for second place on a Truman ticket. The senator smiled and snatched off his tycoon-style eyeglasses, a gesture which invariably precedes a Barkley anecdote.

"Long ago," he said, "there was a man who had two sons. One of them went to sea and the other became Vice-President of the United States. Neither was ever heard of again. No, I don't want the job. Besides, nobody has offered it to me."

Keynote Speech Turned the Tide

And until he rose on the hot, humid night of July 13, 1948, to deliver his keynote speech to dispirited Democratic party delegates, Barkley had not been offered the post. Truman had several other candidates in mind, including Justice Douglas and Senator O'Mahoney. Barkley who was the party's pinion gear in the Senate and had waited longest for political reward was not one of them.

When Barkley finished talking at Philadelphia the question was not would he be the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee but would there be a stampede for him for President. Barkley's speech, a long and detailed exposition of the accomplishments of the New Deal, blew through the convention like a life-giving wind through a gas chamber. It turned a wake into a resurrection.

Barkley, probably the best party orator since William Jennings Bryan, mentioned Truman only once. When he finished it was for Barkley and the Democratic party and not for Truman that some 10,000 delegates, alternates and spectators cheered. The Kentucky delegation raised placards demanding "Barkley for Vice-President." Almost immediately the word "Vice" was crayoned out and a "Barkley for President" parade was in full cry.

Down in Washington, sitting in front of a television set, Truman saw and heard what was happening. Two things were suddenly clear to him: that the Democratic party had had a rebirth, with Barkley as its obstetrician, and that the big, blue-eyed Kentuckian was the only possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Truman's phone rang almost before the roar of the Barkley ovation in the convention hall was over. It was Les Biffle, the efficient liaison officer between White House and Senate and close friend of both Barkley and Truman.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

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Truth or Consequences

By HARRIET FRANK JR.

The girl who took Sam to the party puzzled him. So he gave her a test. It's lucky he knew a lot about women. The girl certainly didn't

IF I told this story to Lucy Summers or Dickey Bradshaw or Marty Graham, or any of the rest of the gang, they'd talk about turning me out to pasture. But that's the way they are, blast their chic black hearts. They're supposed to be my best friends; actually, I took them on with Sam, and that's when it all started.

Before Antoine cut my hair it was unpretentious. It didn't glimmer in the light, but so what? It covered the top of my head. A.A. (after Antoine) I had bangs that made me feel like an unloved sheep dog, but Marty said it did wonders for my eyes. Mostly, it just got in 'em, but you can't tell Marty a thing.

The rest of my equipment is standard. At twenty-five, the first bloom can wear off, especially when your disposition is as good as mine. And besides, I'm clever. Well, not clever, but shrewd. For instance, I got a job on New Horizons because I found out from talking around that Dickey Bradshaw liked to be mothered. The day I walked into his pink-and-black office on Michigan Avenue he had a cold. I had aspirin and a sympathetic expression. He hired me. I should have run screaming. What do I know about women's fashions! I went all through college in two black skirts and my brother's green rain slicker. But I needed the job.

I suppose you could like Dickey if you tried, but it would take time and effort. He had little pig eyes and a round, cherubic face and he rinsed his mouth with lavender water.

In short, he was a nasty little man with clean habits. He treated me like a dog.

To begin with, he put me to work with Marty. She was like the clean little girl at the kid parties I used to go to. You know, the one who said, "Thank you, I had a lovely time," and wouldn't take seconds on the cake. She got a load of me in my old tweed suit and made little noises with her tongue against the roof of her mouth. She said, "You need rehabilitation," and I wanted to hit her, but she was the senior editor so I let her rave on.

What happened was that she dragged me into a "little tailor" for some "little black dresses" which set me back half my little salary for six months. I admit I look good in the darned things, but what I really wanted to buy was a yellow-eyed cocker spaniel and some Aaron Copland records. I suppose she meant well.

She invited me to her house on East Cedar Street whenever the staff got together. She told me that bright young things had to meet the right people. Brother, did she have the wrong number! I hated everybody I saw there. The house wasn't any bigger than a postage stamp, and everything in it was robin's-egg blue. You had to sit around on cushions, and I'm five feet seven with feet to match. Somebody was always stepping on me or tripping over me.

She threw a couple of intense young men at me, but it was mixing oil and water. They'd listen to me talk about my mother's farm in Iowa and what home-churned butter tasted like, and then they'd evaporate.

I was a lonesome thing after a while.

I got so I could bang out copy about "wicked straw belts" and the "importance" of green suède shoes and the "urgent" jackets Paris had created. But I hated it.

I'd go home at night to my two rooms and lock the door and try to be myself, but even there it didn't work. I painted the ceiling shocking pink, so you can see the state I was getting in. I thought about leaving Chicago and going home; I didn't do it, because I'm kind of silly about every cloud having a silver lining. I thought someplace there must be a nice, simple man who wouldn't begin every conversation with, "Tell me about yourself."

Well, as it turned out, I was right. And—I found him right under my nose. That is, under Lucy Summer's nose. Lucy's the kind of girl who can wear harem pants with bells on them and get away with it. She was one of our drama critics. The other one was Sam. My Sam. I would have put a ring through his nose the minute I saw him if I hadn't been raised proper, because that's the way I felt about him.

He was beautiful! He was tall, taller than me by four full inches, and he was lean and had gray eyes and all the rest of the stuff that lady writers make up. His suit was unpressed; he needed a haircut and, like I said before, he was beautiful.

Lucy didn't want to introduce me but I stood there with my mouth open, so she did. His name was Sam Warren. Then she clammed up like a trap.

I tacked right into the wind. I told him my name, my ambitions, my allergies and my plans for the future. He took me to lunch. He didn't know the headwaiter like they do in the movies, and the kitchen was probably dirty, and our waiter mentioned loudly that his feet hurt, but it was wonderful.

WE STAYED there all afternoon, for which Dickey docked my pay check. Also, Dickey had a heart-to-heart talk with me that was something like this: "Sam Warren is unpredictable, erratic, moody, irreverent, lazy and unpredictable."

That's where I came in, so I stood up and squared off. Dickey took it big.

He said, "It is primitive to fight for a mate."

I said, "It's healthy."

He said, "It is aggressive and dangerous."

I was just about to the door when he stopped me in my tracks. He said, "It is dangerous because someone who shall be nameless will scratch your eyes out!"

You wouldn't believe it, but a lump came into my throat just as if I'd picked out a puppy and someone else had bought it. I could have gone out of the office on my hands and knees, I was that low. I never figured Sam had other horses in the race, and from what Dickey said the track was plenty muddy.

I knew for sure when I went back to our cubbyhole and found Marty purring. She said, "Lucy's been in. She's looking for you." It seemed she wanted us to be "girls" together. I powdered my nose with what I thought was admirable calm, and went to find her.

I hate to be corny about it but she was in the ladies' room. She was sitting in front of the mirror doing things to her face and smiling at me. I jammed my fists into my pockets and shifted my weight and let her bring the fight to me. She hit way below the belt.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

"You are going, and in this," Marty said flatly. "This" was a towering pink hat that looked like a soda. A new hat does funny things to you; I didn't know how funny, then

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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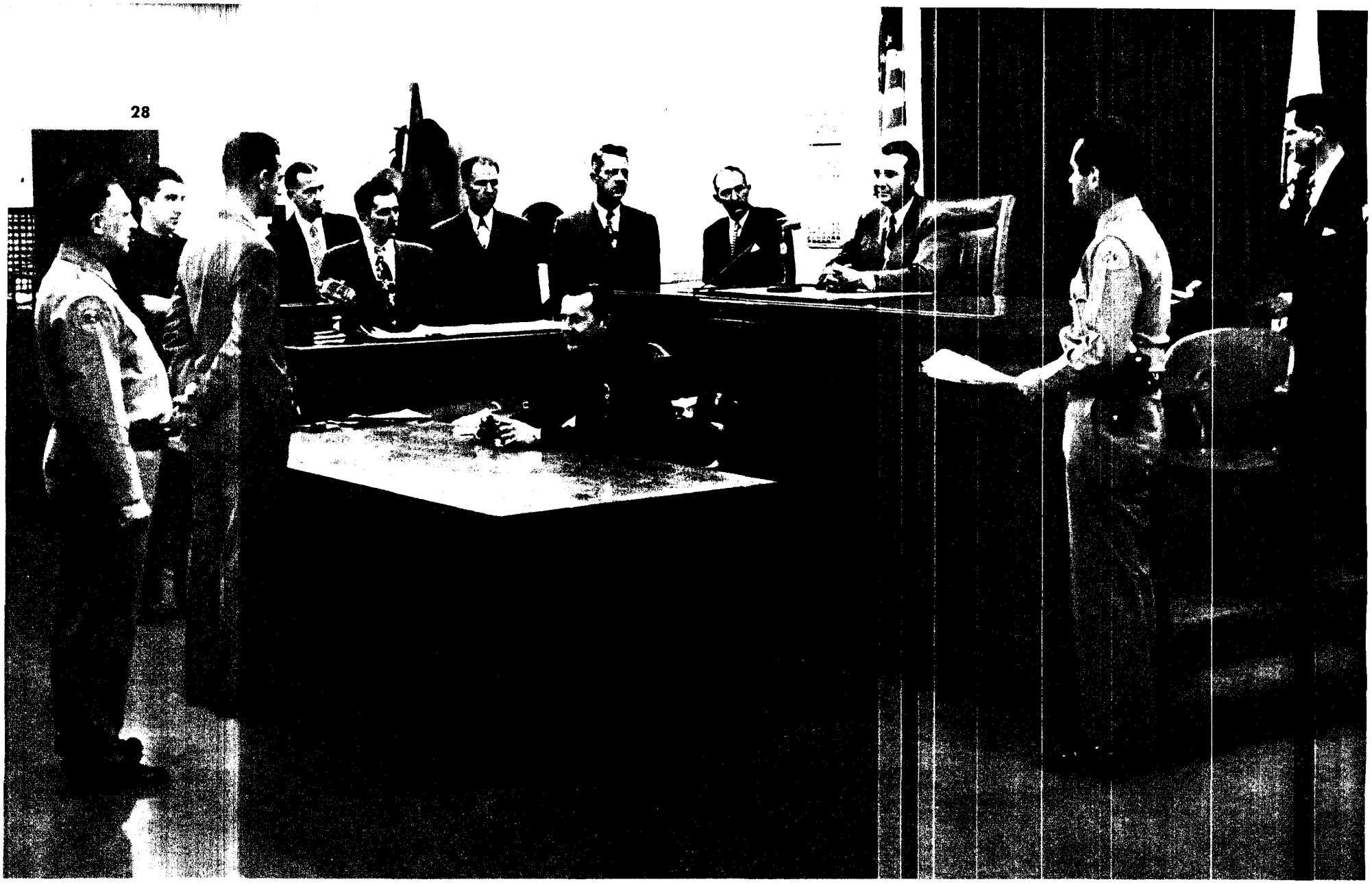

An oasis of justice in a nation shamed by thousands of corrupt lower courts is Judge Rodger Pfaff's Los Angeles Traffic Court. One of his friends poses as defendant

Our Reeking Halls of Justice

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

Are you letting gamblers and racketeers run your local Court?
Walter Davenport

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

Gamblers and racketeers, seeking future immunity from the law, bribe political machines in some communities to swing the election to the side of corrupt officials. If you think that the voter is entirely responsible for putting a judge on the bench, there may be a great deal you can learn from this article

IN ONE of our big city police courts, an old Negro eccentric, a neighborhood character, circulates among the people, interrupting the proceedings now and then with a cry for order in the court. It amuses the judge, who has deputized him as a "special bailiff."

What struck me about this farce was not the bewilderment it caused people expecting serious-minded justice, but the fact that the poor addle-brained old Negro, in his broad dialect, was actually blurting out at ill-timed intervals:

"*Odor* in the court!"

There was something in that idiotic cry that was symbolic of many of the lower courts I had visited across the nation. I don't mean the offensive smells I described last week, that could be wiped out with a good scrubbing and ventilation. I mean the kind that are not so easy to obliterate, the sort of justice that is common fare in these courtrooms. In that same tribunal where the old zany held sway as unofficial court jester, for instance, a man with a bandage on his head and a charge of attempted burglary against him received a hearing. A hearing is supposed to be an examination of both sides of the story to determine whether an accused person should be held for trial and to inform him of his rights.

A plain-clothes policeman testified, "I saw this man acting suspiciously around ten o'clock at night and I chased him. I finally caught up with him and subdued him by hitting him over the head with my pistol." The charge was attempted burglary! The judge ordered the prisoner held without bail! As the officer started to lead him to jail, the man spoke for the first time:

"May I say something, Your Honor?"

"What?"

"I wasn't breaking any law, Your Honor. I have a good job. I don't have to steal. I was on my way home from a movie—"

The judge looked bored. The officer pulled the prisoner away to a cell.

"Odor in the court!" came the cry, once again, from the old eccentric, only by this time I wasn't sure either that he was eccentric or speaking in dialect. Even to his clouded wits must have come the realization that this man could have been innocent. But what may not have occurred to a mind that couldn't think straight was: This man, held without bail for "acting suspiciously at ten o'clock at night," could have been you or me!

That's one kind of odor in the court. The case we'll call Tommy Starcke's is another.

Tommy does break the law. He admits it. Nothing serious, you understand, but it's a nice racket and a fellow's gotta make a buck. Occasionally,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LORAN SMITH

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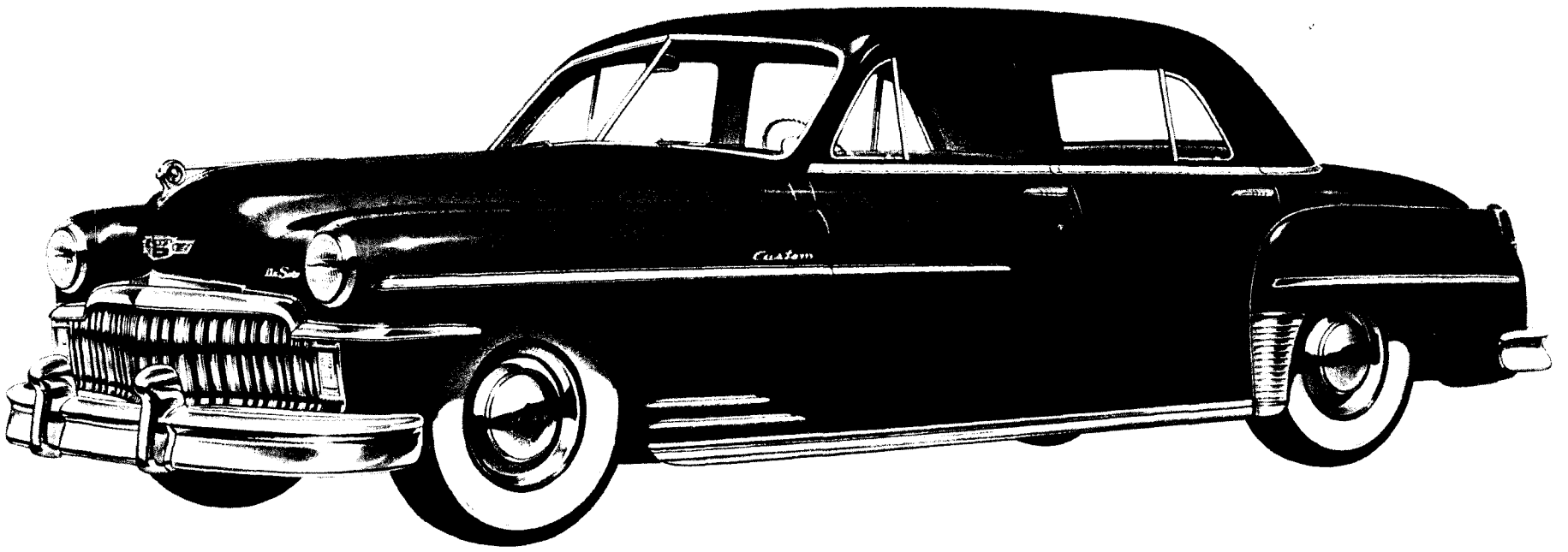

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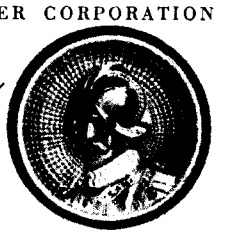

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The Harvey boys of today. Left to right: Vice-President Stewart; Byron S., Sr., chairman of the board; Vice-President Daggett; and Byron S., Jr., the president

Let's Eat With The Harvey Boys

In 1876, Fred Harvey opened a small restaurant in Topeka, Kansas. That was the beginning of the great Harvey empire which, stretching from Cleveland to Los Angeles, is today doing a $30,000,000-a-year business. How it grew, how it helped to civilize the wild West makes a great American success story

By DICKSON HARTWELL

AMONG the guests at a small cocktail party held recently at gay La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, was an unhappy Eastern visitor, the head of one of the world's largest hotel syndicates, noted for penny-wise methods. His nickel-pinching instinct was offended by the number of hotel employees serving the party.

Sidling over to La Fonda manager David L. Cole he muttered, "Man, why do you do it? You could get by here with half the waiters you're using."

Cole delivered a brief lecture on the finer points of Fred Harvey service; nevertheless the criticism troubled him. So, after a sleepless night, he called his assistants together and asked for their ideas on short-cutting La Fonda service.

But each staff suggestion brought the same objection. "That might save a dollar but Mr. Harvey wouldn't like it," or, "I once tried that and Mr. Harvey told me it was false economy." After several proposals were similarly squelched by the spirit of the absent "Mr. Harvey," Cole called off the conference. Abundant service at such a party was in the Harvey tradition, and he decided the Easterner could go hang.

The Harvey tradition is a powerful septuagenarian force. But with four Harveys pushing it now instead of one, it was never more lively than it is today. It perplexes experts and competitors in 10 states who regard its high standards as economic suicide. But 25,000,000 travelers and residents along the 3,000-mile Harvey network of hotels, restaurants and shops ignore the experts. And 25,000,000 of anybody, say the Harveys, can't be wrong.

The Harvey tradition dominates a $30,000,000-a-year business empire which, stretching from Cleveland to Los Angeles, appears to lose money left hand over left fist, but rakes in ample profits with the right hand. The Harvey boys are said to use good food and good service as opiates to dull the sharp trading instincts of customers and then induce them to buy profitable side lines.

One fact, though, is conceded: If the .45 revolver was the peacemaker of the Southwest, Fred Harvey, founder of the empire, was its civilizer. Working with the vast, longest-in-U.S. Santa Fe railroad—some say the Santa Fe made Harvey, others stoutly declare Harvey made the Santa Fe—he carried Delmonico food standards west of the Mississippi. He gave America the Harvey girl, immortalized by M-G-M, and he sold enough Indian curios to put a touch of Navajo or Hopi in every U.S. home.

Today's Harveys—one son and three grandsons

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD RINKER

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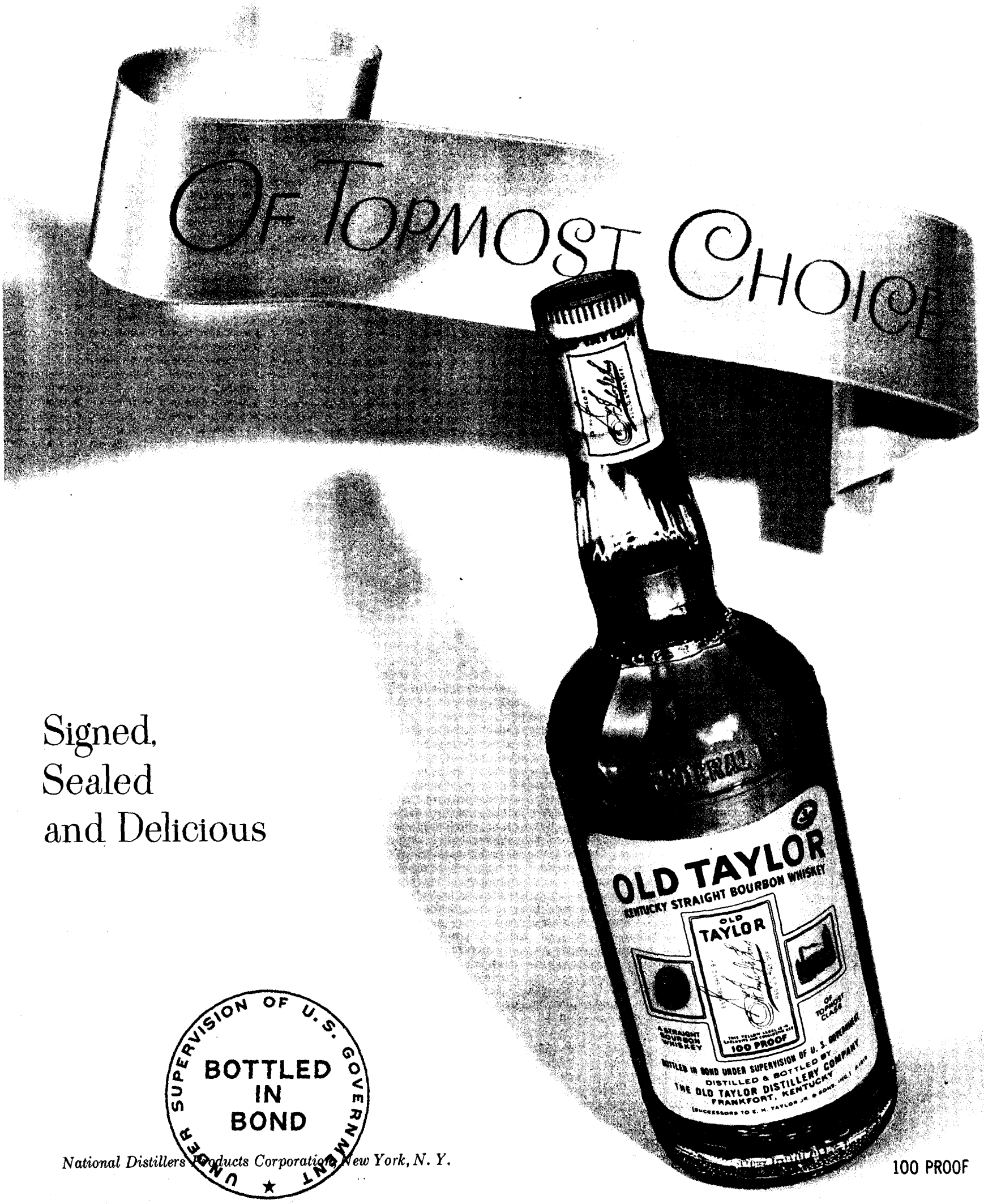

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of the founder—operate about 50 restaurants, a dozen hotels, several dozen retail shops, about 100 news and cigar stands, prepare meals for air lines and supervise the service of over 100 Santa Fe dining cars.

They sell Fred Harvey razor blades, Fred Harvey hats, Fred Harvey shirts, Fred Harvey shaving cream, Fred Harvey candy, Fred Harvey playing cards and Fred Harvey Special Selection Scotch Whisky. Last year they turned out some 5,000,000 sandwiches and 28,000,000 meals—27,999,997 of which, admit wistful competitors, were doubtless excellent; many, a gourmet's delight.

Many Irons in the Fire

The boys operate two Arizona ranches—one at the bottom of the Grand Canyon—five creameries, a half-dozen laundries, a training school for mules and a single six-foot-square popcorn stand that makes more profit than one of their largest dining rooms. One newsstand handles 10,000 transactions a day at a pace so fast it is manned only by selected, husky youngsters.

The boys own a secret formula for pork sausage. Their own blend of coffee, unchanged for three generations, is so popular that when packaged for sale without fanfare last December more than 7,000 pounds were bought in two weeks. They even age their own bourbon six years or more before putting it on sale.

When the Harvey boys take over an operation they do it completely. Any traveler through Chicago's Union Station, for example, who escapes their network is either bankrupt or wily as a fox. As coin catchers they operate a 12-chair barbershop, four newsstands (one is portable—if the customers won't come to it, it goes to the customers), a popcorn stand, a liquor shop, a private dining room, a restaurant, a lunchroom, a cafeteria (which serves up to 2,000 for lunch), a haberdashery, a cocktail lounge and a luncheonette.

They also run a candy stand, a miniature department store which has hit daily sales of $8,000, and a tiny, but profitable, hole-in-the-wall lunchroom for taxi drivers, which has its own four-foot soda fountain.

The boys have a similar functional grip—they pay up to $500,000 in rentals a year each for the privilege—on terminals in Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, Los Angeles and Dearborn Station in Chicago. On these, as with smaller way stops, the name Fred Harvey appears more often than that of the several owning railroads. One Yankee visitor to such a terminal said, "Say, this isn't a depot; it's Harveyville."

Ample portions, in the boys' restaurants, are so much a part of the Harvey tradition that the dying words sometimes attributed to Founder Fred are: "Don't cut the ham too thin." This delightful but apochryphal irreverence sparks a current Harvey practice. When a manager wants to build volume he puts out loss leaders, just like a drugstore, but not by cutting prices. He piles on the quantity. "When I want more business," one of them remarked recently, "I serve roast beef that is twice as thick as a boy's hand and half as broad as his chest. That brings them in."

This oversize attitude is held responsible for Harvey's $3,000,000-a-peak-year liquor business. When bar sales recently plummeted as much as 50 per cent in most of the country, their trade merely slid off a top of 15 per cent, largely because they serve 1½ ounces of liquor in every drink though competitors often provide but one ounce.

The Harvey tradition got its start 99 years ago when Founder Fred, a fifteen-year-old English immigrant, got a $2-a-week job in a New York restaurant. Thrifty, in five years he opened his own restaurant in St. Louis but went broke during the Civil War. He tried railroading, became a mail clerk and later, Western passenger agent for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.

As a side line with partner Jeff Rice, he opened two small restaurants on the Union Pacific route in Hugo and Wallace, Kansas. There were no cash registers, and bookkeeping was limited to mental arithmetic. Whichever partner got there first got the cash, an arrangement which handicapped Harvey who was constantly traveling. Finally Harvey drew out his half of their joint account in the First National Bank of Leavenworth and dissolved the deal.

Harvey next tried to sell the Burlington on a co-operative restaurant arrangement but was told, half in jest, to try the Santa Fe, a struggling outfit that hardly knew where its next tie was coming from, let alone its next meal. But

COLLIER'S "When I finish shelling the peas what shall I do?" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Superintendent Charles F. Morse knew Harvey and gave him the green light. On the second floor of a wooden depot and office building in Topeka, Kansas, the first Harvey restaurant was opened in 1876.

The first complete Harvey House—hotel, restaurant and side lines—was a renovated fleabag in the miniscule village of Florence, Kansas. Out of $10,000 he had accumulated—he was forty-one years old—Fred Harvey paid $4,370 for the property on the Santa Fe's verbal promise to repay him later. It was the first of years of Harvey-Santa Fe verbal agreements which were set down in black and white only when Interstate Commerce Commission rules required it.

Florence offered no local trade but since Santa Fe trains stopped there at meal times, bursting with a known quantity of hungry passengers, it was a restaurateur's dream. To give them the best, Harvey ordered linen from Ireland and silver from Sheffield, England, and enticed a chef from Chicago's famed Palmer House with an offer of a $5,000-a-year salary. That chef was doubtless the highest-paid pancake turner between St. Louis and San Francisco, and Florence soon became noted as a gastronome's oasis.

Harvey cautiously kept his job with the Burlington for six more years while building up his enterprise. By the turn of the century he was operating some 60 hotels and restaurants and 30 dining cars in co-operation with the Santa Fe, and had amassed enough tradition to shape the business for two generations.

He charged only 15 cents for 15-cent magazines sold on trains—a great innovation. He insisted that men customers wear coats into his dining rooms. In that day this was revolutionary and customers protested. But Harvey made it stick. Uncoated men were loaned a stock black alpaca which might not fit but which qualified them as diners.

In 1921 the Corporation Commission of Oklahoma ordered Harvey's coat rule set aside, charging discrimination, but the Oklahoma Supreme Court, in a lively dissertation on Western manners, upheld the Harvey tradition. Nowadays, of course, sport-shirted Hollywoodians, or even Kansans, are welcomed, evidence that the boys keep abreast of changing customs.

The current Harvey boys—the company's sole owners—are an interesting but effective contrast. Chairman of the board, Byron S. Harvey, Sr., son of the founder, is an owl-wise, tradition-steeped, mild-mannered man of seventy with graying hair and mustache.

He wouldn't, as did Founder Fred, emphasize a point by yanking off a tablecloth completely set with dishes, glasses and silverware. But one of his managers says he can "raise more hell without raising his voice that any man in the company." He can judge ability in a waitress merely by watching her pick up a fork and spoon. Entering a room with 160 diners he knows at once whether they're happy customers, a form of clairvoyance required of top Harvey executives.

Number two Harvey boy is grandson Byron, Jr., forty-five, one of the best-dressed presidents in American business. Polite, urbane and energetic, Byron, Jr., majored in philosophy at Stanford University before he got his start pushing a truck in the basement of Chicago's Carson, Pirie Scott & Company. A keen student of art and an amateur painter, he fosters such projects as $5,000 murals in station dining rooms and menus decorated with examples of contemporary art.

Byron, Jr., has a smart sense of the theatrical, possibly because he received $25 for playing the part of a brakeman in The Harvey Girls. (M-G-M sent him his pay check believing he might want to frame it. He cashed it.) When the Harveys opened a restaurant in a Hollywood bus depot it was an immediate flop. Bus passengers eat; they do not dine. Byron, Jr., sealed off the restaurant from the depot, smartly redecorated it and announced a swank reopening. For a preview he collected a busload of movie star friends and took them to the restaurant. It has been a popular dining spot ever since.

Vice-President Stewart Harvey and Yale University severed their connection following his sophomore year. A slight tug of family pull got him a job in the Palmer House kitchen. When he decided that the restaurant business might be fun, he joined the Harvey's. Given Chicago's Union Station restaurants to manage in 1933 he created a depression record by upping the cafeteria business from 1,100 daily to 2,000. Now at forty-two, he heads the company's hotel and restaurant operations.

Tack-sharp and handsome, youngest founder-grandson Yale man Daggett Harvey was given a job hustling tourists around the Grand Canyon. He didn't like it and became a lawyer instead. After war years in Naval Air Combat Intelligence he was persuaded to give up his practice and become Harvey boy vice-president in charge of legal work.

As the world's leading purveyors of Indian curios the boys have accumulated a stock which not only attracts an unending torrent of loose tourist change but which also is a major cause of coveting among American Indian museum curators.

Although items of unusual merit are stocked at such Harveyvilles as Grand Canyon and Albuquerque, where there is also a small museum, rare is the visitor so distinguished that he is shown the main collection. This is stashed away in a separate Albuquerque building in the center of which is a huge safelike vault known as the drool room. The vault's contents are such that Herman Schweizer, who built the collection, waited 25 years before he entrusted J. A. McDonough, his assistant and current Harvey man in charge, with the combination of the lock.

Rare Southwestern Items

Schweizer had an infinite capacity for accumulation. At first he merely tried to insure that the Harveys had at least one of everything Southwestern. Next he set out to make certain they had the best. This urgent desire was—and to some extent still is—in conflict with the usual purpose of business. But Schweizer was better equipped to stifle his desire for profit than to part with treasures he considered practically his own.

When William Randolph Hearst was building his collection of Indian blankets, Schweizer refused an offer of $6,000 for a magnificent serape because, he explained, "then Hearst would have something better than I had."

He often refused to show items he regarded most desirable and Mr. McDonough today has ages-old, baby-soft blankets woven from wild cotton—blankets of beauty and exquisite workmanship—which he hides from anyone who might want to buy them.

McDonough is probably the only man who knows his way around the vault. Delicate Mexican lace mantillas are stuffed into drawers with shawls and buckskin blouses. Inlaid silver bracelets are stacked in cardboard boxes. One drawer bulges with tissue-wrapped opals, garnets, peridots, topazes and amethysts, including a Mexican opal larger than a pullet egg. The world's finest collection of 36 Indian buffalo-hide shields, worth $5,000, is stuck away on a top shelf.

But many treasures are outside this vault. The *décor* of some Harvey establishments has made erudite luxury-loving travelers catch their breath. At La Posada Hotel in Winslow much of the furniture is old Spanish. There are gold

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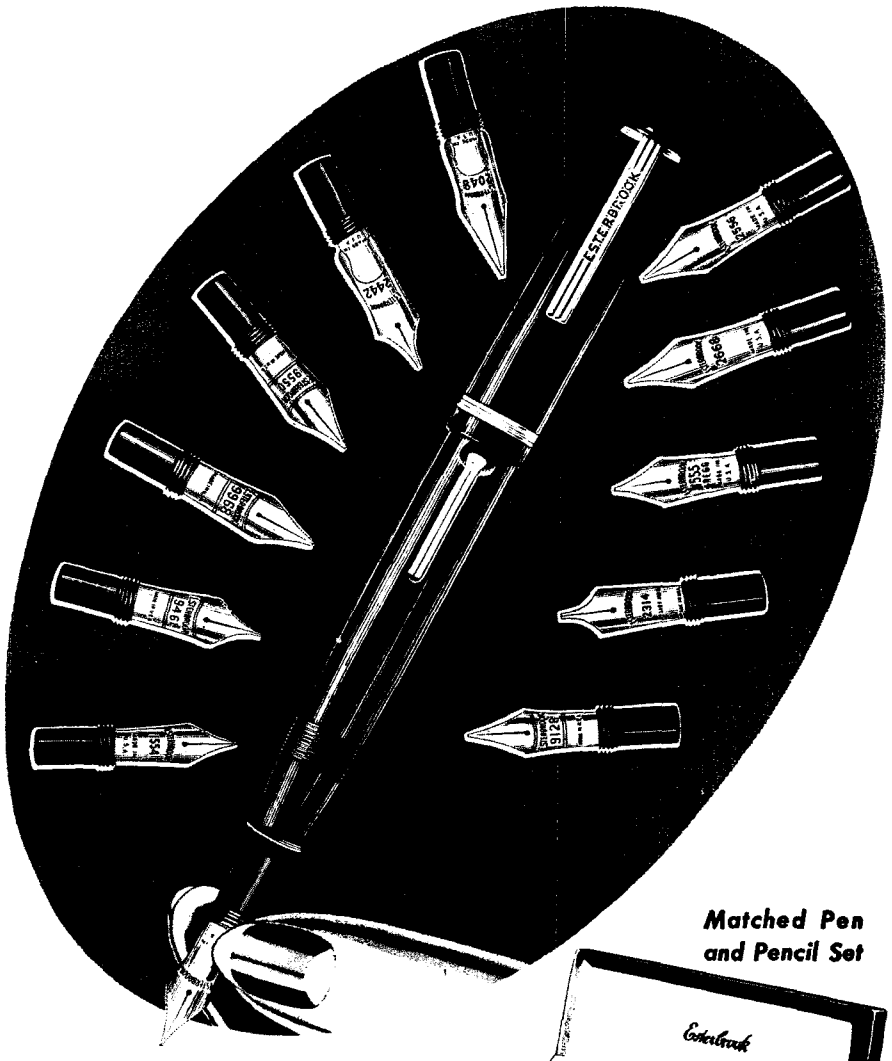

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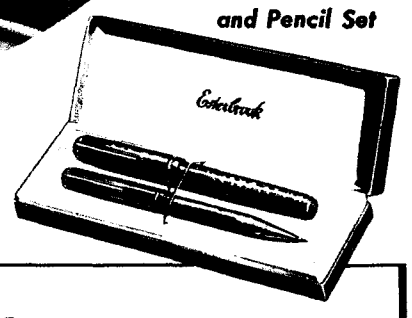

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and silver lace curtains from Barcelona, altar pieces from old Mexico and a lamp shade made from the umbrella of an archbishop.

The boys acquire new furniture much as women produce babies—after considerable gestation and labor. Preliminary design work on a dining-room chair recently took three months before anyone felt it was ready for serious consideration. A new chair, like any Harvey change, is traditionally gradual.

Helping build the Harvey tradition are chefs and dining-car stewards whose accomplishments have become legendary. Super Chief Steward Charles Schirmer, blizzard bound and out of food one winter Sunday, routed store owners at Fort Madison, Iowa, out of their houses and churches, and got them to open their stores and provide food for the train. Joe Maciel has an international reputation for chicken Maciel, a dish he created for the Harvey's in Kansas City. When the grandson of the late Kaiser Wilhelm visited Santa Fe he looked up Chef Konrad Allgaier who once cooked in his grandfather's kitchen.

This Supervisor Got Around

But though some have made more money—Chicago papers told of one steward, veteran of the high-tipping days, who died leaving two apartment buildings and $85,000 in cash—few Harvey men have been more enterprising than old-time supervisor Victor Vizetti. One morning when a chef failed to show for work at Williams, Arizona, Vizetti cooked breakfast. Telegraphed that another chef was stricken at Winslow, 100 miles east, he took a train there and prepared lunch. Then he scrambled aboard another train back to Williams where he made early dinner before catching a fast train back to Winslow to cook dinner there too.

The boys cling so tenaciously to tradition that facts sometimes have a hard time. One of the fond company beliefs has been that most of the early Harvey girls made excellent marriages and that many of them are today among the most prominent of Southwestern dowagers. But when M-G-M was filming The Harvey Girls a diligent search by the notably enterprising studio publicity department failed to turn up any startling examples. When a reporter recently scouted the Southwest for the same purpose he found only ex-Harvey girl Effie Jenks, the charming widow of a mining engineer, and proprietor of numerous nonproducing gold mines.

But the spirit of Harvey men is indomitable and one top company official told of the reporter's waning confidence in the myth, declared he knew of one former Harvey girl married to "a big executive of one of the most respected organizations in America."

Pressed for the man's identity he said simply, "Me."

There is no doubt that these girls were exceptional people. They saved money on $20 a month, room and board, plus tips seldom exceeding a dime. Living together in dormitories gave them unusual *esprit*. Moral standards were impeccable. The mayor of Albuquerque gave them an annual party and they were often guests at teas and similar functions. When one newly arrived waitress remarked to a customer that she liked golf he said, "Why don't you join the country club?" She became a member and was accepted without question.

Tradition flourished in the hands of such girls. They served customers without apparent effort and with no wasted motion, in a manner as stylized and, to the Harveys, as graceful as a classic ballet. New girls sometimes catch this spirit, in which case they are immediately clutched to the Harvey bosom in as demonstrative a fashion as the Harvey boys—true conservatives—affect.

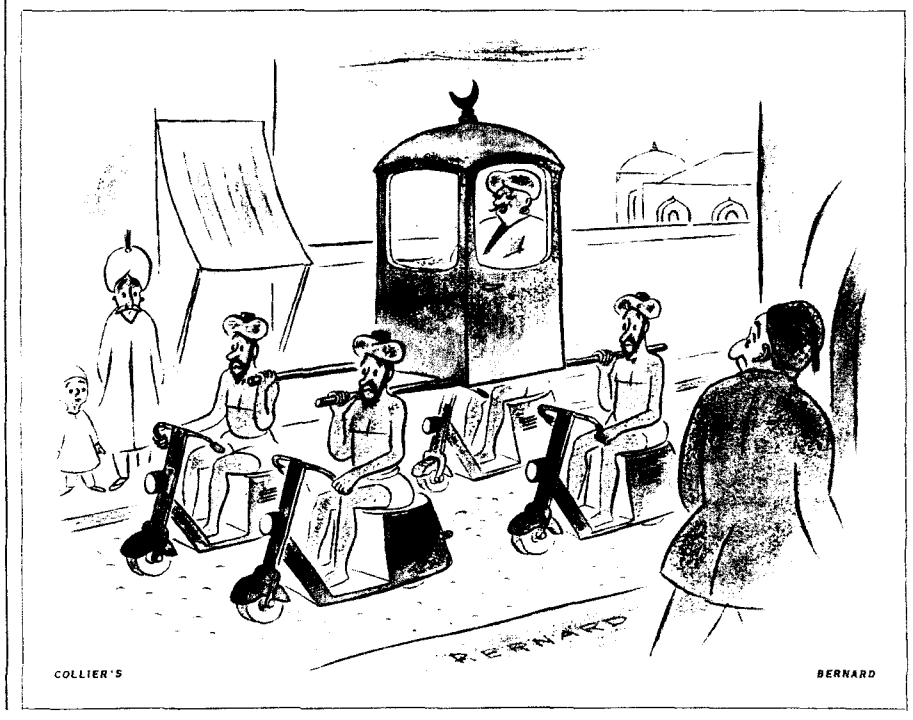
Harvey conservatism is reflected in a deep distaste for debt. Although the boys have 6,000 employees and spend up to $2,500,000 a month, they do all their own financing, a considerable achievement for a family-owned business. New York promoters, for whom the boys have a special disaffection, constantly besiege them with glowing proposals outlining the benefits of stock issues. These are politely but flatly refused.

Is there a chance of the Harvey tradition dying? Harvey men think not. They tell the story of a young bus boy who, they say, should someday marry a Harvey great-granddaughter—there are now two, both aged twelve. It would make, they claim, a perfect match.

The lad was standing near a lovely woman dining with her pathetically crippled husband, who was struggling ineffectually to unscrew the top of a catchup bottle. Finally the man called the bus boy for help. The bus boy turned away and tentatively tested the top. It responded. But he didn't unscrew it. Sliding his grip down to the glass neck of the bottle, he made a strenuous but apparently fruitless effort. Red-faced, he said, "I'll have to get a napkin," and headed for the kitchen.

He soon returned beaming and handed the opened bottle to the cripple. "I couldn't do it," he said. "But the chef got it off. He's really powerful."

That is the stuff Harvey boys are made of.



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"Now you take my wife—she never will buy anything for herself without asking me about it afterwards!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

MICKEY MOUSE, AND HOW HE GREW

Continued from page 21

much is known definitely: The brain child occurred on a westbound train somewhere between Chicago and Los Angeles, in 1927.

Walt Disney, who was to sire the Mouse, was the son of a contractor. He was born in Chicago and raised in Kansas City along with three brothers and a sister. Besides a brief session studying cartooning nights at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, Disney never had a lesson in drawing in his life. After World War I he went into illustrating advertisements for farm magazines, working in Kansas City. The room in which he worked swarmed with mice. One particularly brave mouse, soon to become as immortal as Shelley's Skylark, used to prance across Disney's easel.

The Public Was Apathetic

Seeking to improve his position, Disney answered an ad placed by a commercial slide company and found himself sketching his first animated cartoons. Later, going into business for himself, he tried a movie on Little Red Riding Hood, another on Goldilocks, and finally one called Alice in Cartoonland in which a real live girl had adventures with animated make-believe figures. This stirred Kansas City not at all, and when his distributor went on the rocks and was unable to pay him, Disney decided to pull stakes and go West, young man.

He reached Hollywood and Vine with one suit, $40 inside it, and a print of his Alice in Cartoonland. His older brother Roy, already in Hollywood, had $250. An uncle had $500. A garage was rented, two girls hired to draw and ink in the figures, and Disney was in business. He made and sold 60 different episodes of Alice in Cartoonland and introduced a series called Oswald the Rabbit. Meantime, one of the two women on Disney's staff, Lillian Bounds, an Idaho girl in the big city, salary $15, seemed too attractive to confine to business. So Disney married her. Later, on a trip to New York, Disney had a falling out with the distributor of his Oswald the Rabbit films, which ended with the distributor holding the Rabbit, and Disney holding the bag.

On the train home to Hollywood, Disney sat brooding, with his wife. He had $15,000, his own talent, a whole animation setup and nothing to animate. Trying to think of a new character, he examined the possibilities of a dog, a cat, a rabbit, and discarded them all because they were being done elsewhere. He remembered the animals he'd seen on a farm, and in zoos. He remembered the days when he sketched ads for farm journals and—lo, he had it! The mouse! "Mortimer Mouse!" he cried.

"Mickey Mouse!" his wife corrected.

Unlike Byron, who woke up famous, Mickey Mouse fell on his face in his initial two jousts with fame. His first film, Plane Crazy, diverted few fans from John Gilbert. A second film, Gallopin' Gaucho, crawled out of theaters fast.

It was 1928, and Hollywood had found its voice. Disney had completed his third Mickey Mouse, an item called Steamboat Willie, and put his own voice in Mickey's mouth, making it register as a squeaking falsetto. Disney used his voice because he couldn't afford to hire one. (He remains Mickey's voice today, because the public might be too used to it to tolerate a change.) Besides adding voice to this early film, Disney attempted music and sound effects—Mickey playing a xylophone solo on a cow's teeth and giving a loud concert on dishpans. The audience loved it.

In quick succession, Mickey made a musical comedy, The Opry House, a Western, The Cactus Kid, and appeared as Robinson Crusoe in The Castaway. The stampede was on. Through the terrible thirties, Mickey Mouse grew until his shadow fell across the globe. He did 12 to 15 pictures a year.

One year 468,000,000 paid admission. Eskimos in Alaska formed a Mickey Mouse fan igloo. Kaffirs, natives of South Africa, who once refused to take coins unless Queen Victoria's image was on them, refused to buy soap unless Mickey Mouse's image was on all brands. Argentina awarded Mickey a giant gourd, Australia sent live kangaroos, and the Nizam of Hyderabad, richest man in the world, selected Mickey as his favorite actor.

The sun never set on Mickey Mouse. In Japan he performed as Miki Kuchi, in France he was Michel Souris, in Spain he was Miguel Ratoncito, in Italy he was Topolino.

He even pierced the Iron Curtain, before Churchill coined the phrase. Appearing in The Band Concert, Peculiar Penguins and Three Little Pigs, he ex-

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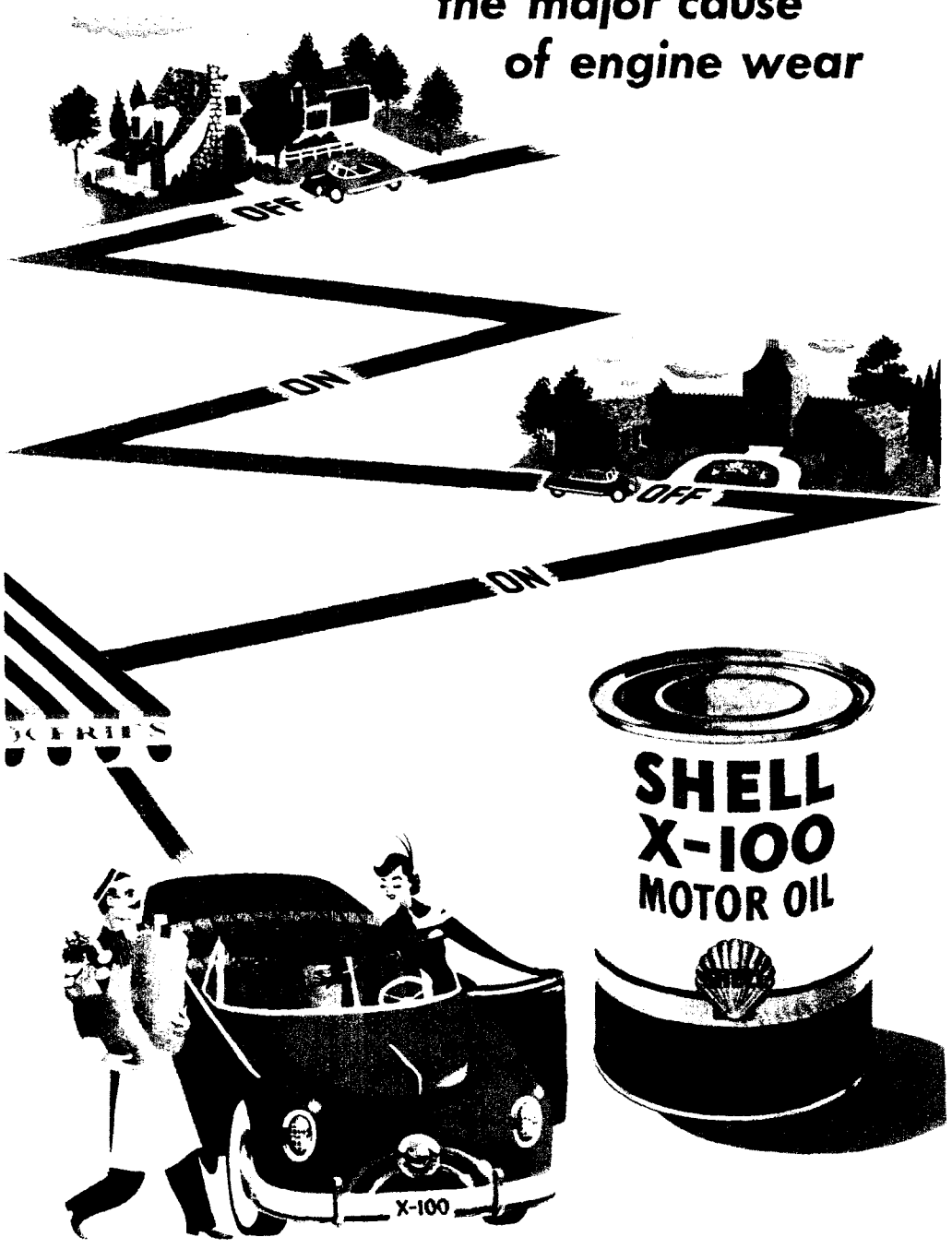
the major cause of engine wear



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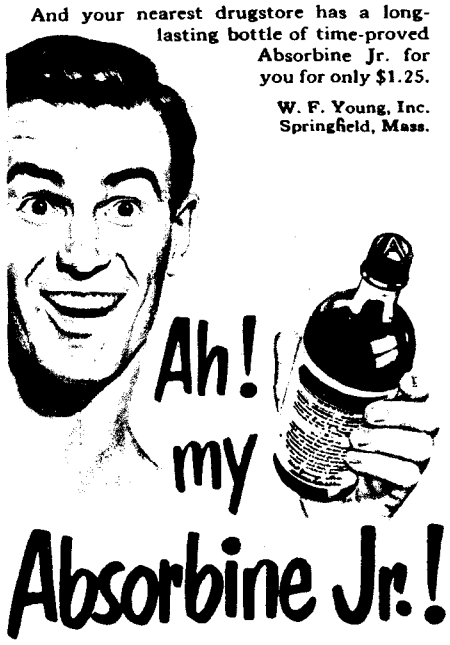

cited enthusiasm from Smolensk to Siberia, with one Soviet critic explaining to the masses, "Disney is really showing us the people of the capitalistic world under the masks of mice, pigs and penguins. A definite social satire."

Having become the darling of the proletariat, Mickey was then adopted by the carriage trade and the lorgnette set. The gentlemen of the Metropolitan Museum in New York called Mickey's creator "the greatest historical figure in the development of American art." David Low, the English cartoonist, added, "Disney is the most significant figure in graphic art since Leonardo da Vinci." In the Leicester Galleries, London, Mickey Mouse was stuck on a wall between a Picasso painting and an Epstein sculpture.

Symbolism in Disney's Art?

It was getting thoroughly out of hand. People were yammering about expressionism and the dynamics of art and the symbolism inherent in Mickey. Disney, while ranked among the world's top living artists working in a new form, is regarded as somewhat less than *avant-garde* by several of his ex-employees and colleagues.

There is the story that when Disney saw the first cut of Fantasia, and heard Beethoven's Sixth on its sound track, he reared back in his projection-room seat and bellowed, "Gee, this'll *make* Beethoven!" If that one is true or not, there *are* several persons who overheard the discussion between the learned and literary Aldous Huxley and Walt Disney. Huxley wondered what made Mickey Mouse and Company tick. "Hell, Doc, I don't know," Disney replied. "We just try to make a good picture. And then the professors come along and tell us what we do."

As a matter of fact, there is little in common between the assembly-line methods of producing a Mickey Mouse short and hoity-toity art. At the 51-acre Disney Studios—which contain thoroughfares like Dopey Drive and Mouse Street—over 500 highly trained employees grind out the cartoons.

The method is simple. Almost no one writes at Disney's. Writers, so-called, actually draw. Stories, as such, are never submitted, but rather drawing strips pinned to boards are submitted.

With the story line set, senior animators, sketch out the main story steps. It takes 16 drawings to make Mickey move once on the screen. The senior animators might draw the 1st, the 10th and the 16th of these drawings, and let their assistants fill in. The studio is closed on week ends, and on these days, usually, Disney will wander through the rooms alone, studying the drawings up on boards, often leaving notes of criticism. When Disney approves a story, it is transferred from white paper to celluloid sheets, inked and painted by a staff of girls, and photographed with special cameras.

Since picture costs have doubled, even tripled, in the last decade, all kinds of trick short cuts are used to save money. Mickey has no soles on his shoes, because it saves cash. Elaborate costume pictures are avoided, because they give the animators extra work. Whenever possible, lions are used to harass Mickey instead of tigers, because tigers have stripes. Situations demanding crowds are rare; too many people to draw.

There have been mixed opinions concerning Walt Disney's main contribution to Mickey Mouse, beyond the original act of creation. A former employee said, "Walt is not an artist. He doesn't have the instincts or the imagination of an artist. His little-known virtue is that of a great promoter, who happens to recognize the importance of putting out a product technically better than anyone else's."

But whatever Disney's talent, exactly, the fact is that it is a mighty talent. Most of his underlings, though speaking from the safety of anonymity, acknowledge his daily contribution to Mickey Mouse and the other characters. "When we have a tough problem, we bring it to him and he solves it," says a veteran Disney writer. "When we leave his office, we don't say, 'What a brain to think of that!' We say, 'It's so simple. Why didn't we see it ourselves?' Walt is always clear and direct. He always delivers."

Disney—called Walt to his face by everyone in the studio—directs his $7,000,000 firm from a three-room office suite. Visitors enter through an outer office, between two secretaries and a glass trophy case, into Disney's personal study in brown. Behind the big desk is a dark-haired, slight-framed, rather shy man of forty-eight years, who works from nine to five daily. His office is dotted with framed photographs of his wife, Lillian, and his two daughters, Diane Marie, aged fifteen, and Sharon Mae, aged twelve.

Disney is not a wealthy man. For years some of his employees made more money than he did. He dwells quite modestly—using the Hollywood definition of the word—in a Los Feliz Hills home.

If the movies of Mickey Mouse and company have not made Walt Disney rich, at least the by-products of their fame have given him promise of security for years to come. In 1932, a bouncy gentleman named Kay Kamen, who'd been a department-store sales promotion man in Kansas City where he first met the struggling Disney, realized the full potentialities of hiring Mickey Mouse to sell merchandise. He rushed to Hollywood and sewed up Disney.

Working out of a Manhattan office, Kamen became the middleman between Disney and manufacturers the world over. And Mickey Mouse went into a new career as salesman for a variety of products ranging from sweat shirts and Halloween masks to greeting cards and fruit juices. Mickey promptly greatly increased the sales of two major manufacturers. The Lionel Corporation, makers of toy electric trains, tied up with Mickey and sold 253,000 Mickey Mouse handcars during a Christmas season for a profit of about $150,000.

Another more important assist was given by Mickey to the Ingersoll Waterbury Company (now U.S. Time Corp.), makers of watches. Kamen suggested a Mickey Mouse watch to Disney, who insisted, "It'll never sell." Today, the Mickey Mouse watch outsells its nearest children's watch competitor ten to one, and the 5,000,000th manufactured Mickey Mouse watch is now under glass in Disney's office.

In a few years Mickey's products had taken the world by storm. There have been Mickey Mouse bracelets of platinum set with diamonds selling for $1,200 on Fifth Avenue. There was a Mickey Mouse wallpaper praised by the present King of England. There were Mickey Mouse sandals that sold 2,000 pairs in one day at a New York store.

Kamen has 2,000 different products tied up with Disney characters. Last year they provided a gross take of $1,000,000—of which Kamen took $300,000 and Disney $700,000.

But those who profit by cash have less to thank Mickey Mouse for than those who profit by the escape he provides. For the peoples of the earth, Mickey is a miracle. In an uncomplicated way, he is always good for a laugh, for a moment away from man-made headaches, the taxes and the troubles of this civilization. He is of a special planet where we never grow old, or achy, or vain, a perfect place without sarcasm and sinus, without politicians and poorness—that is the world of Mickey Mouse on this, his happy birthday.

SENATOR WALRUS:

on Spring Poetry

TONY PALAZZO

I, as a poet, elatedly sing
Not of the flowers that bloom in the spring,
Not of the brook as it courses the hollow,
Not of the meadow lark, not of the swallow;
Rather, I sing, in the spring of the year,
Ho! for a sound that I'm eager to hear—
Welcomest seasonal sound of 'em all:
Crack of the bat as it smacketh the ball. . . .
(Trusting a senator, singing of same,
Merits a pass to the opening game.)

—AL GRAHAM

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* *Here they are, the 10 Top Vacations* as revealed in a 1948 survey of U.S. travel preferences: Alaska Cruise • British Columbia • Canadian Rockies • Cross-Canada Rail Tour • Eastern Cities and the Laurentians • Gaspé and the Saguenay • Lake of the Woods Maritime Provinces • Highlands of Ontario • Winnipeg & Hudson Bay. Choose *your* vacation—then have your nearest Canadian National office plan it for you.

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PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 18

smiling up at him through the bright veil of her tears. "Come, Pride—take me home."

Sharon no longer lived in the rooms above her shop. She had a small tastefully furnished old house that she had bought and redecorated. But at the door, she put out a slim, gloved hand to him.

"Good night, Pride," she said.

"Can't I come up?" Pride pleaded.

"No, Pride."

"We were meant for each other, Sharon. God meant us to be together. I did it. If there ever were a sin on this damned frozen earth it was when I married Esther! I got in God's way. I didn't do what He meant me to. So now—"

"No, Pride," Sharon said wildly, and fled through the door.

BY MIDNIGHT, Pride Dawson was drunk—savagely drunk. He was very quiet about it, so that even the barkeep who repeatedly filled his glass was unaware of his condition. Whisky, which usually put him into instant good humor, tonight curdled in his veins like sour fire.

He stood up suddenly, tossed a bill upon the bar and marched out. There was only the slightest sway in his walk. Outside, the snow came down cool and white like a benediction. Somewhere along his route, Pride had lost his hat, and the flakes clung to his coarse black hair, turning him into a grotesque snow man. He stumbled, then straightened up, swearing. But as drunk as he was, he traveled as straight as an arrow to Sharon's little house.

Inside the house, Sharon stood by the ancient kitchen range and patiently waited for a large tin tub of water to heat. She was clad in a flannel nightdress and slippers, but she had kept the house so warm that she felt no need for a robe. She had already bathed earlier in the day so it was not the idea of cleanliness that motivated her to take this second bath at midnight. The reason, rather, was purely psychological.

She had lain awake for hours tormented by doubts and confusion until her tenseness had become actually physical. If, she had thought, I don't relax, I'll scream. She had learned long ago what a soothing thing it was to lie still in a tub of hot water and let fatigue and nervousness slip away from her. So now she waited before the huge and cranky range, poking up the coals.

Pride stood on the sidewalk in the snow, looking at the door. "I wonder if I ring the bell," he mumbled to himself, "whether she'll let me in. I'll have to try it, I guess. I'll make some excuse."

He went quietly up on the little stoop and rang the bell, twisting the knob with great force. Then he waited.

Sharon slid back the lock and opened the door. Pride thrust a big foot forward, but she did not even attempt to close it again.

"Oh, no!" she whispered. "No, no."

Then he was inside grinning at her, the melting snow making little streaks down his dark face.

"Sharon, honey," he began.

She leaned forward suddenly then drew back. "You're drunk!" she said, her voice hoarse with disgust.

"Yep. Drunk. Drunk as an owl. Drunker than a coot. All your fault. You freeze up a man's insides so that he has to warm them somehow."

"Oh, Pride, Pride," she moaned. "How could you! Go away from here. This is dreadful!"

"I'm no good," Pride declared, wagging his big head. "I'm terrible. Don't aim to go. Mean to stay here with you—where I belong—"

Sharon backed away from him now, pure terror in her eyes. Her nightdress was of flannel, shapeless and unfashionable, but somehow, in it she was twice as appealing. Her brown hair hung loose about her shoulders, soft curling, and her eyes were big with fear.

"Come kiss me, hon," Pride murmured.

Sharon considered the matter. Perhaps, she thought, if I humor him, if I talk to him gently—

"If," she whispered, "I kiss you, will you go?"

"Sure," Pride said with drunken craft, "sure I will, hon—you haven't a thing to worry about—not a thing."

Sharon went up on tiptoe. Her thin arms stole upward about his neck. Pride made no threatening motion, but kissed her very gently. Sharon felt the fear leaving her. I can handle him, she thought. Then she brought her hands down and cradled his face between them, lingering upon the caress.

COLLIER'S "Do you have to use deposit bottles?" LARRY REYNOLDS

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The slow clopping of the horses that drew the road wagon along was like a double heartbeat. Sharon could see Pride's profile tighten

It was then, at that exact instant, that she knew she was wrong. The swift, backward motion of her head was almost anticipation. But Pride's mouth clung to hers fiercely, fighting for possession, and his big hands, about her waist, were hoops of tempered steel.

The struggle went on in ferocious silence. Her hands came up, reaching for his eyes. But he twisted aside and her nails dug long bloody furrows down his face. Pride only grunted and tightened his grip. She hammered at his mouth with her fist until the skin on her knuckles broke against his teeth and she did not even feel the pain. Slowly, inexorably, she was being bent over backward, the air crushed from her lungs, but she continued to fight, using her nails, her hands, even her teeth, until Pride muttered through his tight-held teeth: "Little wildcat! Claw away, honey—I like 'em wild!"

Then, suddenly, her strength was gone, and she was limp in his arms. He bent down and lifted her up and walked up the stairs.

PRIDE DAWSON mumbled, "Hush, Sharon! Hush, hon, please hush!" But she continued her dreadful crying. Her whole body along all its slender length was racked with grief. He could see her throat quiver with wild, unceasing sobbing. Her head thrashed upon the slim column of her throat, from right to left and back again, her brown hair flying with the motion, the sides of her face striking the pillow alternatingly with quite audible force.

He put a great hand gently over her mouth, but she twisted silently, her thin face purpling from lack of breath so that he was forced to take away his hand. It was then that her eyes came open, and she sat up and stared at him, her wide lips bruised and swollen.

"Go," she said at last, the single syllable shuddering up from her throat, her voice whole octaves deeper than he had ever heard it before, hoarse and unnatural; and, when he hesitated, she screamed at him: "Go!"

There was nothing for him to do but obey.

Sharon cried for a long time after he had gone. Then she got up from the bed and dragged herself to a full-length mirror. She ached in every muscle, but beside the grief in her heart the physical pain was nothing.

The face that stared back at her was haunted, the lips bruised and swollen, a dried trickle of blood in one corner of her mouth, the eyes blue-circled, sunken, swollen shut with weeping, the cheeks cavernously hollow, framed in a mass of wet, wild-tangled hair.

She went into the bathroom and poured the water she had heated into the tub. It was by this time almost scalding. When she stepped into it, her skin reddened, and she had to bite her lips to keep from crying out, but she drew no cool water into it at all. This was a rite —the ancient rite of purification. Her hands were fierce, scrubbing at her skin. But after a time she gave it up and lay back in the hot water thinking: It's inside—that's where the stain is. It's on my soul.

Then she thought about Pride and to her surprise, her thoughts did not follow the expected pattern. She had believed that she would hate him forever, call him coward, drunken beast. But, strangely, what came out of the echoing darkness of her mind was: Poor Pride! He looked so dreadfully ashamed.

She knew that she had better get up, get dressed, walk out into the snow. For, if she lay there in the cooling water she was going to begin thinking and the core of her grief would be laid bare. But she could not move.

She had mortally sinned. There was no doubt about it. What now? Must she pity herself? Must she withhold her hand? Pity was for others. Charity was the thing that one extended to poor sinners—never to one's self. Self-pity was cowardice. Mercy toward one's own sins was fleeing from the wrath of God.

As she stepped from the tub, she remembered suddenly, blindingly, how it had been.

"Yes," she whispered, "oh, yes, I am damned!"

She would not flee God's wrath. She would go forward to seek it. Being damned, another sin, however, mortal, could not increase the pangs of hell one iota. It was, besides, the easier choice. Living, she must face Pride again. Living, she might have to gaze upon the face of Esther whom she had wronged.

She fled through the rooms searching for a weapon, for poison, for anything with which it might be done. But there was nothing. She had feared her own grief at losing Pride too long—she had taken too many precautions. There was, of course, the window; but the thought of lying broken in the snow, being stared at pityingly by strangers was repulsive to her sense of modesty.

So, at last, she drew out another gown from the drawer and put it on. Then carefully she locked the door and lay down. Lacking food, without water, she would die after a time, would she not? And there would be no marks upon her —nothing to betray her grief and shame to all the world.

DURING that same night, Thomas Stillworth died very quietly in his sleep. Terrance, his coachman, brough. Esther the news. He looked shocked at the fact that Esther did not cry.

Pride, Esther thought, has cost me so many tears that I have none left for Father. She went back upstairs and dressed while Terrance waited with the carriage. Then she came down again and got into the vehicle. She reached her father's house shortly after midnight.

So it was that when Pride reached home two hours later, he was spared the humiliation of another scene. He went at once to the Stillworth mansion, but Esther was surrounded by a host of her father's friends, so quickly had the news spread, despite the hour. And though her blue eyes widened at the sight of the scratches and the bruises upon his face, Esther was in no position to say a word.

She could see lifted eyebrows in many

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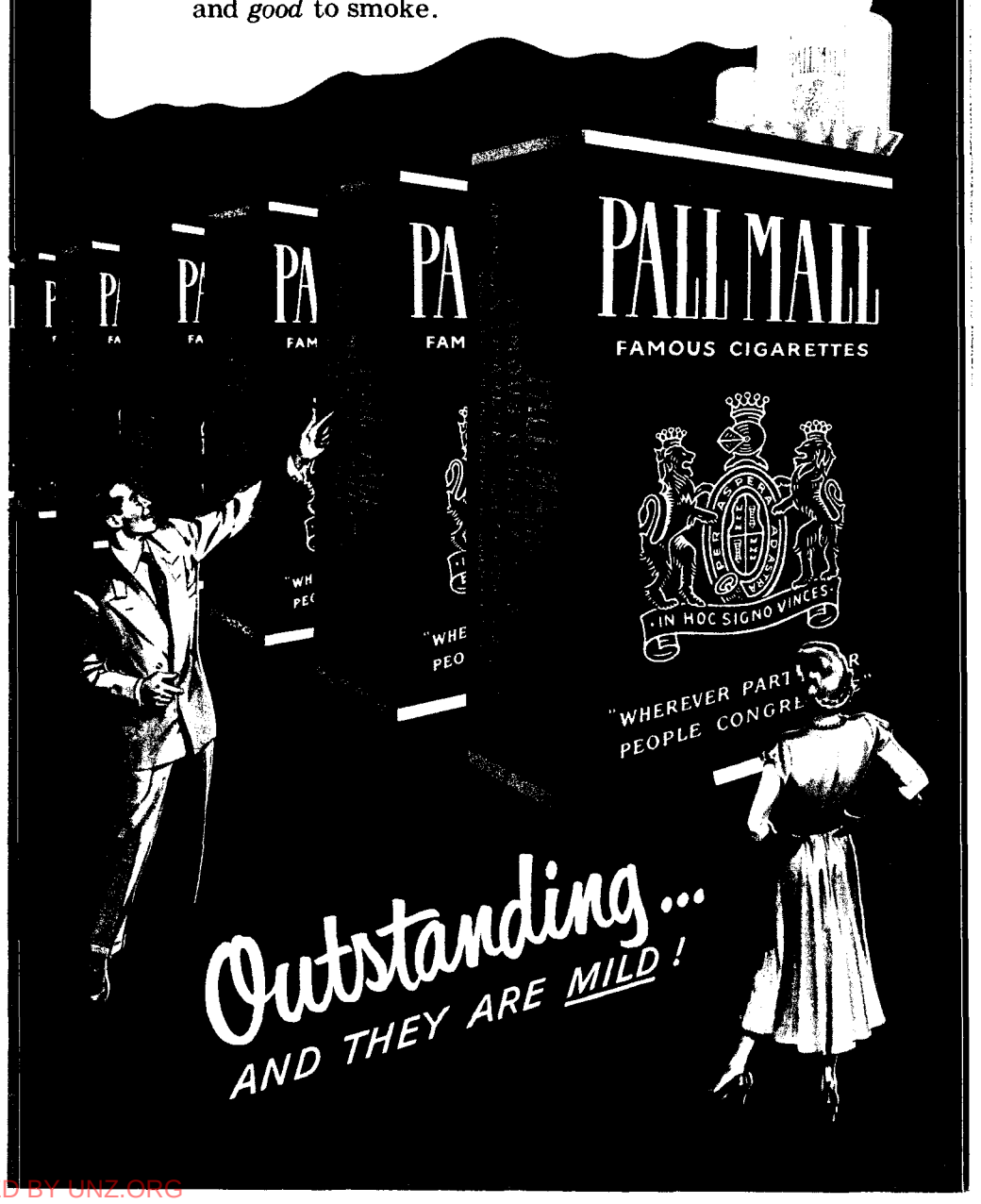

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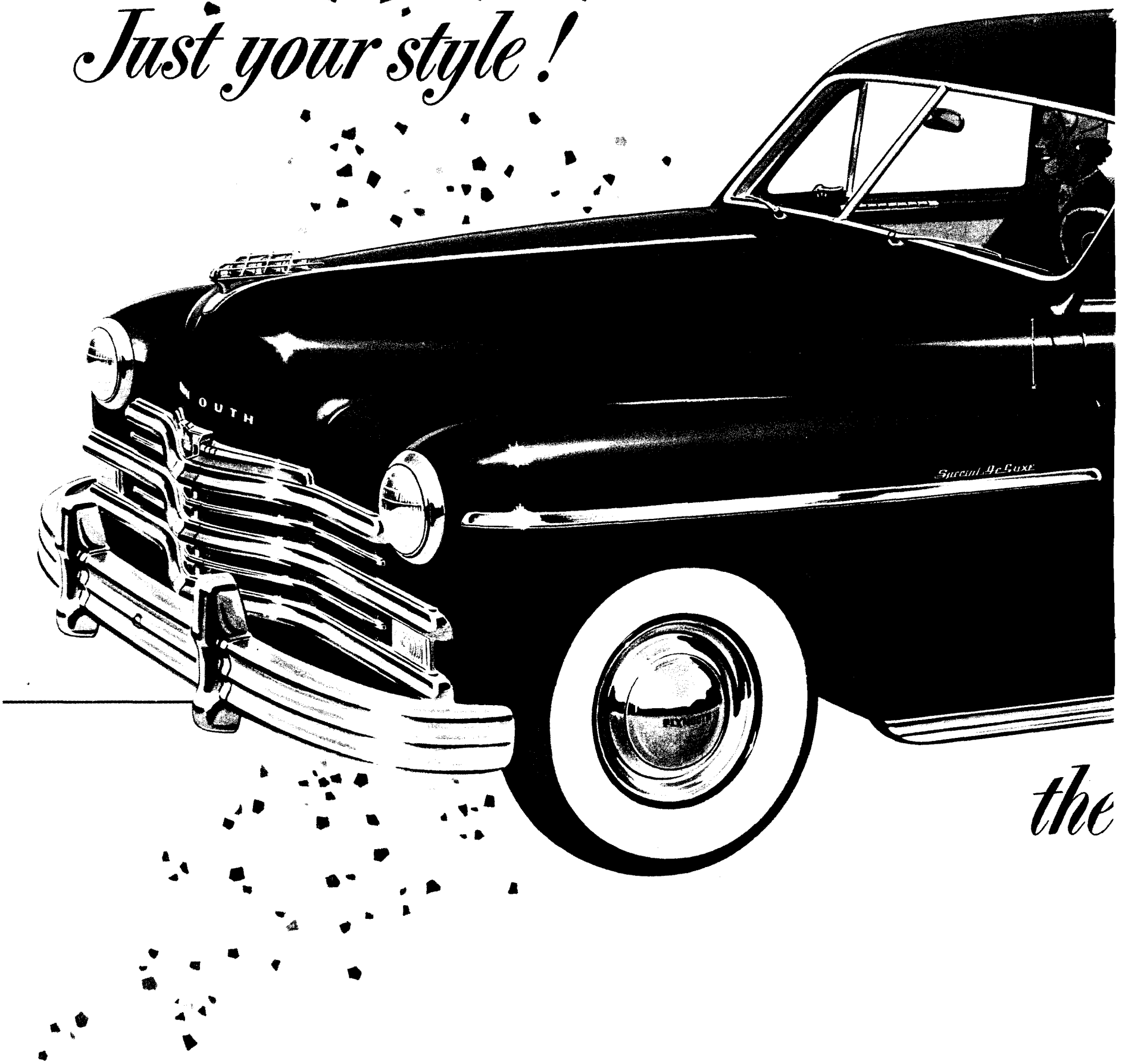
Just your style!



the

Its distinctive styling goes far beyond just pleasing the eye. Here's design that flows naturally from advanced engineering . . . to fit form to function . . . to offer you a great New Plymouth that, inside and out, is better in every way!

BEAUTY WITH REASON

That sweeping, new low silhouette is something to see. And this is beauty with a reason. It helps give you a car that's easier to use in all ways. Easy to start — easy to stop — easy to drive—easy to put in the garage — easy to park — easy to service — easy to see out of — easy to get in and out of.

BEAUTY FOR COMFORT

The beautiful new interior styling is even better than it looks. Chair-height seats are wider, deeper from front to back. There's plenty of room for long legs and high hats. Windows lift and lower easier. Diagonally mounted rear shock absorbers give added stability to the famous Air Pillow Ride!

BEAUTY FOR CONVENIENCE

There's no starter button or pedal in the New Plymouth. You just turn the ignition key —and the engine starts! The handsome new instrument panel has everything where you want it. Fenders flow into the body but they're separate and detachable—and it doesn't cost a fortune to repair them!

BEAUTY FOR SAFETY

The increased glass area is nice to look at from the outside. But it's there to **look out of** from the inside. Both windshield and rear window are larger. The entire car is designed to give the driver a clear, undistorted view of the road in all directions—day and night—rain or shine!

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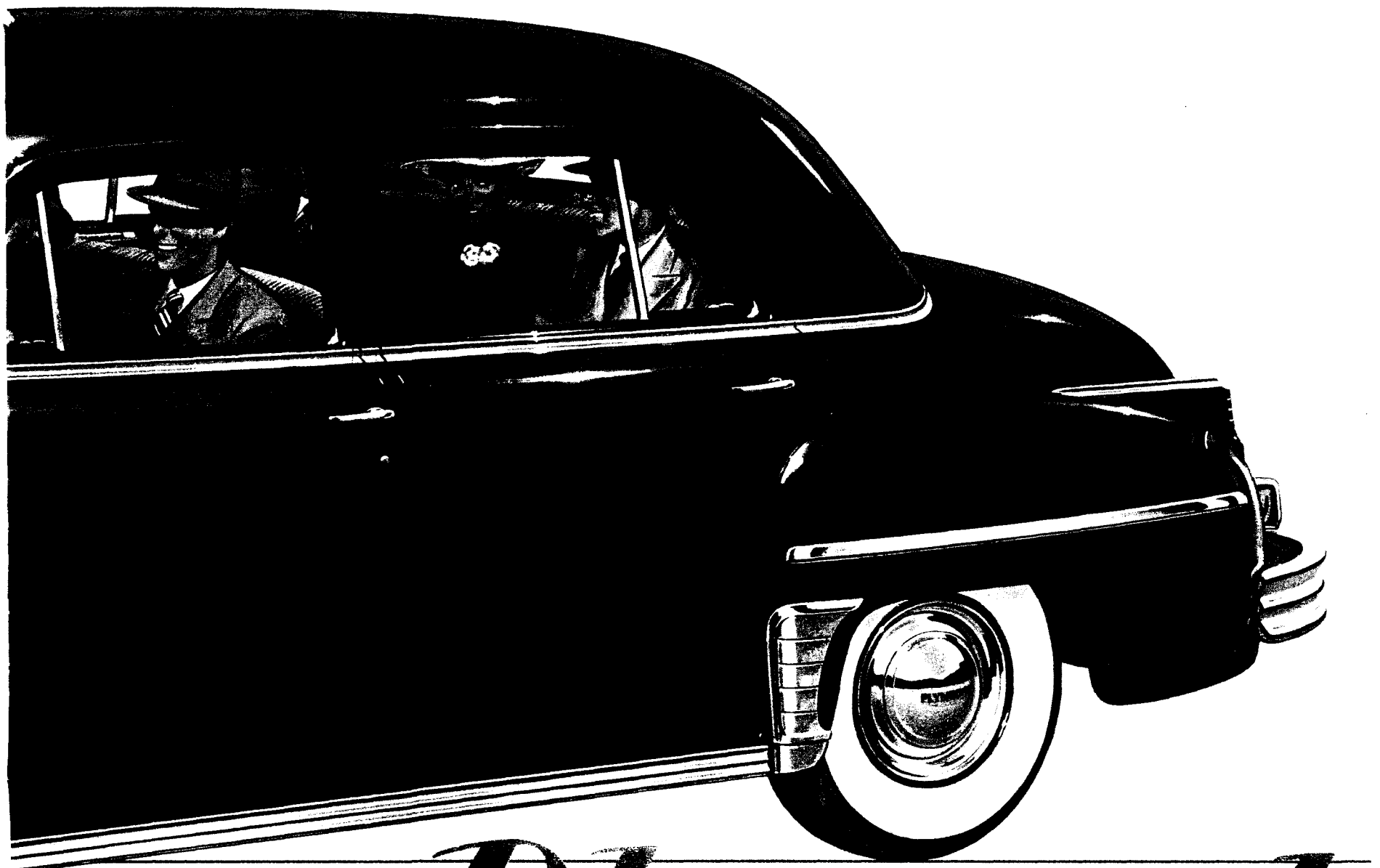

The Beautiful New Plymouth Special De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with Longer 118" Wheelbase

great new Plymouth

FOR MORE SAFETY

New body construction makes the New Plymouth a sturdier, safer car. Frame and body are 23% more rigid. The New Plymouth has a lower center of gravity. It hugs the road better. And this car handles with such amazing ease that you can drive it for many hours and still feel fresh.

BEAUTY FOR PERFORMANCE

Under the curving new low hood of the New Plymouth there's a livelier, more powerful, more efficient engine. This is the result of a newly designed cylinder head, increased compression ratio and a new intake manifold. New chrome compression ring gives even longer engine life.

BEAUTY FOR VALUE

To see how new car beauty helps make a better new car—see your Plymouth dealer now! You'll find that this great Plymouth—more than any of the great Plymouths before it—is the low-priced car most like high-priced cars—the greatest dollar-for-dollar car value your money can buy!

NOW there's more difference than ever in low-priced cars—and the great New Plymouth makes the difference. See this new car at your Plymouth dealer's now.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS!

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

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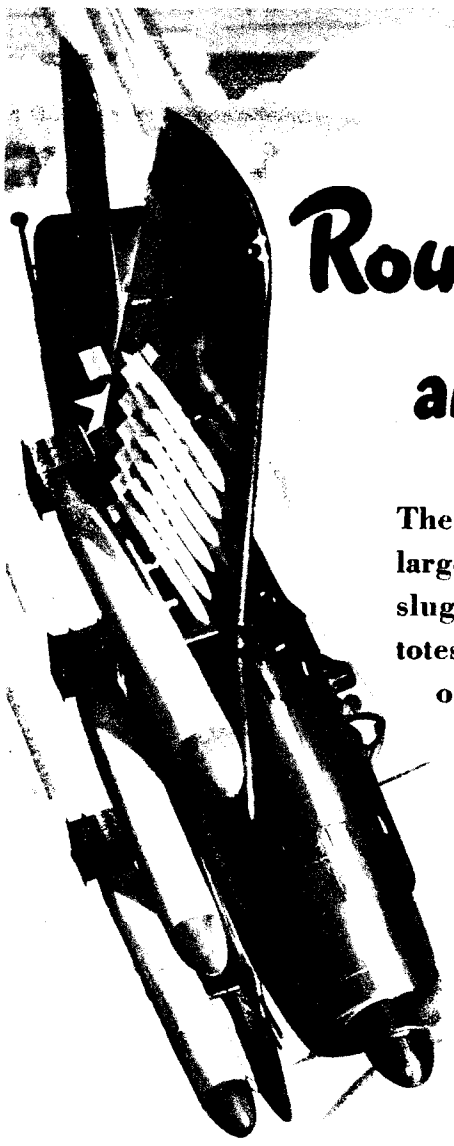


Rough, Tough, and Terrific

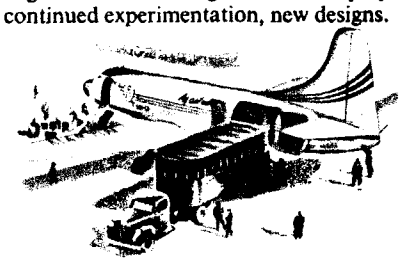
The mighty Martin Mauler is the largest, fastest, most heavily armed slugger in Uncle Sam's Navy—it totes an almost unbelievable load of protection for the country

THREE full-size torpedoes, 12 rockets and four 20 mm. aerial cannons add up to over 9000 lbs.—an awesome payload for many multi-engine aircraft. But it's duck-soup for the Navy's newest carrier-based, dive-torpedo bomber, the Martin AM-1 Mauler—and *considerably less* than the maximum payload this tremendously powerful single-engine, one-man plane can carry!

In carrier tests, the Mauler qualified as the Navy's most potent weapon of its type. It can alternate torpedoes, bombs or mines along with its rockets and cannons. It has a range of over 2000 miles. And it is powered by a 3250-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engine, most powerful conventional engine in service today! The Martin Mauler is a true blue-blood in the great family of planes Martin has been building for our armed services since 1913. Planes that rank high in Martin's 40-year history of building *air power* to serve the nation, *air transport* to serve its people! The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore 3, Md.

Behind the Mauler are great pioneer Martin planes like this BM-1, the first practical dive bomber. Built for the Navy in 1931, the Martin craft culminated weary years of searching for this elusive type of aircraft by armed services and aircraft manufacturers.

Hard-hitting turrets, for power operation of guns, were first developed in America by Martin, and during World War II the company was their largest designer and builder. With today's high speeds bringing new problems of fire control, Martin engineers are retaining this leadership by continued experimentation, new designs.



Air cargo work horse is this speedy, high-payload cargo version of the great Martin 2-0-2 Airliner—featuring a maximum payload of 15,106 lbs., which can be carried 680 miles non-stop, at a cruising speed of 281 m.p.h.

Real careers, rare opportunities, are open in aviation for forward-looking young men. Ask for detailed information at your Air Force, Navy or Marine recruiting office.

Martin

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

MANUFACTURERS OF: Versatile Marvinol resins (Martin Chemicals Division) • Dependable Martin 2-0-2 airliners • Advanced military aircraft • Revolutionary rockets and missiles • Newest aerial gun turrets • **DEVELOPERS OF:** Mareng fuel tanks (licensed to U. S. Rubber Co.) • Stratovision aerial re-broadcasting (in conjunction with Westinghouse Electric Corp.) • Honeycomb construction material (licensed to U. S. Plywood Corp.) • New type hydraulic automotive and aircraft brake • **LEADERS IN RESEARCH** to guard the peace and build better living in many far-reaching fields.

a face, and the hands being raised to conceal the whispers.

Now, she thought, now—of all times! Oh, Pride, how could you!

But Pride paid no attention to the looks or the whispers. His head ached dully, and his mind worked slowly.

Never thought she'd take it so hard, he mused. It was of Sharon he was thinking, not of Esther.

Mustn't think about it, he told himself. Not here—not now. I owe the old pirate that much respect. After all, I'm getting my paws on fifty-two million dollars.

THEY gave Thomas Stillworth a funeral that would have done credit to a Roman emperor. The whole block about Trinity Church was roped off, and policemen fought to keep back the crowds. There were fifty-two coaches in the procession for this man who had never knowingly helped or befriended a fellow creature in life.

But Esther, dry-eyed behind her heavy black veil, had, during it all, the time and the quiet necessary for thinking. Forgive me, Father, she mused, but you had your life and it is finished. You did your best for me and I am grateful. But it's over now. Mine must go on. I have to think about myself now.

She gazed quietly at her husband, sitting there beside her and thought: She fought you, didn't she—your plain little milliner? How well, Pride? Anyway, bless her for fighting. There's something fine about that girl. I shall not hate her. Oh, no—it's you I'll hate, Pride. And I am a Stillworth. We're wonderful haters—we can feed upon it for a lifetime.

I shan't be foolish this time. I'll not make a scene. I may not discuss the matter with you at all—just enough to be sure. Oh, yes—I'll be very humble, and submissive. I'll also be patient. I'll wait for years for the opportunity to strike, but when I do . . .

Pride glanced from time to time at the still face of his wife. Wonder what she's thinking. Her face is too still. I don't like it like that. She's plotting something. These damned scratches! I hate like hell to go home. She's going to raise all kinds of hell once this is over.

When, after the clean black earth had ceased thudding upon the bronze lid of Black Tom's coffin, and the procession had retraced its route, silent and slow, Pride knew that the time of reckoning had come.

But it was not until that night in their bedroom that Esther turned and faced him. "Pride—"

Pride ran his tongue over his lips before he could speak. "Yes, Esther?"

"You—you and Sharon, you . . . Didn't you, Pride?"

Lying was no good now. Nothing was any good. Not even living. "Yes."

"I thought so." Esther said very quietly, and turning, got into bed. . . .

A week later the will was read. To his acute disappointment Pride found that he was not one penny richer than he had been before Black Tom's death. The old man had left Esther only half of his fortune, and that half was so hedged about and fenced in with legalisms, that short of Esther's making an outright gift of her fortune to her husband, he could not lay a finger upon it. And that, he realized, Esther could scarcely be expected to do.

What made it worse was the fact that he could not protest. There was no way he could roar or bluster without wounding the quality that had given him his name, his pride. So he went out and walked through the streets, and drank heavily. But he did not go near Sharon.

At last he came home, to find Esther waiting up for him, a telegram that was as long as a letter in her hand.

"You—you've been with her," she whispered.

"No," he growled, "I haven't. What's that you got?"

"You're lying," Esther said wearily, "but it's no matter. Here."

She passed him over the wire. Edward Bolley had sent it. The first thing that Pride noticed was the fact that it was written like a letter with no attempt at deletions or abbreviations to lessen its cost. Black Tom would have considered it criminally extravagant.

"Therefore," he read, "I don't think it necessary even to start building that nuisance line here in Colorado. The assayer assures me that the vein of silver is fantastically rich. You, Pride, are a lucky devil. Who else ever had a laborer discover silver while digging a right of way? And that man a heathen Chinese who didn't know what he was finding."

Pride looked up, his nostrils flaring, and then looked down and read again: "I've filed a claim here. You'd better do the same in Washington. Then join me in Denver. I put myself down as part owner—for a fourth, say; but I'm willing to discuss the matter, for the land is, after all, yours."

Keep your fourth, Ed, Pride thought. After all, if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't even have known about this. Well, Black Tom, who's laughing now? You can beat everything but my luck! I'll die richer than you did!

He passed the telegram over to Esther. She read it rapidly and looked up at him.

"Congratulations." She smiled quietly.

"Can't beat me!" Pride laughed. "I have the best luck in the world. Silver, Esther, silver! Just because I got Ed to buy me that little strip of mountain pass in Colorado!"

"You're going out there?" Esther asked.

"Yep. But first I'm going to Washington. After that I'll go West. I'll be there two months at least."

"When are you leaving?"

"First thing in the morning."

"I," Esther said, "will get your things ready."

Lying there on her little bed, Sharon noticed that she could no longer lift her hands. She felt very cold there in the darkness. "O God," she moaned, "it takes so long—so long. . . ."

TO HIS immense disgust, Pride found that he could not get a train to Washington in the morning. The first of them left late in the afternoon. He sat morosely in the station, thinking.

I could go back home, but I'd have to face Esther again. I don't want to do that. Her face hurts me to look at. Nope, I can't go home. He stiffened suddenly. Sharon! he thought. I can't go away and leave her hating me. I'll go to her now—ask her to forgive me. Get down on my knees if necessary! Can't leave her like this—can't.

He was up then and running from the station. On the sidewalk he lifted his hand in a quick signal to the driver of a hansom cab. And then, once more, the luck that he boasted of deserted him. For as he was in the act of climbing into his cab, another one pulled up a few yards behind him. And in it, Esther sat. She saw him get into the little two-wheeled vehicle, and put her head out of the window to call to him. But suddenly, savagely, she jerked it in again.

He, she decided, should be boarding a train—not engaging cabs. So she lifted the trap and spoke to the driver above her. "Follow that cab," she said.

She had come to the station out of the best of motives. I love him, she had thought. It's up to me to save him—and our marriage. He's going to have great holdings in the West. Why, then, shouldn't we live out there? Chicago—or San Francisco? Away from her. Where he'll never see her. He won't turn

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to another woman. In a way he does love me—and it's not merely beauty that turns his head. Heaven knows Sharon's not pretty!

It's the softness about her—and, I might as well admit it, the sweetness. There aren't many women like her. It isn't likely he'll even look for another.

She had looked at her watch. I can catch him, she had decided. Discuss it with him—arrange to join him later! He'll see it my way. He must!

So she had flown down the stairs and into the first passing cab, exulting in her good fortune in being able to obtain one almost at once. Her good fortune that was now her misfortune—the worst upon the face of the earth. . . .

Pride did not even look back during the drive to Sharon's shop. He was much too preoccupied for that. When he had reached it, he told the driver to wait, for it was his intention to return to the station as soon as possible. Esther halted her cab half a block away and watched her husband as he got down and entered the shop. He came out in a surprisingly short time. He was, Esther saw, actually running.

"No," one of the girls had told him, "we haven't seen her. She hasn't been here in over a week. Oh, Mr. Dawson, we're so worried."

"Didn't you," Pride growled, "go to her house?"

"She's moved. She told us she was going to—but she never got a chance to give us the address. She used to live in this same building—right upstairs. But—"

The sentence was never finished. Already Pride was racing for the waiting cab. Behind him Esther spoke once more to the driver and the two cabs moved off almost at the same instant.

Esther sat a long time before Sharon's

Among My Souvenirs

JOE E. BROWN

IN ALL the entertainment world, Joe E. Brown, the star of Harvey, has the reputation of being the most enthusiastic sports fan. Collecting sports items which belonged to the greatest athletes of the past few decades has been Joe's consuming interest.

He did such a good job of it that UCLA now houses the Joe E. Brown Trophy Room in which are kept all his precious items—except one.

Years ago, Joe was offered a contract to play with the New York Yankees. Although he did not sign, he has been a favorite of Yankee ballplayers since the twenties. And Lou Gehrig, the famed Iron Man, was a great pal.

Lou had been a guest at Joe's California home several times and had seen the fabulous collection. A remarkable thing is that Joe never asked for a gift for the trophy room; that is, not until he asked for one from Gehrig.

That was when Joe wrote asking Lou, who had long passed the 2,000-consecutive-games mark to set a record, if, when the streak ended, he would let Joe have the first baseman's glove he wore during that time.

Within two weeks, he had an answer. Gehrig wrote that he wished Joe had asked for anything but the glove. It meant everything to him. Wouldn't Joe settle for his bat, or shoes? Joe was so embarrassed for having asked, he couldn't get himself to write again.

That fall, Joe went to New York to see the Yankees play in the World Series. Just before game time, the bat boy came to Joe's seat in a front-row box, and told him that Lou wanted to see him.

Joe walked to the Yankee dugout. He was shocked to see how gray and thin the once-erect, powerful and handsome Lou was. Unmindful of the Yankee players around them, Lou said to Joe, "Well, pardner, here it is."

As Joe took the glove he was almost in tears. So were the tough, healthy and wonderful ballplayers who witnessed the scene. For Lou Gehrig's playing days were over.

No, that glove isn't in the Joe E. Brown Trophy Room at UCLA. Joe won't part with it. And when he passes on, it'll go to Joe, Jr.

—ARTHUR MILLER

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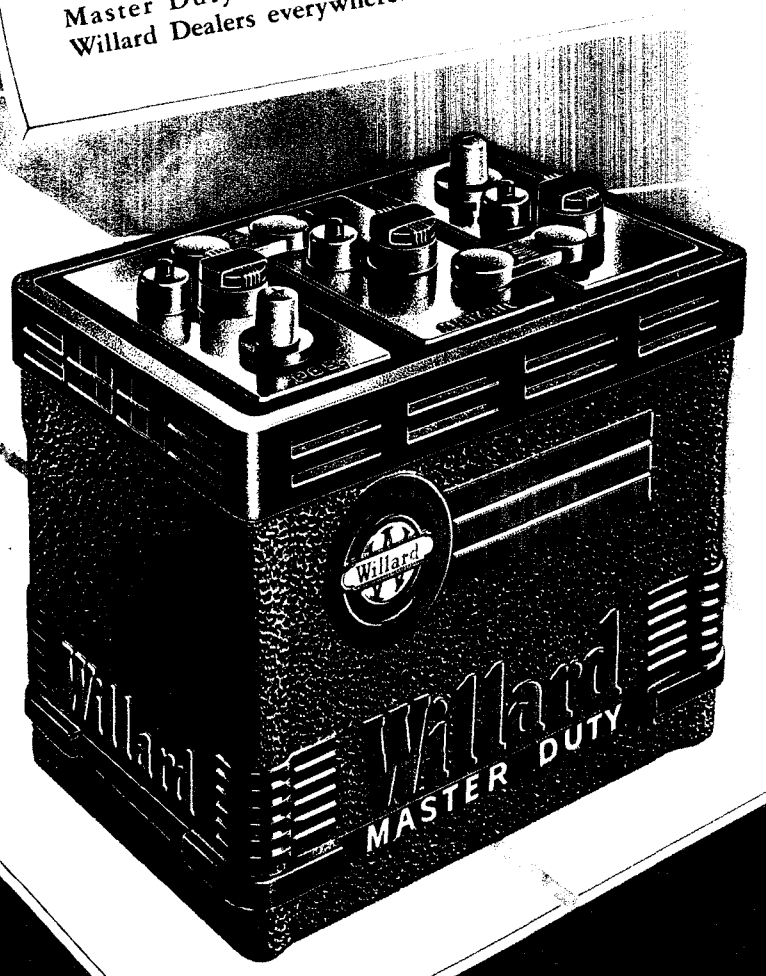

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Canvas or camera?

IT'S A MATTER OF CHOICE . . . whether the lens or the brush makes the "best" pictures . . . for no art seems "best" to *every* critic!

Similarly, no single brand of whiskey can seem best to everyone. That's why we take the common-sense attitude that Hunter's delicately *different* flavor will appeal to a great many men, but not necessarily to all men. It's a matter of choice!

We do sincerely believe you should try this fine whiskey. Try it because it *is* different. Try it and form your own opinion!

HUNTER

SINCE 1860

First over the Bars

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 92 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

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residence, fighting for control. So, she mused, that's where she lives! Then, at long last she looked up at the driver.

"Where to, now, me lady?" the man wheezed.

"Sixty-eighth and Fifth Avenue," Esther said. "Home." . . .

The janitor faced Pride woodenly at the door of Sharon's house. "Miss O'Neil? Come to think of it, I ain't seen her in—four, no in a whole week. She ain't been in nor out to my knowing. Not while I was here. What's that? Sure I have a key—but it's agin th' rules to—"

"To hell with the rules!" Pride roared. "She's in there, man! Dead or dying!"

"Mercy upon us!" the janitor whispered, and started up the stairs.

Pride was hard upon his heels. The key grated noisily in the lock and the door swung open. It was warm in the house for Sharon had not turned off the steam. Pride hurled himself past the janitor almost knocking the man down and raced up the stairs to the second floor. Then he was kneeling beside the bed, the frail, pitiful little form cradled in his great arms.

"Is—is she?" the janitor began.

"No," Pride said. "Now get out of here and get some soup! Tell your missus to make it hot! Get going now!"

The janitor fled.

Pride knelt there, holding Sharon in his arms. For the first time in his life he felt something on the inside of him loosen—give way, and pressing his big face into the hollow of her neck, he cried like a child.

He felt her stir faintly. He raised his face and saw that she was looking up at him, her eyes soft and clear. There was something else in them, too—something akin to tenderness. She made a pathetic little gesture with her hands, as though she would lift them to stroke his face.

"Oh, merciful God! Sharon—Sharon, baby—don't die! Please don't die—please!"

WHEN the janitor's wife came into the room, he was sprawled half across Sharon's inert form, his great bulk racked with frenzied grief.

"I did it!" he said. "I killed her! I shamed her so that she couldn't stand it and now she's dead! Murderer, that's what I am! Killed her just like I took these two hands and—"

"Faith an' I'll take me own two hands and break your head if you don't move your great carcass!" the janitor's wife said. "The poor thing ain't dead—she's fainted, no thanks to ye! Now move aside."

Pride stood there trembling while the plump matronly woman lifted Sharon's head and fed her tenderly, spoon after spoon of the hot soup.

While he watched he could see the color creeping back into the pale cheeks, thinner now than he had ever seen them before, and Sharon's breathing evened, becoming very gentle. The janitor's wife lowered her head gently upon the pillow and let her sleep.

"And me thinking the poor creature'd gone away for a while. Sure an' I should of known better than that!" She threw a glance that included both Pride and her husband in its withering contempt: "Men!" she spat, and started from the room.

Pride put out his hand and stopped her. "I've got to stay here," he said. "Got to see her well—got to talk to her. Got to have her forgiveness or I'll never spend another peaceful day."

"I should worry me head about how you spends your days," the woman began; but the janitor shook his head.

"Now, Mary," he cautioned, "let him stay—might be all for the best."

Sharon had to be fed every two hours, and after the second time, Pride relieved Mrs. O'Casey of the task. He dumped money into Mary O'Casey's lap—more money than she had ever seen before in her life, and told her to buy whatever Sharon needed, but to make sure it was the best.

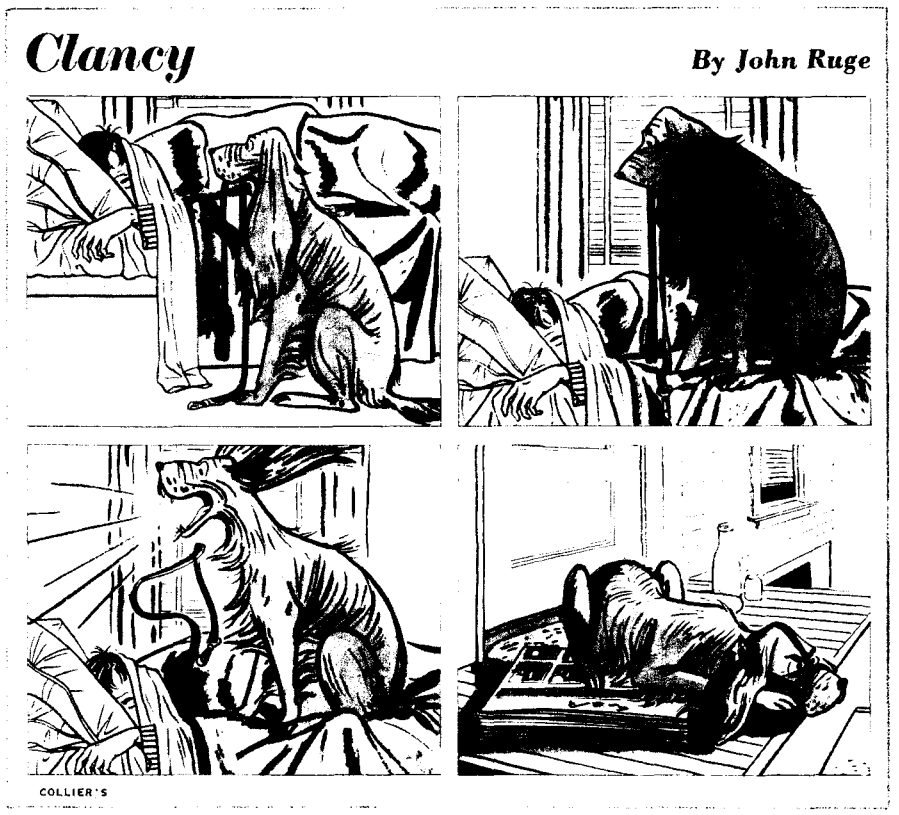
Mrs. O'Casey softened at this.

"He ain't a bad sort, that fellow," she whispered to her husband. "Whativer he's done to the child he's sure sorry for. 'Tis thinking I am ther'll be a wedding when she comes to herself!"

BUT it was two days before Sharon was in any condition to talk to Pride. He came into her bedroom that morning to find that Mrs. O'Casey had bathed Sharon and combed out her long brown hair. Then she had tied it up away from her ears with a ribbon, and left her with the admonition to, "Take it aisy, baby—you still ain't so strong."

Sharon was sitting up in bed when he came in, and her dark eyes were grave and tender searching his face.

He began, "Sharon, honey, I—I don't know what to say."



"Then don't say anything," she said gently. "I wasn't right—not entirely. I—I shouldn't have seen you any more after you married. I knew how much I loved you. In a way I led you on, because it was such a comfort to know you loved me, too. I was wrong, Pride, wrong."

"But I did it!" Pride insisted. "It wasn't your fault, Sharon."

"Pride," Sharon whispered, "it was a sin. That's why I have to die. You saved me this time—but you can't always. I'll be quicker next time—and more certain."

"Don't talk like that! If you have to die for something you aren't even guilty of—then half the women on earth should be below ground right now."

"Pride—I'm not talking about other people; I'm talking about me. Other people can make excuses and forgive themselves so easily—only I'm not other people, darling. I'm Sharon O'Neil, a curious creature who cannot live with such a sin upon her soul."

"Reckon I can't convince you," Pride said. "You have to remember that Christ, Himself, forgave the woman what they caught sinning."

Sharon smiled. "And told her to go and sin no more. But—can we, Pride? Can I? I thought I was going to hate you forever for what you did. But an hour later I had forgiven you completely. Love is a funny thing. I guess there isn't anything you could do that could change the way I feel about you. If you were to put a bullet through my heart, I suppose I'd die whispering, 'I love you, Pride—I love you!' "

"Sharon," Pride began, "I—"

"Sorry, darling. That's the way it is. So let me finish what I want to tell you—since this is probably the last time I shall talk to you. I'm only human. I'm terribly afraid of dying—just like anyone else. But I'm more afraid of living now. Afraid that one day Esther will come into my shop and I shall have to look into her face knowing how I wronged her. Afraid that you might come back once more and kiss me and hold me close. Oh, I couldn't bear that, Pride! I know myself, now. I know I'm wicked enough to sin like that again and again, until—until I forget one day how wrong it is, until I turn my face away from God."

"You've had your say," Pride said, "now I'm going to have mine. You said a whole lot of things about sin and sinning that just don't make sense to me, but no matter. Just remember one thing. If you do yourself any harm, you'll make a murderer out of me. If there is any God, He's not going to allow my hands to be lifted up to Him covered with blood. You've been talking about your soul, your sin—but what about mine? You say you love me, but you don't give a damn about what happens to me, do you? Love ought to be bigger than that."

"I guess," Sharon said softly, "I hadn't thought about your side at all."

"You're damned right you hadn't. Now look at me, Sharon. Look at my face. Ever known me to lie to you?"

Sharon shook her head.

"Well, I ain't fixing to lie now. I'm thirty-eight years old—I'm no lovesick kid. I'm a man, Sharon, old enough to know what I'm saying. So when I tell you that if you lift a hand against yourself, I'm going to leave orders to be buried right alongside of you, so even if you die you can't get away from me."

"Pride," Sharon whispered, "you wouldn't!"

"Oh, yes, I would! And you know it. I'm going now. I got to go to Washington, then out to Colorado. I'll be gone two months. Mrs. O'Casey'll take care of you, till you're well. And don't worry about the expense, because I'm paying her. When I come back I expect to find you alive and well and happy. If not you'll have my life on your hands."

Sharon straightened up in the little bed and put up her arms to him.

"Good-by, darling," she whispered.

But Pride did not kiss her at once. "Promise me?"

"Yes," Sharon whispered. "Oh, yes—I promise!" . . .

Esther sat very still in the horsehair chair. She had been thinking, but her thoughts went round and round in endless circles. He told me he was leaving but he had to go to her first. I should leave him. Father left me more money than I can ever possibly use. But it isn't that. I can't do it. I can't escape him. I can no more stop loving that big ox than I can stop breathing. He's been gone five hours now—and it seems five centuries. December 1, 1871. I'll remember this day.

When the maid came, Esther looked at her a long moment before she spoke.

"I'm going away," she said quietly, "for about two weeks. Pack some things for me. And tell Terrance to get the carriage ready. I'm going down to Broad Acres—I'm sick of the winter."

"Broad Acres, madam?" Simone echoed blankly.

"That's right, you're new. My father owned a plantation in South Carolina called Broad Acres. It wasn't profitable to work it any more after the slaves were freed, but he kept it as a winter retreat."

"Yes, madam." Simone curtsied. "Very well, madam."

Terrance and Malcholm came up after a time and took the bags down. Esther had supervised Simone's packing. The girl had exclaimed over the filmy nightdresses and negligees that Esther was taking.

"One would think," she said happily, "that madam was going upon a honeymoon!"

"You," Esther snapped, "are not paid to think!"

"Yes, madam," Simone said quietly.

Outside, Terrance waited beside the open door of the carriage. "Grand Central Depot, madam?" he asked.

"No," Esther said. "Drive off, I'll tell you later." . . .

When Terrance opened the door of the carriage before the address that Esther had given him, his face was a study. Instead of its usual brick red, it was now purple.

He looks, Esther thought merrily, as though he's going to have a stroke.

"Make yourself comfortable," Esther told him, "I may be quite some time."

Out of the corner of his eye Terrance saw the gas jets in the hall of the house flare up, and the slim silhouette that opened the door. Then resolutely, he turned away his face.

And him such a foine man, too, he thought. Increased my pay, and all. It was of Pride he was thinking. But a good servant, he had learned long ago, knew when to have neither eyes nor ears nor understanding.

So, when long after midnight he finally returned from Grand Central Depot, he answered Malcholm's peevish demand about what had kept him so long with: "She stopped off for a bit, that's all."

" 'Tis a mercy to have her out of the house for a while," Malcholm sighed. "She was very short of temper lately."

PRIDE spent a busy two months in the mountains of Colorado. The new mine was all Ed Bolley had said it was, and more. If Pride were to make no further investments, this seemingly endless vein of silver would still have insured his being a wealthy man for the rest of his life. But Pride saw in it only a tool toward greater attainments. With the silver mine as a source of funds, he intended to become the wealthiest man in America.

When he came back, everything was settled, for Edward Bolley, whatever his faults, was, for his times, an honest man. Upon his arrival in New York, Pride

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IT'S SO EXTRAORDINARY A MUSICAL THAT WE NEED

TAKE ME to see the exciting curves of that gorgeous girl Esther Williams... in a bold, gold bathing suit!

TAKE ME to see Gene Kelly's madcap romancing in the moonlight... his irresistible love technique!

TAKE ME to see Frankie and Betty Garrett make t rafters ring as they sing new song sensatio

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FRANK SINATRA • ESTHER WILLIAMS • GENE KELLY

Take Me Out To The Ball

with
BETTY GARRETT • EDWARD ARNOLD • JULES MUNSHIN • Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY TUGEND and GEORGE WELLS • STORY BY GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

TAKE ME to see that "Anchors Aweigh" team, Frankie and Gene... singing, dancing, clowning again!

TAKE ME to see funny-man Jules Munshin cavort with Kelly at the spectacular Technicolor party!

TAKE ME to see the boys when they swing into acti ... it's a double-header of love and laught

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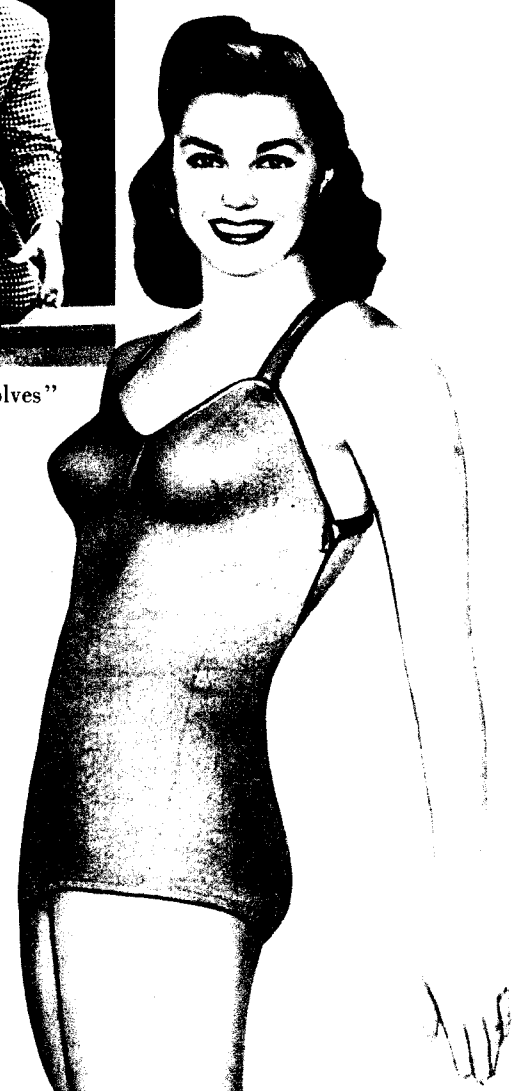
THIS EXTRA SPACE

:E ME to see Sinatra and Kelly as "Wolves" who woo luscious, lovely Esther!



Game

:E ME to see the hilarious romantic antics of girl-shy Frankie in the clutches of Betty Garrett!

9 SONGS!

All of 'em hits! Including:
"O'Brien To Ryan To Goldberg",
"Strictly U. S. A.",
"It's Fate, Baby, It's Fate",
"The Right Girl For Me",
"Yes, Indeedy"

did precisely what Esther had predicted: He went at once to the house where he had left Sharon. But to his intense surprise and annoyance, Sharon was no longer there.

"Moved two weeks ago," Mary O'Casey told him with grim satisfaction. "Didn't leave no new address."

Swearing under his breath, Pride went back down to his cab and drove to Sharon's shop. But there he was greeted by a stern and matronly woman who looked him up and down and said coldly, "Miss O'Neil? I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not at liberty to give information concerning her whereabouts."

"She doesn't come here any more?" Pride demanded. "Did she sell this shop?"

"No. She still owns it. She's far too busy with office work to spend much time in the store. I'm manageress now. If I may say so, sir, Miss O'Neil is quite a success."

"I'm glad," Pride growled. "Well, if she should come in any time soon, tell her Mr. Dawson was here. Tell her I'd like to get in touch with her."

STILL he did not return to the Stillworth mansion where he and Esther now lived. He drove first to the office of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and left them a detailed description of Sharon. A man stationed near the shop, he suggested, could easily follow her home and learn her new address. That, he told them, was all he wanted.

Then, at last he gave the driver his address and drove up to the house that Black Tom had left them. But now, again, he was met with a surprise. Esther, too, was not at home.

"She went down to Broad Acres, sir," Malcholm told him. "But we're expecting her any day now."

So it was that Pride Dawson spent his first night in New York alone. He did not like the idea at all. He stretched out in the bed and tried to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. New York is too dadblamed cold! Next year I'll arrange to go down to Carolina for the whole winter.

He drifted off, finally, into deep sleep. Hours later, he was dimly aware, that someone was kissing him. He struggled up through layers of sleep, and forced his eyes open. Esther sat there on the side of the bed.

She had taken off her greatcoat, and Pride saw that she wore a dress of blue velvet that marvelously matched her eyes.

He saw something else, too—that she was lovelier than he had ever seen her before in his life. Her cheeks were flushed and rosy, her eyes dancing with happiness. Her lips were coral pink, warm, and inviting, and once more she bent down toward him.

"Jehoshaphat!" he exploded. "What's happened to you?"

"That," she mocked, "is none of your business, Pride Dawson! Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Middling," Pride grinned, "just middling. What did you have to run off for? I come home and—"

"You," Esther said, "talk entirely too much. Shut up, will you, and kiss me!"

Pride did so, then lay back, grinning. "All right," he said, "I kissed you. Now go away and let me sleep."

"No!" Esther said. Pride blinked at her tone.

Esther half turned on the bedside so that the velvet buttons down the back of her dress were toward him.

"Loose me," she said simply. . . .

It took the detectives the better part of a month to locate Sharon. Once he had her address, however, Pride did not hesitate. He went at once to the house, which was one of the new apartment buildings that were springing up all over the city in the seventies, bringing with them a degree of comfort that had been unknown only a few short years before.

Sharon opened the door to his knocking and stood there looking at him for a long time before she whispered, "Come in, Pride."

"Look, hon," Pride said, "I know what you're thinking. But I had to see you. You don't know how much it hurt when I came back and found you'd run out on me."

"Not from you, Pride," she said. "I was running from myself."

"I've a proposition to make to you, Sharon," he said. "I won't come here any more. I don't trust myself that much. But I'll meet you other places—out in the open, where we can be alone, yet not alone. I'll take you sleigh riding, skating—to the theater. In the spring, we'll go boating—what do you say to that? I need you, Sharon—to talk to and to comfort me, and make my life happy. I promise you before your God, I won't set foot in this place unless you invite me up—all right?"

"Yes," Sharon said. "It should be grand, Pride."

It was not to be imagined that such activities could long escape being reported to Esther.

But Esther held her peace with admirable fortitude. Only once during the whole time did she bring herself to question Pride about Sharon.

"Yes," he admitted calmly, "I see her once in a while—but that's all, Esther. I'm afraid she might do herself real harm if anything—else—happened between us. You haven't got a thing to worry about."

"I see," Esther said, in a still, small voice. She did not mention the matter again.

Pride was busy with his business affairs despite all his gadding about with Sharon. But, with the coming of spring, the relationship between the two of them became increasingly difficult. After the rains, the smell of the wet earth was fresh and clean and all along the Harlem Kill, the fields were bright with blossoms.

Gone were the heavy clothing, and bearskin robes of the winter. They drove now in a light road wagon, drawn by a dancing pair, and Sharon's exquisitely cut summer garments were light and airy. But to ride along the Kill at night was far too much. For the moon came out from behind a night-blue tracery of clouds and burnished the face of the Hudson with mist silver. Below them now the boats were fairy lights on the surface of the water, and the Palisades stood up black and forbidding crowned with a ragged fringe of trees.

THE slow clopping of the horses that pulled the road wagon made a rhythm curiously like a double heartbeat, and looking at Pride, Sharon could see his profile tightening, as he bit nervously at the drooping ends of his mustache. He lighted a cigar and it glowed red in the dark.

Why, she thought, I'm going to cry—and I mustn't! Timidly she put out her hand and touched his sleeve. "Take me home now, Pride," she whispered.

"Why?" he growled.

Then suddenly, startlingly her two arms flew upward about his neck, and she dragged his face down, and kissed him savagely. Then she lay back in his arms, her lips bruised and swollen, the unashamed tears making silver tracks in the moonlight upon the upturned oval of her face.

"Take me home!" she said.

Pride turned the pair in a wide circle and cracked the whip over their sleek flanks. When they finally reached the apartment building where she lived, Pride lifted her down and held her gently in the circle of his arms. Then she said very quietly, "Come up with me, Pride."

(To be continued next week)

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Olympic rifle champ Arthur Cook is a nonhunter, but this coming Saturday, he will be out stalking the intercollegiate small-bore rifle title

ARTHUR COOK, assistant scoutmaster of Troop 32 in Washington, D.C., went hunting two winters ago. Art shivered in a duck blind for three days. Didn't see a duck but went back to his engineering classes at the University of Maryland perfectly satisfied.

"Don't think I could have shot one anyway," Scoutmaster Cook confessed at the next troop meeting. "Never have killed a bird or an animal—guess I like them too well."

But when the targets were raised at the Olympic games in London, Scoutmaster Cook, the reluctant duck hunter who likes to shoot straight without hitting anything (except the bull's-eye) captured the world small-bore rifle championship with a record 599x600; and Saturday afternoon (April 9th) when telegraphic reports flash in to Washington headquarters from 75 universities, Maryland's Cook is expected to top the ticker tape tabulations as national intercollegiate champion, sure as shootin'.

The world's ace sharpshooter was twenty-one years old last month. He's skinny (five feet six inches, 119 pounds), freckled and fidgety. On the firing line, he blinks rapidly to clear his vision—and he's careful about eating.

"I like to go into matches hot and dry," Art explains. "If I eat too much, my stomach seems to crowd my lungs—especially when I'm hunched over in the kneeling position. And when I hold my breath—just before squeezing the trigger—my heart pounds so hard it disturbs my aim. Another thing, I can't drink cold pop or lemonade before a match. They have a heavy enough sugar content to make my pulse throb when the rifle sling tightens around my left arm."

Oddly enough, Olympic champion Cook is not the defending intercollegiate champion. After averaging 292x300 last season, Art slumped to 288 in the nationals. Tom Moncure of George Washington tied at 288 and was awarded the title for making more points in the difficult standing position.

Moncure's triumph was rather embarrassing to Army classification experts. In the service Tom was assigned to the medics—and went through the war without firing a shot.

HORSE HANDICAPPER

If John Campbell were superhuman, horse bettors would have a winner in every race. Nobody would lose—not even the horses. Campbell is the racing secretary and handicapper for New York State thoroughbred tracks. It's his job to assign weights to horses so precisely that, theoretically, every handicap race should end in a dead heat with all entries crossing the wire in the same split second.

But horses being horses, it never happens. Campbell had a near-miss at Aqueduct's 1944 Carter Handicap, when Brownie, Bossuet and Wait A Bit ran to a triple tie—a phenomenon never recorded before or since in American stake racing.

Brownie carried 115 pounds; Wait A Bit, 118; and Bossuet, 127. Bill Sickle (109) was fourth, a head in front of Apache (132) which had a head on Jack S.L. (112), which beat Alquest (120) by a neck.

"You could have covered the first seven finishers with two blankets. That was the closest to perfection I've ever come," Campbell recalls. "Of course, handicapping is not an exact science. I try to match one horse against another. If they haven't met, I compare them with a common foe. Age, past performance and the length of the race also must be considered. Some people figure handicappers work to beat the standout horse, but that's wrong. We just try to give every horse in the race a fair chance."

Campbell is a tireless, 250-pound six-footer. At sixty-nine, he's the hardest-working official in American racing. Last year, during New York's 196 racing days, he handled 1,405 events with a total purse value of $8,251,865. Occasionally, owners and trainers complain about Campbell's weighty decisions, but they admit he earns his $40,000 a year salary.

After Campbell assigns weights, there is no appeal. Owners must run their horses at Campbell's weight designation, made up of jockey, saddle and lead slugs slipped into saddle pockets—or withdraw them from the race.

Once Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the septuagenarian trainer, complained, "I wouldn't say you've put the grandstand on my horse, John. I'm not even saying you've been unfair to me. I'm just saying you've been too lenient with the other entries."

But a wealthy owner once ranted, "I thought I hated Roosevelt worse than any man in the world until I saw John Campbell's Jamaica book."

Campbell makes mistakes and admits them. "The worst was back in 1936 when I placed 143 pounds on Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Discovery—the heaviest weight I ever put on a horse. Vanderbilt didn't complain—said it was a compliment that the horse merited the handicap, but Discovery ran fifth. It was too much."

In 40-odd years of racing, Campbell has made 10 or 12 small bets. "However," he assures, "my judgment is never influenced by a wager."

Nevertheless, there are complications which no handicapper can foresee. Trainers have been known to enter horses simply for the exercise, or worse purposes. There is the story of the jockey who (under orders) kept his horse fourth in a field of nine.

"Nice going," the owner said after the race. "Next week, we'll send him back against the same field, put a good bet on him and we'll clean up. He can beat the three goats that finished ahead of him, can't he?"

"Yeah," the jockey agreed, "but I ain't so sure about the five that finished behind him."

CHEERS FOR CHESNES

It may be premature to discuss a successor to Johnny Sain of the Boston Braves, the best right-handed pitcher in baseball, but the Pittsburgh Pirates have nominated their candidate. He's Bob Chesnes, the carefree rookie who won 14 games last season.

Chesnes made his big-league debut last May by beating Dutch Leonard, the Phils' knuckle-baller, who had whipped the Pirates seven straight. Second time out, Bob outpitched Red Munger of the Cards, who had 11 straight victories over Pittsburgh.

After watching Chesnes demolish the Pirates' two worst jinxes, Pittsburghers stopped worrying about Bob's $100,000 price tag and started talking about his curve. "Bob's a whole lot like Sain," declared Manager Billy Meyer. "He sets up the hitters with his fast ball and gets them out on his curve."

Bob Chesnes, baseball's best bet for right-handed pitching honors

Not all the Chesnes testimonials come out of Pittsburgh, though. Even the Braves respect him. "Last August," recalls Lefty Warren Spahn, "Chesnes gave us a beating that really hurt. The Pirates were close enough to first place to have ideas and we needed every game to stay on top—so there was a lot of pressure for any pitcher, let alone a rookie like Chesnes.

"In the third inning, Sibby Sisti walked. I tried to bunt him to second but popped a little fly about 10 yards toward first. Chesnes caught it diving through the air, came down in foul territory, then jumped up and doubled Sisti off first. Darnedest fielding play you ever saw.

"In the sixth, Chesnes came to bat with runners on first and second. He faked a bunt as I charged in to cover. Then he pulled his foot back and smacked a single over my head. That was the ball game.

"There aren't five hitters in the league who can execute that fake bunt, but Chesnes—a pitcher, who isn't supposed to hit—made it look easy.

"We didn't get a run across the plate until there were two out in the ninth. That boy Chesnes is tough all right."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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☆☆☆ with the Stars

By FRANCIS STANN

Each month one of the nation's leading sports authorities writes a special sports article for this page. "With the Stars." Each article carries the sign-off signature of the writer. All statements contained therein are the author's own and in no way are to be construed as an endorsement of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. or its products. Neither does the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. necessarily subscribe to any comments by the author. Francis Stann, widely read columnist of the Washington, D. C. Evening Star, is this month's contributor.
—Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

FOX TRACKS TO THE WHITE HOUSE

SOME one of these next few days Clark Griffith, 79-year-old owner of the Washington Senators, will pad down to the White House to take another turn on baseball's grip on the priceless title, "America's national pastime."

Out of long habit, Griffith will alert the wire services, making certain the occasion is properly recorded, especially by camera. Then he will present to President Truman a solid-gold season pass, leave a $200 leather purse for Mrs. Truman, and trot back to his own office with the Chief Executive's promise to throw out the first baseball of 1949 on April 18.

Statistics may prove that more Americans bowl and play golf—and that more Americans watch football and basketball—but only upon baseball is the Presidential blessing bestowed. This is the legacy to the game of Clark Calvin Griffith, whose inspiration of 37 years ago led to such an influential tie-up with the White House that two World Wars have failed to interrupt the course of big league baseball while virtually wrecking all other sports.

It's true that William Howard Taft graced a box in Washington's dilapidated park at the opening games of 1910 and 1911, but Griffith and his friends stubbornly resist all suggestions that Taft's presence was due to more than enthusiasm on the part of an incurable fan. With his 245 pounds, Taft may not have looked it, but he had been one of Cincinnati's first and best ball players. Certainly the corpulent Taft did not attend because his was virtually the command performance it is today.

CURIOSITY OVERCAME TAFT IN 1912

It remained for Griffith, who arrived on the local scene in 1912, to foresee the value of White House endorsement. Taft had not appeared at the opener that year, but by some miracle the scabrous Senators jumped from last to second place by winning 17 straight in the West and Taft, overcome by curiosity, turned up at the park in mid-season.

Griffith, who had insured his managerial job by buying stock in the club with borrowed money, was delighted. A canny glint in his eye, he grabbed a new baseball, waited until the photographers were focused on Taft's box, and suddenly thrust the ball toward the President.

"Will you throw out the first ball, Mr. President?" asked Griffith, breathlessly. A grin lighted Taft's face. His fingers closed caressingly over the ball. With a professional snap, he heaved it toward the mound.

Griffith was radiant. The White House, no less, had festooned his game. The next Spring found Griffith knocking on the door of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and extracting from Woodrow Wilson a promise to open the 1913 season. Ever since, the Old Fox has beaten a path to the White House with such sensational success that throwing out the first ball is almost as much of a Presidential duty as delivering the State of the Union address. No Chief Executive, since Taft in mid-summer of 1912, has failed to accept the invitation except during war years, when, unfailingly, a substitute of prestige was designated to pinch-hit.

CLUB OWNER HARDING RATED MOST EXPERT

With a bow to the memory of Taft, Griffith thinks that Warren G. Harding was the most expert baseball critic. "He owned a ball club in Ohio," reminds Griffith, "and he kept a box score that matched any in the press box. On the edges he noted bets with members of his Cabinet."

Griffith thought that Calvin Coolidge was a great President, but Silent Cal gave the old gentleman a hard time. Griffith to this day winces at recollections of Coolidge's early departures. Once he left after the first inning.

Wilson became a rabid fan after leaving the White House. "He was a sick man," says Griffith, "so he'd remain in his limousine, parked along the right-field line. We'd detail a reserve catcher to sit on a front fender to ward off line drives. Whenever we needed that player, we had to remember to replace him, too."

FAULTY EYESIGHT MADE UMPIRE OF TRUMAN

Roosevelt, whose eight appearances as an opening-game pitcher were exceeded only by the immortal Walter Johnson's twelve starts, was the most dramatic personality at opening games. He also posed more problems in that FDR required more bodyguards and the Secret Service screened more ticket-holders than for any other Chief Executive. In addition, a special ramp had to be built to allow the stricken President to reach his box.

"He'd often say," recalls Griffith, " 'I'd come out more often, Clark, but I'm such a nuisance.' "

Griffith's No. 1 boy, however, is Harry Truman, and not merely because HST is from Independence Mo., while the Old Fox is a native of Clear Creek, Mo. Griffith went overboard for Truman last Summer when Truman not only attended a "night" for Griffith but eulogized the baseball man in an impromptu speech from his box. So overcome was the moist-eyed Griffith that he freely forgives Truman for being the only President in nearly 40 years who never saw the Senators win.

Because of their friendship, Griffith probably knows more about the misty Truman sports background than anybody else. "I know this much," he's fond of saying, "I know that Truman liked to play ball. Back in Missouri he tried his darndest to make his town team. But he wore glasses because he couldn't see very well—so they made him an umpire.

"He must have been pretty good. I see he's still umpire-in-chief."
—Francis Stann

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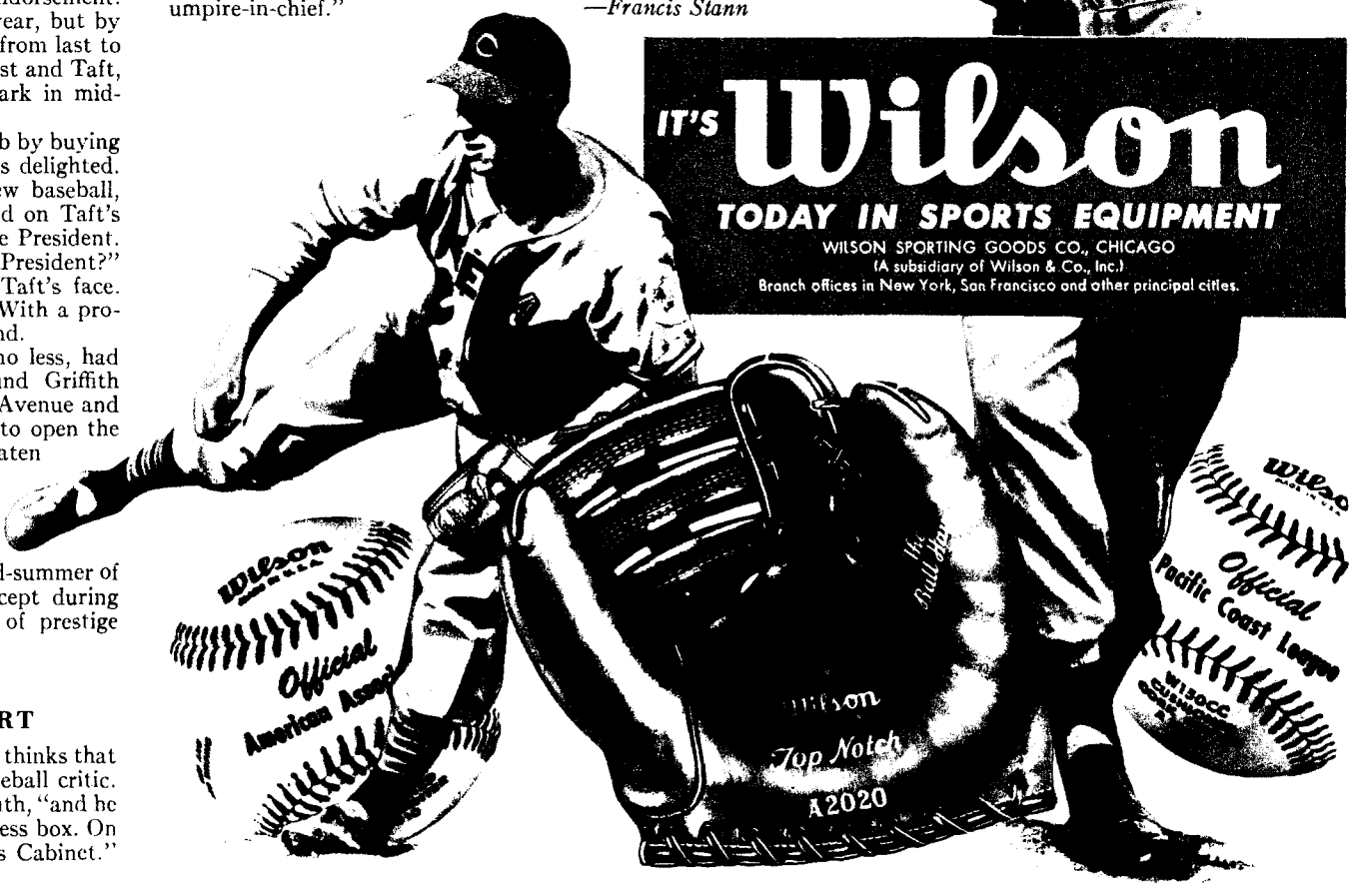
**Baseball stars Bob Feller and Ted Williams (shown below)—tennis greats Jack Kramer, Don Budge and Alice Marble—golf champions Lloyd Mangrum, Patty Berg, Babe Didrikson, Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead and Claude Harmon—are only a few of the members of the Wilson Advisory and Sports Promotion Staff—the largest all-star group ever retained for the advancement of sports and the development of sports equipment.*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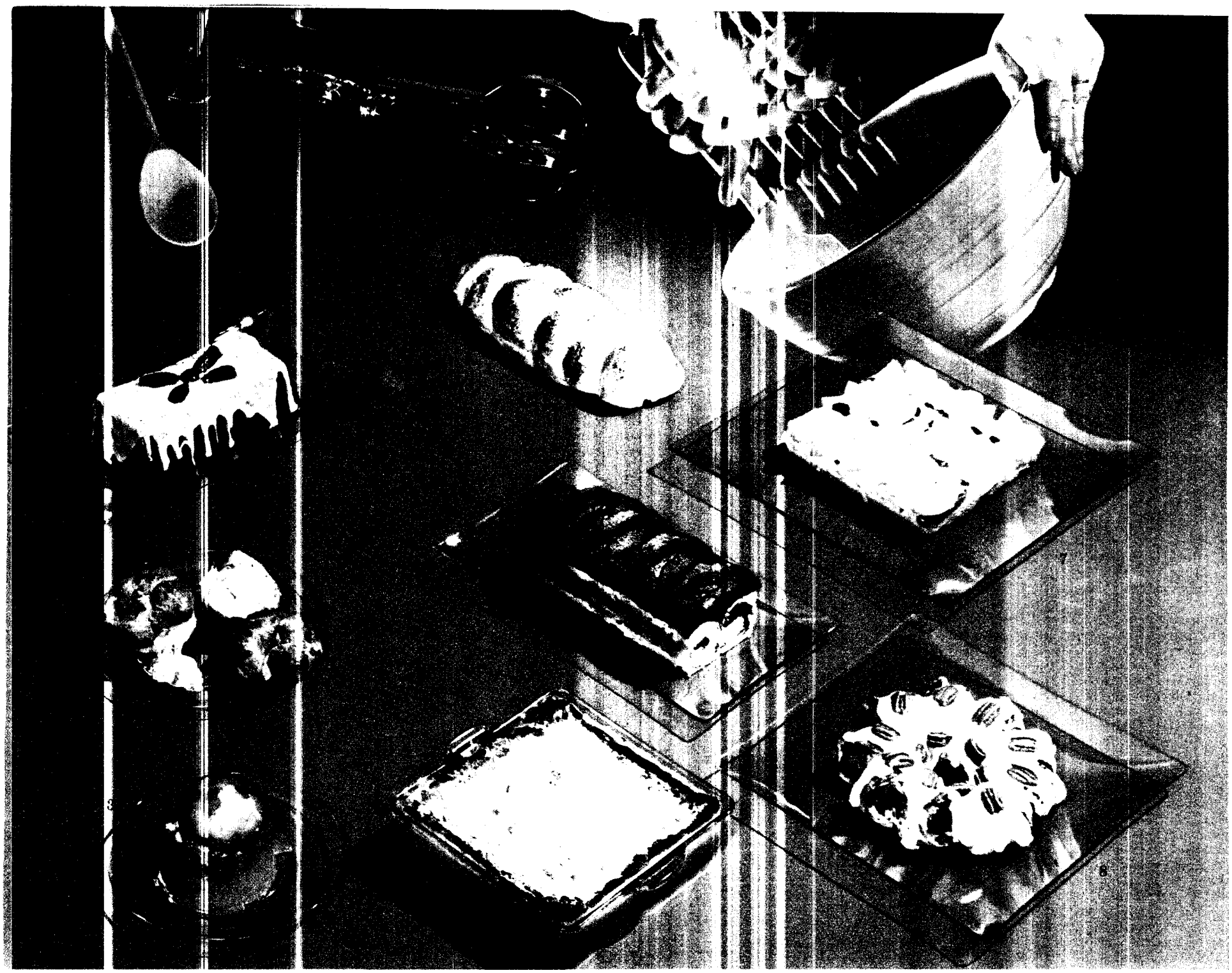

Take these baking mix recipes, add a liberal dash of creative artistry and you will have: 1. Fruity Gingerbread; 2. Popovers Filled with Chipped Beef; 3. Butterscotch Filled Cupcakes; 4. Poppyseed Twist; 5. Marble Loaf Cake; 6. Tamale Pie; 7. Old-fashioned German Peach Tart; 8. Swedish Filled Tea Ring

Magic In A Package

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

The modern girl uses packaged baking mixes when she wants to turn out delicious breads and pastries. Now her pies can be as wonderful as Mother's

THE husband said to his beautiful bride, "Darling, this cake is simply delicious—better than anything Mother used to make. Why didn't you tell me you were such a good cook?" His wife thanked him, but she didn't confess that her cake was made from a well-known ready-mix out of a package.

This scene may sound like something out of fiction—but it's an incident from life. For today's busy housewife there's a bonanza in packaged baking mixes—pies, cakes and breadstuffs. The fact that some 30 or 40 million packages are sold every month in the U.S. proves that most housewives have discovered this bonanza.

It's a fine thing that these and other timesavers should be available. Not too many housewives have the magic touch of baking which requires not only talent but a lot of time.

Here is a variety of quick and easy recipes which you can use when cooking with the basic-mix.

1. Fruity Gingerbread

1 pkg. gingerbread mix; ½ cup nuts; 1 cup mixed candied orange peel, lemon peel, pineapple, cherries, dates and raisins, all chopped. Prepare gingerbread according to directions on package. Combine nuts and fruit and fold gently into mixture. Bake according to directions on package. Frost with any icing and decorate with whole dates and candied cherries, if desired.

2. Popovers Filled with Chipped Beef

1 pkg. prepared popover mix; ¼ lb. chipped beef; 2 Tbsp. flour; 2 Tbsp. butter; 1½ cups milk. Prepare popover mix according to directions on package. Bake as directed. Meantime, frizzle chipped beef in a little butter. Melt the 2 Tbsp. butter in a saucepan. Blend in flour. Add milk gradually and cook and stir until thickened. Continue to cook for 3 minutes. Add chipped beef. When popovers are done, slice off tops and fill with hot chipped-beef mixture. Replace tops. Serves 4.

3. Butterscotch Filled Cupcakes

1 pkg. cupcake mix; 1 pkg. butterscotch pudding; small jar butterscotch sauce. Prepare cupcake mix according to direction on package. When cakes

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREENE CORP.

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LAST KISS

Young, successful movie producer Jim Leonard wanted to help the beautiful English girl—to make her a star. But, frustrated by the glitter of Hollywood, Pamela Knighton lost her way. Then Jim found himself helplessly, hopelessly alone. A heartbreaking tale —one of the last brilliant writings of F. Scott Fitzgerald

In Collier's *next week*

are cool, slice off top and hollow out center of each cake. Fill with pudding prepared according to the directions on the package. Place top back and serve with heated butterscotch sauce poured over top. Serves 4.

4. Poppyseed Twist

1 pkg. roll mix, 1 egg, 2 Tbsp. poppyseeds. Prepare roll mix according to directions. Place in a greased bowl, cover with towel and allow to rise until double in bulk. Toss out on lightly floured board. Divide dough into three equal parts. Work dough into three strips about a foot long. Braid. Brush top of loaf with beaten egg and sprinkle generously with poppyseeds. Place on a greased baking sheet and allow to rise until double in bulk. Place in a 425-degree oven and bake for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking for 40 minutes. Remove from oven and cool bread on a rack.

5. Marble Loaf Cake

1 pkg. white cake mix; 1 pkg. chocolate cake mix. In separate bowls, prepare according to directions on package white and chocolate mixes. Grease a loaf pan and line with waxed paper. Pour white mixture into pan to the depth of about an inch. With a spoon, swirl spoonfuls of the chocolate mix into the white mix. Carefully pour remaining white mix over. Bake according to directions for loaf cake. Cover with milk chocolate frosting if desired. (See your cook book.)

6. Tamale Pie

1 pkg. corn muffin mix; 1 medium onion; 1 clove garlic; 2 Tbsp. bacon fat; ½ lb. chopped beef; ½ lb. Italian hot sausage; one 8-oz. can tomato sauce; ½ tsp. chili powder; ½ tsp. salt; dash pepper; 1 cup whole kernel corn; 6 green olives, sliced. Fry onion and garlic, coarsely chopped, in bacon fat. When lightly brown, add chopped beef and sausage, removed from case and broken up. Cook over medium heat, stirring with a fork, until beef is done. Add tomato sauce, corn, olives and seasonings and simmer on low heat. Prepare corn muffin mix according to instructions on package. Spread thinly over greased baking dish bottom and sides. Place meat mixture in this and cover thinly with muffin mix. Sprinkle with cheese and bake in 350-degree oven until brown on top (about 30 minutes.) Serves 4-6.

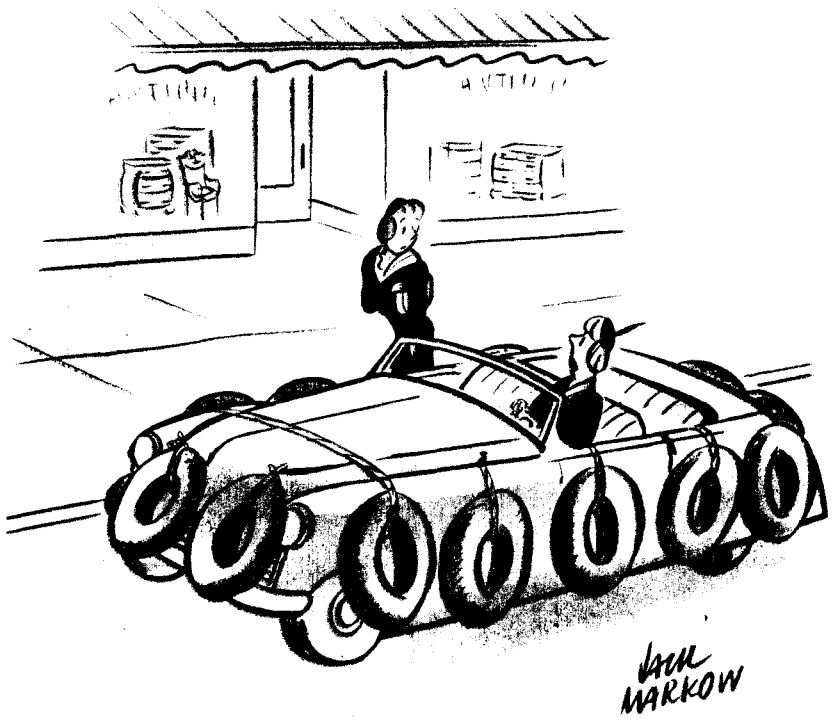
7. Old-Fashioned German Peach Tart

1½ cups biscuit mix; 1 egg, well beaten; 3 Tbsp. milk; 1 No. 2½ can yellow cling peach halves. Combine biscuit mix, egg and milk to make a fairly stiff batter. Spread batter thinly over bottom of greased square cake pan. Cut peach halves into three slices each and place on top of batter, covering entire area. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30-35 minutes. The peaches will be slightly tinged with brown. Serves 6.

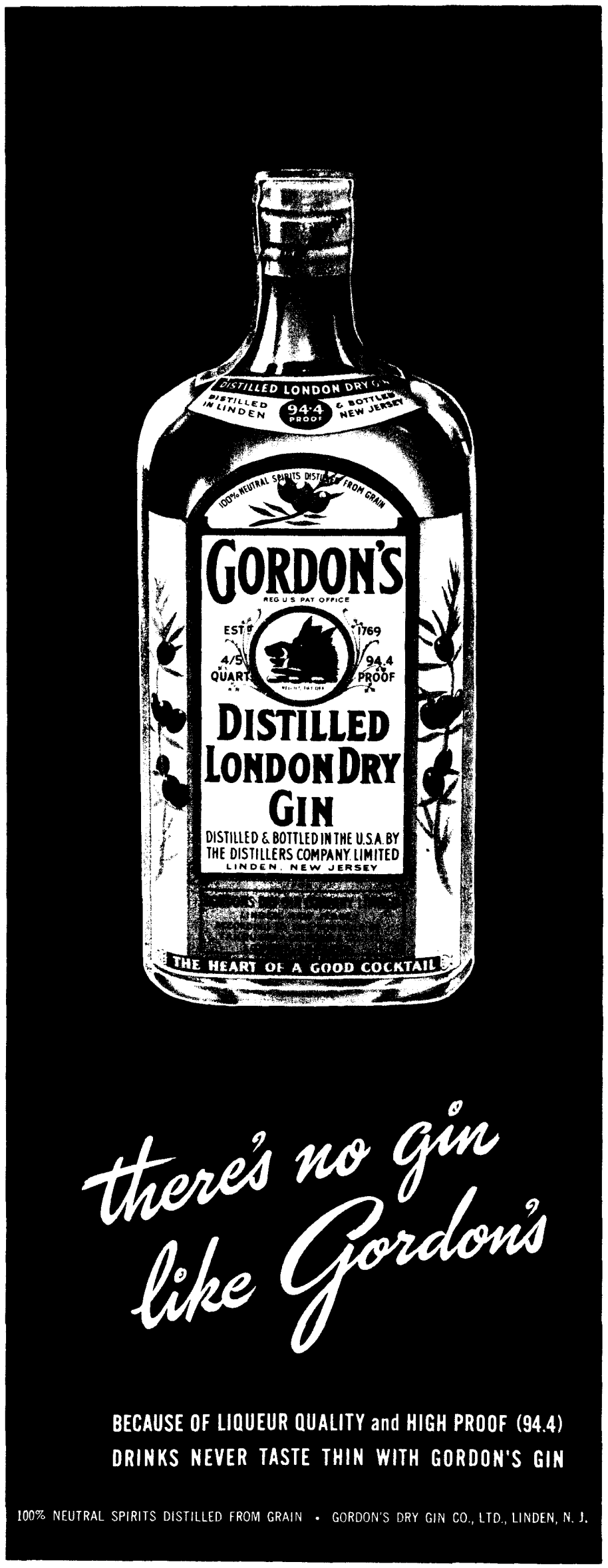
8. Swedish Filled Tea Ring

(If you'd like to have this recipe see offer below.)

If you would like to receive the Swedish Filled Tea Ring and the mix recipes appearing on this page printed on file cards, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



COLLIER'S "My husband got the idea from a tugboat" JACK MARKOW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JAP KIDS ARE OUR JOB

Continued from page 15

The Japanese like their hot dogs hot

so I kept on my coat and woolen mittens but still shivered from the cold. The girls were proud of the fact that they had windows.

The other bombed-out high schools resembled caves, with their cracked walls and blasted windowpanes, which have not been repaired.

"Democracy is the best type of government in the world," I explained slowly to curious, bewildered but intelligent girls in the room. They didn't make a sound as they gave full attention to this lady who actually *lived* in the wonderful country, America. As I tried to tell them how our system of democracy works, the teacher translated my words into Japanese, for their English vocabulary is still limited. Then I picked up an English translation of the Primer of Democracy, a book issued by our government, which is now required reading in every Japanese school. I read aloud the introduction, Bell's essay, The Essence of Democracy, and the class followed the meaning with Japanese translations.

"Many people believe that democracy is merely a political system . . ." the essay started. "But if democracy is considered in terms of politics alone, it can never be truly understood. Of course democracy as a system of government is important, but it is far more vital to grasp the *spirit* of democracy, for democracy is a spiritual thing."

I stopped suddenly and read the rest of the essay to myself. To sum up the contents, the words said that the democratic spirit should prevail not only in government, but in every aspect of human life. We should respect the rights and values of others as well as our own. We should have a feeling of good will, fraternity and a sense of responsibility toward our fellow man regardless of race, creed or color. When this spirit finally pervades the people's relationships, there is a true democracy.

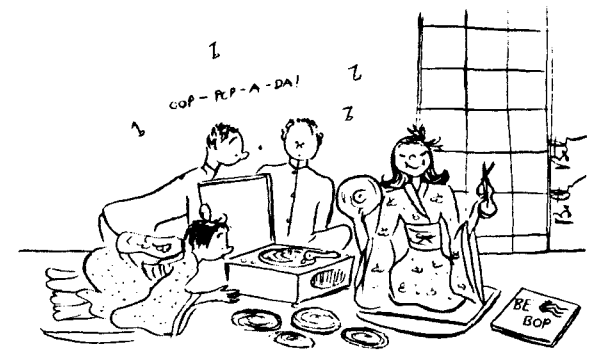
I wondered how I could explain it to these young Japanese who only know America from what they learn from books, movies and the radio, and from what they see of Americans in Japan. I thought of the sixteen-year-old American girl who had called them gooks, just as prejudiced people back home would say "kike" or "nigger." We are supposedly teaching democracy in Japan to these eager young people who want to live in a peaceful world just as you and I do. But I wondered how they could possibly understand the meaningful phrases of democracy unless Americans, whom they respect and admire, give them the same love and respect in return.

Many of the older people in Japan are resentful and embittered by the war, but the members of the younger generation are opened-minded and anxious to accept our way of thinking and living. From my observations, however, many Americans unknowingly refuse them this privilege. The war has been over for four years now, and four years should be time enough to build good will, but there is still segregation in Japan.

"If we are now living in a democracy," the Japanese ask, "then why are we not permitted to ride in the trains, busses and streetcars used by Americans?" The Americans, likewise, are not permitted to ride on Japanese trains, but most of them wouldn't care to, anyway, as they are crowded, not heated, and have no sleeping accommodations as have the special cars for the exclusive use of Allied personnel.

I prefer to live in a dimly lit, unheated rat-infested room at the Correspondents' Club, because it is the only place in Tokyo where Americans are allowed by G.H.Q. to entertain Japanese. The lush Imperial Hotel designed by Frank Lloyd Wright is reserved for military VIPs, and the other two fairly good hotels are for well-to-do traders. But I am happier living in this room with cardboard walls where I can have my Japanese friends in for a meal once in a while.

From those friends I learned that many young Japanese have voluntarily given up their Buddhist and Shinto religions in favor of our Christianity, which not only surprised me but made me admire them even more for their rapid adjustment to our Western ways. But can you imagine what a shock I received when I learned that, in some cases, the Japanese are not even allowed



The Japanese teen agers don't understand the Bop music — But neither do the Americans either!

Bebop is a lot of American rot!

to worship in the same church as we Americans here in Japan? If that is the kind of democracy we're showing them then we'd better throw away the 5,000,000 copies of the Primer of Democracy which are today being hawked and peddled in the Japanese schools.

Fortunately most of the members of the Japanese families with whom I lived before the war are still alive, and their spirit seems exceptionally good. Their lovely homes are in ruins, and the better houses which were not hit by bombs have been taken over by Allied personnel, but they do not complain. They say they don't mind living in one-room shacks, as they couldn't afford to heat large homes, or have servants to run them. Most people in Japan are just thankful and happy to be alive. The women who formerly had a dozen maids now do their own cooking, and seem to have taken on a new personality as a result of their new, useful lives.

When I finally located my friends we

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all cried with happiness at seeing one another again. These bombed-out people brought me beautiful gifts, and I was embarrassed because I had nothing for them. I had to explain that my baggage on the plane I took to Japan had been limited. So early the next morning I rushed down to the Army PX and came back with a jeep load of candy, bath towels, soap, cigarettes, cookies, magazines, and just about everything and anything I thought might please them.

Then I had a party, served cake and ice cream, which they had not tasted for years, and took them to my tiny room. There I showed them the loot, fully expecting them to be delighted with these everyday American items, which they cannot buy in Japan.

"You are so generous," said Mr. Ueda, "but we cannot accept these nice gifts."

That's just like the Japanese, I thought, they're always so modest and humble that they won't let you do anything for them. Mr. Akiyama looked so uneasy, I asked why he wouldn't take my presents home.

In Japan, Miss Betz always lives Japanese fashion

"We will be arrested!" he stammered, and explained that if a Japanese is caught with so much as one American candy bar on his person, he risks being put in jail. This was just one more example of our canned democracy in operation, and I began to wonder just exactly what the young Japanese thought of Americans who, boasting of respecting human rights, nevertheless enforce rules which do not even permit Japanese to ride in the same elevators with Allied personnel.

We all know there has not yet been a peace treaty, but certainly many of the severe restrictions we have imposed could be revised.

"Those rules were made four years ago, and we're so used to them that no one has bothered to change them," explained a G.I., who showed no interest when I pointed out that unless we Americans discontinue such discrimination and segregation, all the billions of dollars spent on the Japanese will have been wasted.

The recent election in which 35 Communist members were elected to the Diet is proof that the Russians are working steadily on the Japanese, and this ridiculous presentation of American democracy in Japan is one of their strongest weapons.

The Reds put on clever little puppet shows for kids on the sidewalks of the busy Ginza in Tokyo, making fun of the American conquerors.

The 3,000,000 votes that were cast for the Communists in the recent elections were for the most part the result of this "superior conqueror's attitude" assumed by the occupation army and its regulations.

Casting about for some way to help the situation I suddenly had an idea. I would throw a party for Japanese and American teen-agers, regardless of U.S. Army red tape. I hired a huge Japanese-style room at the Tokyo Arts Club, which had sliding panel doors and straw *tatami* mats completely covering the floor. In an atmosphere of that sort, the Japanese kids would feel at home, and seated on the floor they would relax more than they would in the formal ballroom of a hotel.

I invited several hundred girls and boys whom I had met at various Japanese high schools and I included many sons and daughters of the American Army personnel. At first I asked the American teen-agers each to bring a Japanese friend, but most of them knew no Japanese of their own age except their maids.

"Then bring your maids," I said, which most of them did. The American kids here get along exceptionally well with their servants, which is all the more reason why they should be allowed to branch out and get acquainted with other Japanese who think of Americans as a superior and undemocratic race. I rounded up Cokes, cookies, ice cream, bubble gum and American candy bars for the mob. I got them from the local PX. (It is against all rules to give American goods to Japanese, because it is feared they will sell them on the black market.) But I figured that if I got arrested, at least the stupid rules might be brought into the open.

"We've never been to a party before," explained Yoso Dozio in broken English. "You will have to tell us what to do!" She and the other Japanese helped me put up the paper decorations and balloons, while I assured them that they needn't worry about *their* manners, which are practically perfect!

My Japanese guests arrived an hour early, parked their shoes outside the door, entered shyly, and took their places on the floor in front of the *tokonoma* alcove. When the Americans arrived, they sat toward the back as if they thought they should be segregated from the Japanese at parties, too. I'm sure they were wondering how I was going to entertain these Japanese with my limited vocabulary of *"mosi mosi"* and *"sayonara."* Needless to say, I didn't have to speak, for they knew that I was there for one purpose: to show that some Americans can make an effort to be genuinely warm and friendly toward the Japanese.

Perhaps my feelings go deeper than those of most Americans who have not had the opportunity to live with Japanese and learn what simple, honest and intelligent people they are. I have been treated so kindly by them that I wanted other young Americans to have the same chance to know and to love them as I did when I was in my teens.

I also wanted the young Japanese to know fine American teen-agers, who seldom exercise any racial discrimination unless they are influenced by prejudiced adults.

And she really likes Japanese bathtubs

The party was a big success, and the Japanese kids wound up by practicing their English on the Americans. The American teen-agers rapidly made friends and took the names and addresses of their Japanese chums. I stood on the side lines and wished the M.P.s could have peeked in on the party. The next day I was swamped with small beautifully wrapped gifts and thank-you letters from my young Japanese guests. The letters were written in textbook English and often bore requests for American pen pals. Among them was this letter from a girl who signed her name I. Sato. Her simplicity and sincerity explain much better than I can just how much a thoughtful gesture is appreciated by the Japanese:

My dear Miss Bets:

I am one of the 5th grade Girls Upper School who came to your party last Wednesday. I was very happy that day. It was the first time when I speak with Americans and you were the first foreigner for me to talk English with. You gave me a yellow ribbon for my hair and drew pictures for me. Besides you lent your ear to my Japanese-English. I felt you my sister! How wonderful if I could have speak to you in English very well! When our separation, you put your hand on my shoulder and said smiling good-by.

Since when you came to our school, we are absorbed in studying English conversation, for we realized that however well we might translate English, it was of no use, if we could not speak English and not understand what Americans said. How we saw with admiration and envy that Miss Kawaraaki, our superior, was speaking with you with ease. Fortunately I like English. I will have learned to speak English by the time when you visit Japan next time.

Now I will study hard, expecting the day I shall be able to speak with you and other Americans very well . . . But we had never had the chance before to meet any Americans until you gave that beautiful party last Wednesday.

You are a sister of boys and girls of Japan. Please come back and see us soon. Truly yours, I. Sato.

See? It doesn't take much to put on a party for Japanese teen-agers—a round of Cokes, some cookies, and perhaps some gay souvenir hair ribbons will suffice.

Now that there's a pattern for these "friendship" parties, Mrs. Nancy Echols, the wife of Colonel Patrick Echols, has planned many more, with enthusiastic assistance from her sixteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, and the members of her American canteen club.

These teen-age parties are fine for establishing good will among the young Japanese and Americans, but it's going to take a great deal more than just music and laughter to keep the Japanese on our team.

The older people are more set in their ways and ideas, and are difficult to change, but a new generation is coming along and will pretty soon be ruling Japan.

The sons and daughters of our former enemies should not be held responsible for the errors of their elders. They are still eager to accept our friendship. It would be very easy for our democracy to take root if it is given a chance—and I do hope it *is* given a chance in Japan soon.

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TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

Continued from page 27

She said, "I'm having a little dinner and I'd like you to come and bring Sam."

I'd never asked a man out in my life and she knew it. The last time I was even tempted was when I was in the eighth grade and we had one of those taffy pulls.

Well, this was a hair pull, so I said, "Sure, I'd love it. Where can I find the brute?"

She dug into her bag and came up with a gold notebook and a secretive leer. She had his number—and, brother, I had hers.

I remembered to ask her if we were dressing. She said just any old rag, and I knew that meant Mainbocher and old lace—my old lace, that is.

I don't know where I got the guts, but I called him up. He has a wonderful voice on the phone, sort of like Franchot Tone with a cold, and he was awfully nice about it. He said he'd pick me up at my place, and asked me to make hors d'oeuvres because Lucy never fed you until you fainted from hunger, and I said I would.

AFTER I hung up I got all fluttery inside like I'd swallowed a house fly. I kept walking around my two rooms and looking at my bookshelf and records and pictures and wondering if I'd pass muster. I even cleaned out my bureau drawers just in case he happened to be the nosy type.

I speculated on the possibilities of candlelight, and decided I wasn't the type.

I'd make some cheese twists and stuff some celery and give him the last two drinks from my Christmas Scotch and hope for the best.

That was my plan—but the best laid, etc., etc.

Marty got into the act. . . .

I went all schoolgirlish and confessed the whole thing to her the next morning. "Of course," she said, "what you have in mind is very nice, but I ought to warn you."

I sat up straight and asked her if he was allergic to tweese chists. (I was a little nervous.)

She said, "No, but if you're going to be sacrificed, it might as well be for a lion as a lamb."

I didn't get the connection, but she made it all clear with one softly whispered word: "Lucy."

It seems that this was a diabolical scheme. Until I had come along, Sam and Lucy had been a thing. The expression is Marty's, not mine.

I talk about people being in love, plain and simple, because when I was a girl, Mother said it was all right to use the word, along with "legs" and "pregnancy."

Anyhow, by Marty, it was a thing. What Lucy had in mind was a showdown—the Four-H girl against the city slicker. In other words, Lucy would give a divine dinner and be all sweetness and light, and I would come in—a badly beaten second.

Marty warmed to the subject like she'd been over the ground before. It seemed that Lucy didn't ever give up without a fight, and this was her way of letting me cut my own throat.

"Now I," said Marty, "can't stand by and let that happen. First of all, Sam is an old friend of mine and a dear, sweet, deluded duck, and you are my coeditor and a darling, and I'm going to help you out."

Before I go any further, I think you ought to know that I'm the kind of girl who buys magazine subscriptions at the sight of a foot in the door, and I've got more brushes than the sample man for Fuller, because I believe what's told me. Once you've got that straight, you can see why I told Marty to do her darnedest.

Her darnedest shouldn't happen to a dog.

She made some excuse to Dickey about our lining up a fashion interview, and we took off for my diggings. I'd been in such a hassle that morning that I let my bed go and I hadn't put the box of graham crackers I eat for breakfast away. I suppose the place did look a little like a bird cage, but I'm only human.

She took a long, long look around, and then sighed like the wind in an apple tree. Then she said, "Oh dear! It looks awfully lived in."

COLLIER'S "I see there's a lot in how a person hits it" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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COLLIER'S "I wouldn't answer the phone if I were you, Mom" KATHERINE OSANN

"That's because I live here," I said sweetly.

"Mmmmm." She was always saying, "Mmmmm."

"Well, what can we do?" I said, laying myself wide open.

"Leave it to me."

By the time she left, she'd swung my two President McKinley chairs around so that if Sam sat in one, he'd knock his head against mine. She'd found an old shawl my mother sent along with me to keep off drafts and had tacked it in a sort of a swag over the door. She'd gone through my books, leaving nothing but a volume of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a cookbook, and a Bible I'd stolen from a downtown hotel. "Men don't like intellectuals," she said emphatically. "Somehow they don't care much for brains."

"Yeah, but I'd like him to know I can read and write."

It must have been a sore subject with her, because she let it pass.

"Now all you have to do is get some gardenias, some candles and some hors d'oeuvres, and *please* send out for them."

"I wasn't going to make mud pies," I said crossly.

"Either you're going to do this right, or you aren't."

"I am," I said, resigned.

Then she turned on me. "Now, about you."

"Just what you see. Nothing up my sleeves."

"Nothing all the way down the line. You're awfully flat, aren't you."

Art improving on nature, that was Marty.

BY THE time she got through with me, I had a profile below the neck and an emerald-green dress that took a bit of wearing, as we say in the trade. I insisted on washing my own hair and I threw her out of the apartment an hour before Sam was due. I wanted to say my prayers by myself.

He was right on time and I noticed with bated breath that there was a bulge in his overcoat. My first orchids. Only it turned out to be a cat. You heard me—a cat—a wet, wobbly alley cat.

"Found him outside," he said calmly, "so I brought him in." He set the cat down on the couch and struggled out of his coat. "Nice place."

"Thanks."

His eyes went up and down the green dress and I thought I saw a few sparks, but said nothing.

Nothing was said for quite some time and I began to wish that the ground would open and swallow me up. I finally sat down on the edge of the sofa (that was because my dress was pleated) and smiled vacantly at the swag over the door.

"Going to feed me?"

"Sure."

I was up and away before you could say caviar. That's what we had, and I don't care what anyone says, I hate the stuff. Fish eggs are fish eggs. Sam kept smiling in a funny, crooked way and then he suddenly laughed.

"You've sure got on your Sunday clothes," he said.

"What of it?"

"Nothing of it—only last time I saw you"—he hesitated—"you were—uh—thinner."

I swallowed hard. "Shouldn't we get started?"

"But you look fine," he said, just like he hadn't heard me.

Some girls have a real talent for rising to an occasion. I just nodded my head. He gave the cat an olive and then got up.

"We're off."

Well, one of us was, anyway. When we got to Lucy's apartment she met us at the door. She wore a dress like a Puritan maid's except that it was cut very low. Her hair was slicked back and she smelled of hay and wood violets, and here I was, looking like something out of the Arabian nights at a D.A.R. convention, and just as comfortable.

When we walked in, Dickey was tossing a salad and Marty was draped over the record player in a candy-cane outfit that made her look like a delinquent thirteen-year-old. She and Lucy took Sam's arms and steered him around to meet the other guests, shouting something about my bringing up the rear.

From there on in, I'm not sure what happened. I think I drank four drinks in a row and I remember balancing a salad that had croutons in it—and Sam

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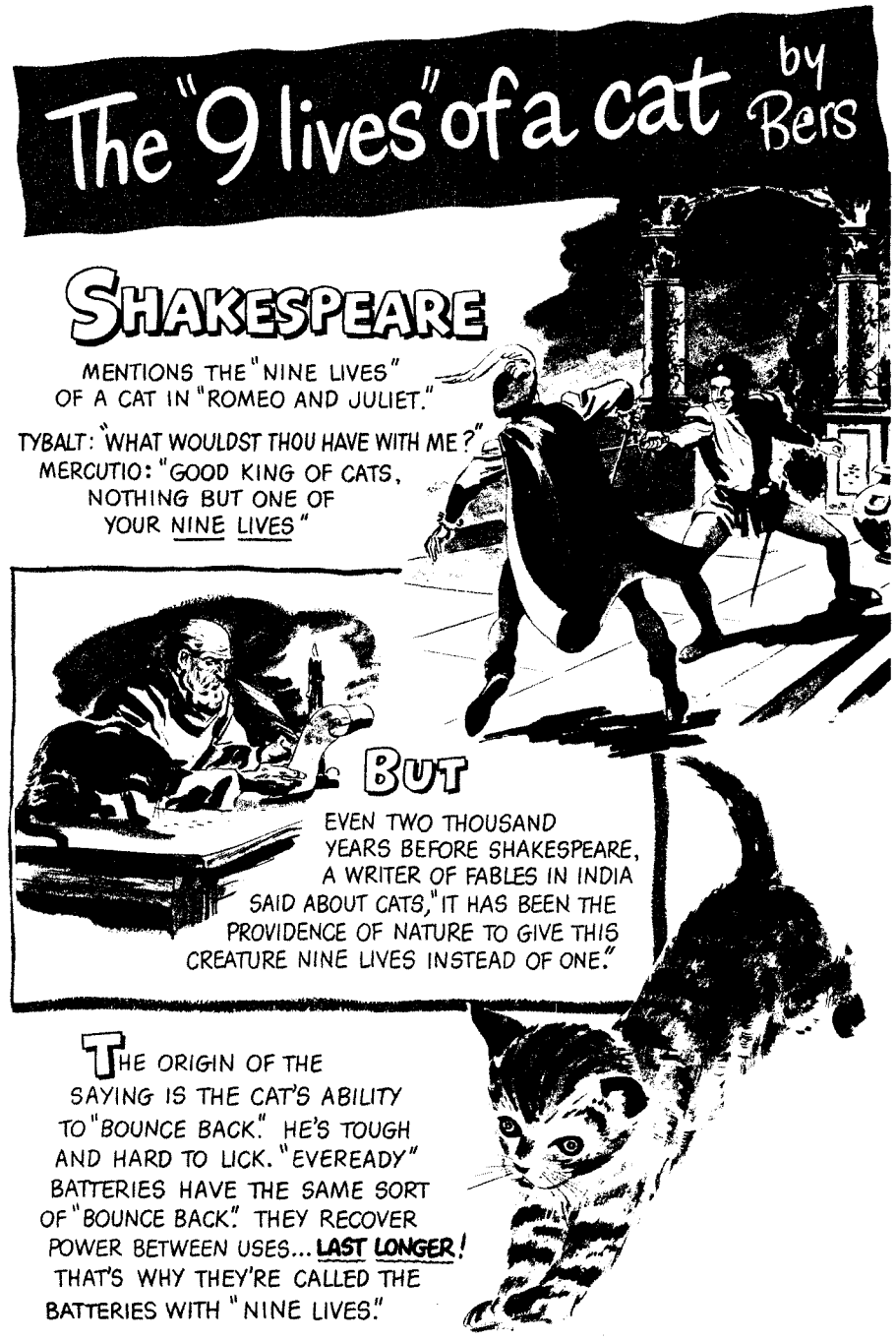
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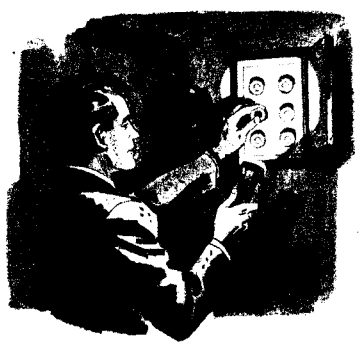

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talking and laughing and a man asking me to help him take his Scotties for a walk some clear night, and that's all. That's all, till we got home, that is.

I think Sam carried me up the stairs, and I think I cried on his shoulder and said something about being a drunk, and what would my mother say?

He made coffee and kept pushing my face in it, and after a while the room stopped spinning and I was able to see my hand in front of my eyes.

"You made quite a spectacle of yourself," he said.

"You can't say anything to me I haven't said to myself," I said bitterly.

"I saw what Dickey gave you. You were practically drinking water." He looked at me skeptically.

"Well," I said hostilely, "it was strong water."

"Feeling better?"

"No. I want to die."

"All right—you go right ahead."

He threw a blanket over me, turned out the light, and left.

THE following day, I went looking for Marty. "You're a fine friend," I told her.

"What's the matter?"

"You've lost me the only man I ever loved."

"If you've lost anything," she said tartly, "only you are to blame."

I sat at my desk with my head in my hands. "And how do you figure that?"

"You acted like a girl on a college week end. What did you expect?"

"I apologized for my drunkenness," I said grandly, "and explained that I don't generally drink."

"Listen, my dear," she said venomously. "Sam Warren may be a shade untidy, but he's a man of the world. You've got to live up to that or bow out. It's something to think about."

I did think about it, especially when I had to pass Lucy's office on the way to the water cooler.

Sam was sitting on her desk, and their heads were together. I looked as long as I could but the cups kept getting soggy and finally I gave up. I told myself he was just a Bluebeard and all that glitters is not gold and everything else I could think of, but nothing helped.

I may be a slow study, but my mind was made up. I went back and started emptying out my desk. Marty just stared at me.

"What's all this?" she asked.

"Nothing. I'm going home, that's all."

"You mean you're quitting?"

"I'm not interested in crumbs," I said loftily. My voice cracked, but I had my pride.

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Sam and Lucy. Bread and butter. Ham and eggs. They go together."

"You're insane."

"No, I'm not—I'm an appleknocker and I might as well face it. I'm going back to the farm."

"Don't be a goof. If once you don't succeed—"

"Clichés," I said firmly, "with no basis in fact. Good-by, Marty, and thanks for nothing."

"Just wait a minute. I'm about to be struck with an inspiration."

"Well, duck," I said unkindly, "I've got to go resign."

She grabbed me before I got to the door.

"Look—Sam is supposed to go to a cocktail party with Lucy—one of those business things. I'll ambush her, and you go instead."

"Out of the question."

"You're going," she said flatly, "and in this." "This" was a towering pink hat that looked like a soda. It even had two straws in the wind. You know how some women are. When you're down in the mouth, a new hat does funny things to you. At that point, I didn't know how funny.

"Now sit tight," Marty said. "I'll be right back."

I'm easily brought to heel. I sat admiring myself in the mirror until Sam came in. He didn't look happy.

"Lucy's tied up, so you're it."

It was hardly an auspicious beginning, but I let him hold the door open. He had to, the hat got in my way, and we went down in the elevator. He seemed awfully strong and remote in the taxi. He just kept looking at me grimly—sort of like Humphrey Bogart before he knows he loves the girl.

It seemed to me we just kept riding and riding.

I suggested timidly that our hosts must live a goodish way from town because by now I was beginning to scent a plot afoot.

"We're not going to the cocktail party," he said.

"But—" I said.

"I have other plans." He leaned over

COLLIER'S

"My wife wants an electric garbage disposal unit. My own wife, mind you!"

HANK KETCHAM

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to the taxi driver. "When you get on Skokie Valley Highway, drop us."

"Drop us," I wailed. "It's raining!"

"Drop us, and go back to town," he said.

"I suppose," I said icily, "that this is your idea of a big time."

"Depends on you," he said flatly.

I thought that sounded slightly ominous. I was right. The driver let us out on a road near a cemetery. It was a dark afternoon and the lane just wandered off into nowhere.

"Follow me," he said, standing aside.

"I will not. That road's probably haghaunted."

"It's my own private road," he said, "and please don't refer to my friends as hags."

"The shoe certainly fits," I said pleasantly.

Then he gripped my hand and we were off through the woods with the rain drops making my mascara run.

WHEN we rounded the bend, I saw a cottage in the clearing. "Just like Hansel and Gretel," I said through clenched teeth.

I had to clench them to keep them from chattering. My feet were wet and my hat had wilted, and I was madder than a March Hare.

He unlocked the door, and we went in. I do know enough to come in out of the rain. It was one big room with a smudged stone fireplace, some bookshelves and an old radio set.

He looked at me eagerly. "Now, how do you like it?"

"It's dirty," I said, taking off my hat, "and damp and smelly."

He just sat down on the edge of a couch and toyed with a painted cushion like my mother got at Niagara Falls.

"Okay," he said. "I strike out." He looked sulky. "There's a general store down the road. I'll call for a cab."

He was out before I could stop him.

There was a stuffed owl over the mantelpiece with glazed self-satisfied eyes. 'My luck with men," I said to it.

The conversation was a little one-sided, so I took off my coat and looked for some firewood. No, I didn't transform the cabin the way pioneer women do in the movies, because he was only gone forty minutes, but I got a fire started and shook the dust off the couch and found some mushroom soup and a can of sardines in the lean-to.

I wiped the dust off the table and put down some paper napkins and heated the soup. It wasn't exactly festive, but the fire had taken the damp off the room, and the soup smelled good, and there were nice shadows on the walls.

You should have seen him when he got back. He just stood in the doorway with his mouth open, and then suddenly he let out a whoop and grabbed for me.

"I knew it," he shouted.

I backed away. "Now, Sam," I said.

His grin was wide and leering. "Old Sam Warren can pick 'em," he exulted.

"Old Sam Warren better keep his distance," I said, reaching for the can opener.

"The hat didn't fool me," he said triumphantly.

I read somewhere that the great thing at moments like this is to be calm. "Have some hot soup," I said carefully.

He shook his head. "Don't change the subject."

"Bring me up to date. What *are* we talking about?"

"I knew the act was phony—it had to be."

"Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't," I said, deciding to be impartial.

"Look," he said earnestly, "I've been waiting for somebody like you—an honest woman with honest ideas about things. Cream puffs are fine, but a man likes bread and butter."

"Thanks," I said coldly.

He went on as if I weren't there. "That day we went to lunch, I knew I'd glommed onto the real thing. When you pulled that switch on me, I couldn't figure it out. It was like ordering a steak and getting it with whipped cream."

"You put things so nicely," I said caustically.

"I figured somebody was working over you. Marty gilded the lily, and Lucy was making total war."

"But why?" I said.

"Look in the mirror sometime." His voice had melted.

"Just one thing," I said, fighting off a feeling of warmth. "What was the object of this little excursion?"

"This house is a kind of testing ground," he explained. "You know, love me, love my house—"

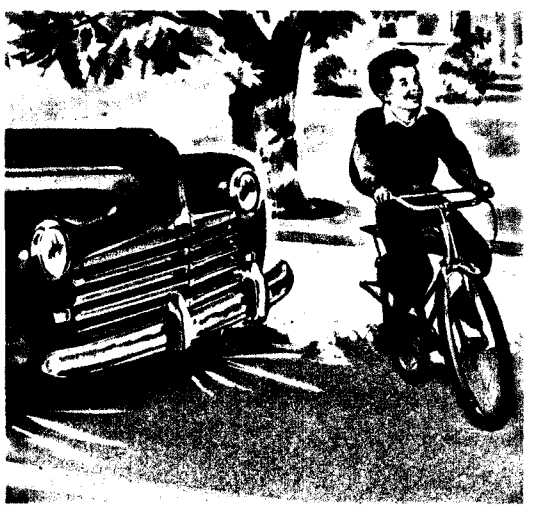
"You don't hear me raving, do you?"

"You fixed it up. That must mean something."

"It simply means that I don't like messes."

"Well, you're in one right now." He moved closer. "Because we're not leaving here until we get straightened out."

We did get straightened out—because he kissed me, and that sort of took care of everything.



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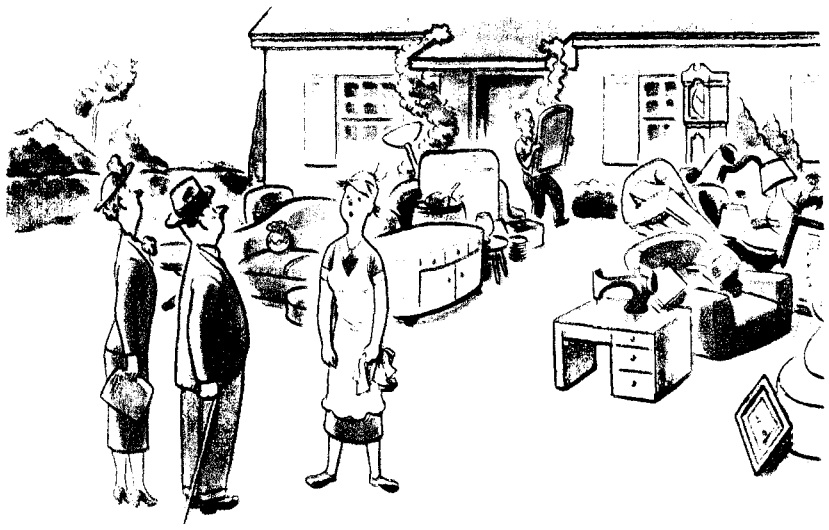
Clean Sweep

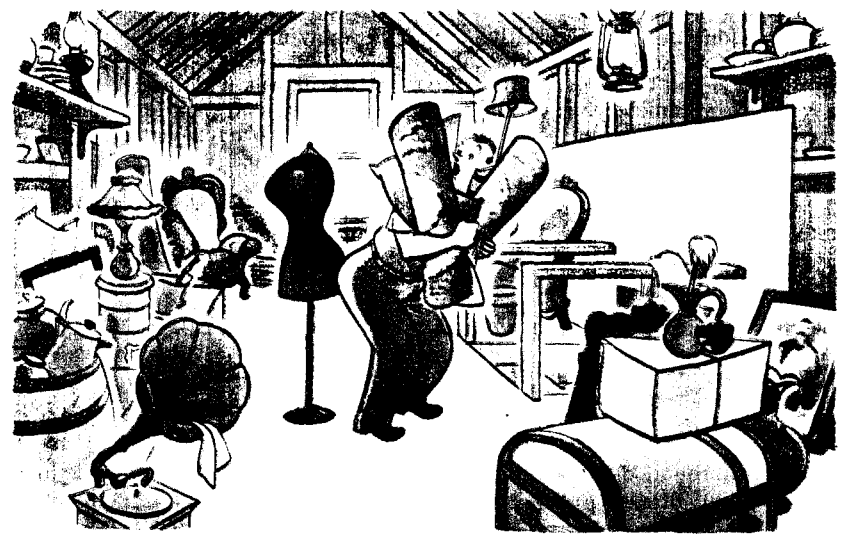
It's spring—and time to rearrange your rubbish



"Why, no, it's not an auction. We're just cleaning house"

"Continued on page 23, column 4, continued on page 23, column 4 . . ."

"Maybe we'd better just seal up this room and let him start on a new one"



"Where do you want me to put these, Madge?"

"It ought to be like the new stocking colors. You know—corktip, waffle-top, taffy glow or swamp"

"Big deal. Pop's bringing his boss home to dinner"

DRAWINGS BY NED HILTON

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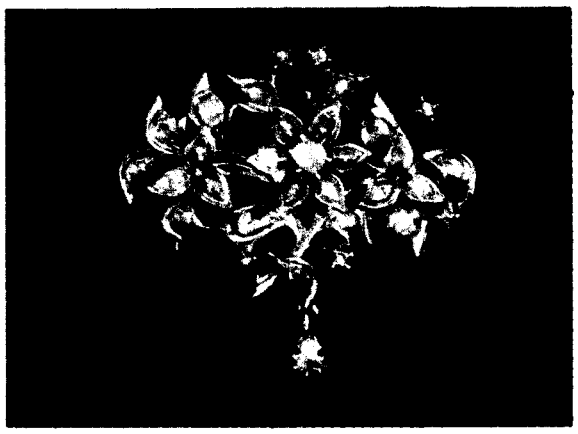
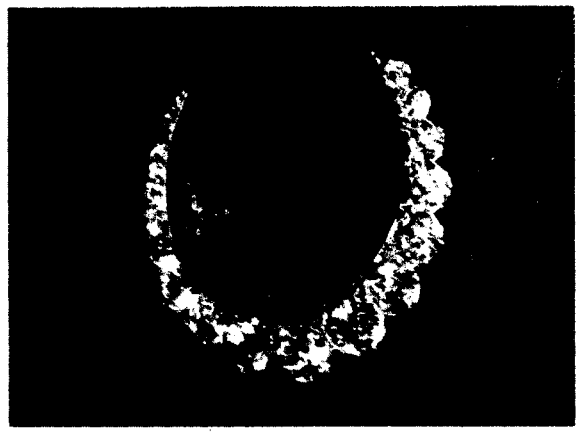
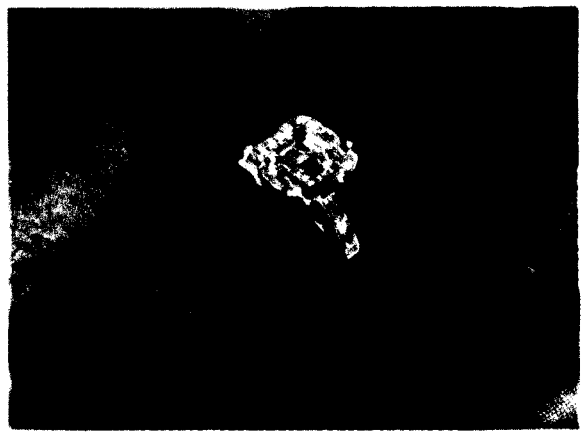
What few of us know about diamonds



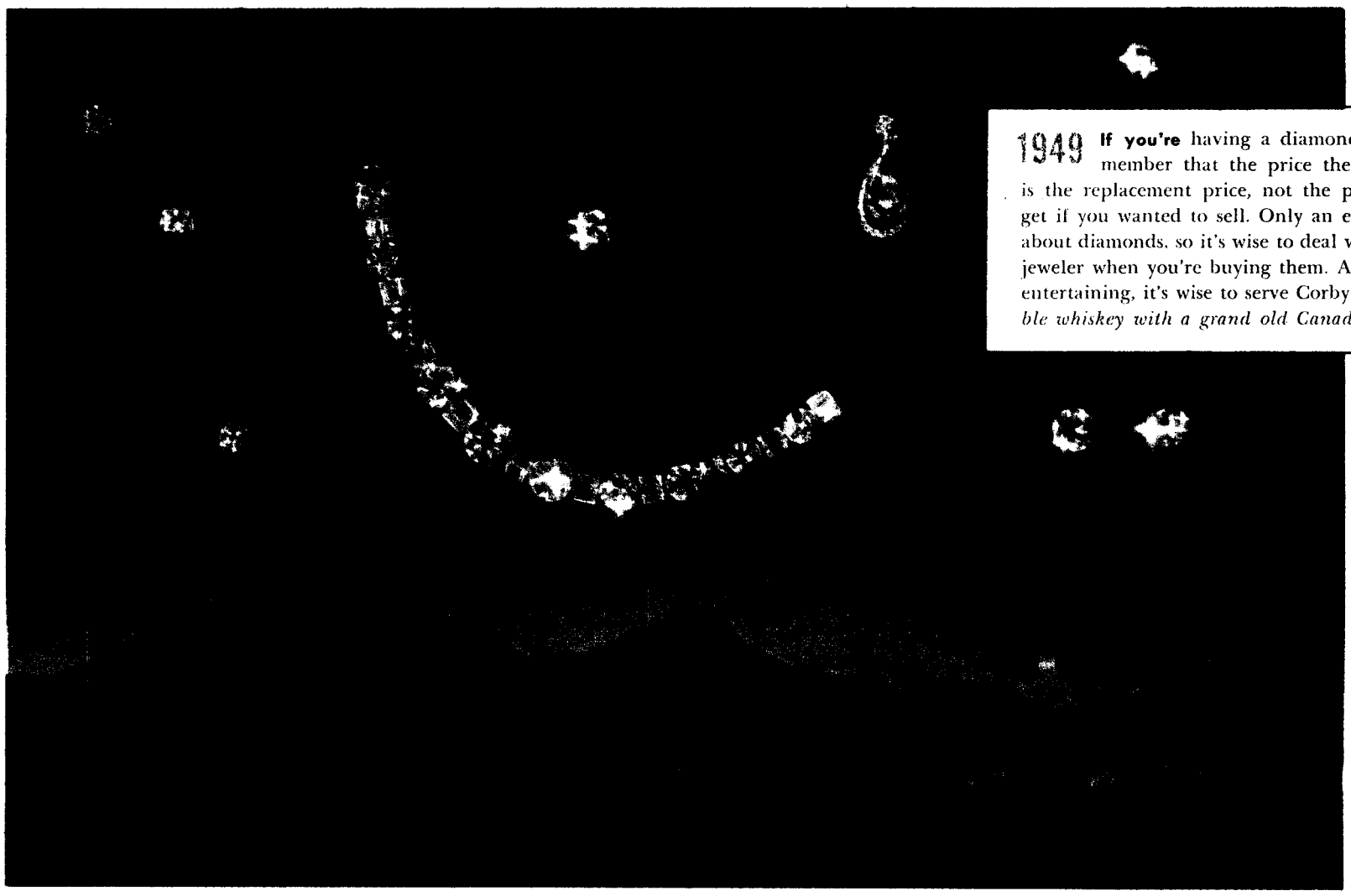
1858 **Styles in** diamonds change. Back when the name Corby's first came to Canada, diamonds were sometimes not cut, but simply polished, as shown above. Blue-white diamonds are considered the most valuable, but only 1 diamond in 500 has a blue tint. ANTIQUE JEWELS FROM THE MARCUS COLLECTION



1900 **The "brilliant"** cut, with 58 reflecting facets, was high style in diamonds when the name Corby's was in its 42nd year of renown in Canada. Still popular today, the "brilliant" should have two-thirds of its depth below the setting for maximum fire and brilliance.



1934 **The oblong** cut was fashionable during the name Corby's 76th year in Canada. This also has 58 facets, but they're arranged to show the internal structure of the gem. Almost all gems have flaws, but diamonds are classed perfect if they can be magnified 10 times with no flaw visible.



1949 **If you're** having a diamond appraised, remember that the price the jeweler quotes is the replacement price, not the price you would get if you wanted to sell. Only an expert knows all about diamonds, so it's wise to deal with a reputable jeweler when you're buying them. And when you're entertaining, it's wise to serve Corby's, *a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.*

ALL DIAMONDS IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY HARRY WINSTON, INC., NEW YORK

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GAFFNEY THE ACCUSED

Continued from page 13

and showed up five minutes late for a watch—*then* they noticed, *then* they cared.

It was 0830 now. The exec should have told the chief to put Gaffney's gear ashore. Lieutenant Barton decided to check on it: No use giving the skipper another chance to holler. Clutching papers in his hand, he hurried out to the quarter-deck. The gear was there, ready to go. Barton stepped up to the gangway p.o. and told him not to forget it. The man said, "Logging it off now, sir," and then, as he turned to one of the messengers and told him to haul it away, he looked into the distance and pointed at a figure running across the yard toward the pier. "I think that's him, sir."

IT WAS Gaffney, all right. Gaffney in his dress blues and peacoat. He ran awkwardly, carrying something under his arm. But instead of heading for the gangway, he veered off toward the fantail of the ship. As he reached it, he whistled sharply. One of the men aft leaned over the life line, and Gaffney threw a large satchel up to him. Then he came forward.

"Tell Gaffney to change for Special Sea Details and then come to my room," Barton said.

He went aft, found the man who had caught the satchel, relieved him of it, and took it forward to his stateroom. Before he could open it, the word was passed for Special Sea Details. He stowed the satchel in his bureau, slammed on his hat and frantically sorted his papers. In a moment there was a knock on the bulkhead. The gray glass curtain opened and Gaffney, properly clad in blue trousers and foul-weather jacket, stood before him.

"They said you wanted to see me, sir."

Lieutenant Barton glared at him. "What's the big idea?"

Gaffney drew a long breath. He took off his hat and looked at it intently.

"Well, don't stand there. What's the story? I suppose you figured because you couldn't get a regular leave this trip you'd just take one on your own and the hell with the ship, is that it?"

Gaffney said, "No, sir. I didn't miss the ship."

"Never mind being wise, Gaffney. Maybe you didn't miss the ship, but you're still in the soup and you're going to be plenty sorry about it. I don't have time to talk to you now. We're getting under way. Get up there on the bridge. I'll see you later."

"May I have my bag, sir?" Gaffney asked.

"You can have your bag when I'm damn' well ready to give it to you. Get going."

Gaffney went. Lieutenant Barton put his papers on a clip board and followed him, tingling with rage. He hadn't handled it right, and he knew Gaffney knew it. He'd handle it right from here on in. He'd fix that snotty sailor's wagon if it was the last thing he did.

By early afternoon they were past Ambrose light. The merchantmen lumbered into their columns, and the Gamidge took station on the left flank. With a sigh of relief, Lieutenant Barton made for his room. He immediately took the satchel from his bureau, opened it and looked at the contents. Then he sent for Gaffney.

When Gaffney arrived the satchel was still open, exposing the extra blues, the skivvies, the socks, the toilet kit, the carton of cigarettes, the book.

"I suppose," Lieutenant Barton said softly, "you needed all that stuff for a couple of hours ashore?" Then suddenly, with the bark of a prosecuting attorney: "Or did you have some idea of staying longer—like a *month,* maybe?"

"Well, I came back on board, sir," Gaffney reminded him.

"Very nice of you, Gaffney, very nice. Listen, it's perfectly clear you went over with the intention of missing the ship, and even if you did come back, you were A.W.O.L. for ten hours. That's a summary court offense, Gaffney, and if I have anything to say about it, that's what you're going to get. What's the matter with you, anyway? Always bellyaching about changing your bunk and your cleaning station. Well, you've gone too far this time. I'm putting you on report and I hope they slip it to you good. What you really need is a royal kick in the tail, and if it weren't against regulations I'd give it to you myself. That's all. Take the bag with you."

The lieutenant decided to chance it. He swung and missed—and then he caught a stinging blow that split his lips open

Lieutenant Barton felt better after that one. He wrote up the report slip and turned it in and felt good all day about it. He was handling it right now.

He felt better still the next morning when he learned that at captain's mast Gaffney had been awarded, as they put it, a summary court. Soon afterward, Lieutenant Eldridge, the court recorder, came into Barton's stateroom. "I just went over this thing with Gaffney," he said. "I told him how the trial would be conducted and gave him a copy of the specification. I told him he could plead guilty or not guilty and that if he pleaded not guilty he could ask for counsel. It'll go smoothly enough, I guess. He read the specification and said he might as well plead guilty. Here's a copy of the specification if you want to read it."

Barton took it and said, "Thanks. Maybe some of these guys will catch on someday. I hate to put a man on report, but sometimes you can't help it."

Eldridge gave him a look he didn't quite understand and said, "Yeah," and went out.

Barton began reading the specification. "In that Terrence J. Gaffney, signalman first class, U.S. Naval Reserve, attached to and serving on board the U.S.S. Gamidge (DE 1475), did, on or about February 15, 1944, without leave from proper authority, absent himself from his station and duty on board said ship, to which he had been regularly assigned, and did remain so absent from the U.S. Naval Service for a period of about ten hours, at the expiration of which he surrendered himself on board the aforementioned ship, the United States then being in a state of war."

It was a mighty fancy way to say A.W.O.L., but it sure nailed Gaffney down. Lieutenant Barton yawned and stretched happily. It was good to have this thing under control. . . .

Lieutenant Barton had just cleared his bunk and put his head on the pillow when the phone buzzer sounded in the wardroom. He tensed. Someone called his name. Cursing bitterly, he got up and went to the wardroom. Lieutenant Briggs, looking up from a magazine, said, "It's the old man. He ain't happy."

Lieutenant Barton picked up the phone. "Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Barton, what the hell do your signalmen do up here all day? The escorts are changing stations and we haven't got a signal straight for a half hour. I'd like to know why we're the only ship in the division that never gets a signal straight. Do you ever give these men any training? Now, get up here and get them on the ball. Where the hell's that first class of yours, anyway? I want some action and I want it fast."

Lieutenant Barton said, "Aye, aye, sir," and hung up. He went up to the bridge, took a quick look around to check on Gaffney's absence, and reported to the captain. Then, wearily, he went to the bosun's mate and told him to pass the word for Gaffney. When he appeared, Barton looked with loathing at his smooth, untroubled face.

"Come here," he said. He led Gaffney around to the other side of the bridge. Horstman, a young seaman first, backed away from the rail. He was holding a blinker tube. Lieutenant Barton took it away from him and handed it to Gaffney. "Horstman is striking for third and he needs some drill. Give him a half hour with this and a half hour on semaphore. When you're through we'll have a half hour on the flags for everyone. Understand?"

"Yes," Gaffney said.

Barton started away, then wheeled around on him. "'Yes, *sir,*' Gaffney! Maybe you'll remember that better if you drill Horstman every day."

"Yes, sir."

TWO nights later, with the ship rolling in a heavy quartering sea, the summary court convened. Lieutenant Barton, drinking his coffee before going up for the eight-to-midnight watch, observed the preparations through the little window between the pantry and the wardroom.

Lieutenant Nielson, the exec, came into the wardroom and said, "All right, let's get started." He buttoned his starched khaki blouse and sat down at one end of the table. Lieutenant (jg) Porter and Lieutenant Briggs sat down on either side of him.

At this point, two men came up the passageway outside the pantry and stood in silence before the wardroom door. One of them was Gaffney, spruce in his dress blues.

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Barton saw Lieutenant Nielson signaling him to close the pantry window. He closed it. A buzzer sounded. Gaffney and the other man went into the wardroom. The door slammed behind them.

The next morning after breakfast, Lieutenant Nielson called Barton into his room. He was smiling a little when he told him to sit down. "Look," he said, "I'm afraid your boy Gaffney has sort of fouled things up. We thought it was all set, of course, after what he'd said earlier to Eldridge, but he pulled a switch on us. He said he'd been thinking it over and that he'd like to plead not guilty."

"Not guilty!" Barton cried. "How can he? He *knows* he's guilty!"

"Maybe so, but he can still plead not guilty if he wants to. When he said that, we had to ask him if he wanted counsel, and he said yes, he'd been thinking about that, too, and he figured he'd need counsel. So we asked him who he wanted and —well, Bart, he said he'd like to have his division officer—you."

Lieutenant Barton felt his face getting hot. He jumped up with a shout of anguish. "All I can say is this is one hell of a way to run things. I've got a thousand jobs to do before we get in. You *know* that. We've got an inspection this time and I have three dozen books to bring up to date. Why, I was going to ask you to take me off watch till we get there. I can't handle anything more, damn it!"

"Sure," the exec said. "Look, don't worry too much about this. If Gaffney doesn't have any more of a case than I think he has, you won't have to spend much time on it." The exec stood up. He said, "War's hell, isn't it?"

Lieutenant Barton didn't think that was funny. Hoping his face showed all the disgust he felt, he walked out. He turned into the wardroom, snatched the phone from its cradle and ordered the word passed for Gaffney to come to his room.

He made a point of not looking up when Gaffney appeared. He moved the chair to his desk, pulled out paper and pencil and said, "Sit down somewhere." Finally, he turned around. That face again—even-featured, patient, innocent. He wished that for two minutes, for just two minutes, it would not be against Navy Regulations to slug an enlisted man. "Gaffney," he said, "I guess you think you're pretty damned smart."

"Well, Mr. Barton, it's like I told Mr. Nielson," Gaffney said evenly, "there are some things about this case that I think ought to be said. I admit I was wrong to go over, but I didn't do it just for the hell of it, like you think. I want a fair shake, that's all."

"All right," Barton said, "you got one. Start talking. Start right in and tell me everything you want to from the time you asked me if you could go ashore."

Gaffney drew a long breath. "I had a date that night, sir. It was a date I made a couple of nights earlier when I thought we'd be having last-night liberty. This girl—well, we've been going together a long time. I see her every time we come in and we're going to get married someday if we can. Anyway, I didn't see her much this time because she was sick all the first week. Naturally after that I wanted to see her all I could, and that last night I just wanted to go over to a place a little ways from the Navy yard and talk to her for a while and tell her good-by."

LIEUTENANT BARTON nodded as he made his notes, and Gaffney continued, "After I asked you if I could go over and you said no, then I called her from the ship. I told her I couldn't make it, and when I told her that, she begged me to try again, just to come over for a few minutes and say good-by. She started crying. She didn't generally carry on like that, even when I was leaving, so I asked her what was the matter.

"She said she had something important to tell me. She didn't want to tell me over the phone, but I made her do it, and finally she said her family was moving out to Ohio next month and she didn't know how we'd get together again. She said she didn't tell me about it on our other dates because she didn't want to spoil them and she thought we'd have this last-night liberty.

"Well, when she said that, I decided I just had to see her. I tried to find you again, but you weren't around. Then the yeoman told me you were over at the operations office with the captain. I went to see if Mr. Nielson would let me off, but he wasn't around either.

"Pretty soon I thought of checking the watch list, and I saw you'd have the eight-to-twelve watch that night, so I told the gangway p.o. to let me know when you came aboard and went down to my sack to wait. Well, the gangway p.o. doped off on me and I fell asleep and didn't wake up till after ten o'clock. I came right up and they said you were in the wardroom, so I came in there to see you again, and, well . . ." Gaffney seemed suddenly to have run down.

Lieutenant Barton threw his pencil

"Oh, turn around, Gordon! You stopped smoking years ago"

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aside and turned around. "Well, what?"

"I came into the wardroom, Mr. Barton, and I spoke to you, but you don't remember it because you were asleep."

Lieutenant Barton got up and took a quick step toward Gaffney. "You're lying. I wasn't asleep on that watch and you know it. You're making that up. I ought to break your neck for that."

Gaffney stood up and faced him. There was a tight look about his mouth and the shine of tears in his eyes. "You were asleep, all right," he said. "You were knocked out on that sofa so hard it didn't matter how much I called your name or shook you. Ask Farber, the quartermaster. He was gangway p.o. and he couldn't wake you either. That's how it was, and that's when I went over. Sure, I was going to miss the ship. That's how I felt that night. But I felt different the next morning and came back, and that's the story."

AFTER Gaffney had gone, Barton began pacing the length of his stateroom. He pressed his teeth together so hard they hurt. He felt the sweat coming out all over him. At last, he lay down on his bunk. He craved sleep, but he lay there with his eyes wide open for an hour. Gaffney had him. He remembered now—sitting on the big leather transom, reading, then suddenly coming awake, but thinking he had dozed off for only a minute. Sleeping on watch.

If there was anything on earth the skipper wouldn't tolerate, that was it. He'd given some of the men on gun watches a hundred hours extra duty just for doping off. God only knew what he'd do to an officer. He'd bear down on the other officers, too. Barton would really be popular then. And there wasn't any way out. He had to defend Gaffney, and this story was Gaffney's only defense. If he didn't spill it, Gaffney would.

The summary court was to reconvene three nights later. A day and a half passed and Lieutenant Barton had no new notions of how he would handle the defense, or himself. For hours he sat alone in the little coding room, leafing blindly, hopelessly through a fat, unmanageable copy of Navy Regulations. He slept so badly he got to hating his bunk. Gaffney was avoiding him. Once, when they met in the narrow passageway outside the galley, Barton stopped him and said, "Listen, does that guy Farber have enough sense to keep his mouth shut?"

Gaffney said, "Probably. He's working pretty hard for second class."

That night Lieutenant Barton had the midwatch. Mechanically, he got the dope and took over. The sea was still kicking up, but there was a moon, so that he didn't have that feeling of desolation that comes with a really black night on the bridge. He observed, uncomfortably, that Gaffney had the signal watch. Four hours with Gaffney.

At three o'clock, Lieutenant Barton put his mouth to the voice tube and said, "Come right to zero nine five." It was a routing change of course for the sector the Gamidge was sweeping, but it brought the ship head on into the sea. The ensign above snapped sharply. There was a cough from the generator exhaust aft. The ship nosed down, reared, hung there and dropped with a vast banging of plates and frames. She dug in again and a mass of black water, streaked with white, roared over the forecastle. Gaffney, standing forward on the bridge with the other signalman of the watch, said, "I'm damn' glad I'm not in my sack for this ride."

Lieutenant Barton heard the words, but it was not until a good five minutes later that they registered. Then, suddenly, something fell into place in his brain and an idea took shape.

He went to the far side of the bridge and then hollered out, "Gaffney, come over here."

Gaffney came over.

"Look," Lieutenant Barton said quietly, "let's talk business. You've got me over the barrel on this summary—I know that as well as you do. If I go in there and tell your story, I'll be in trouble. But that doesn't mean you'll be let off easy. You were still A.W.O.L., even if you did come back and no matter how much you wanted to see your girl. So about all you get out of this deal is the satisfaction of seeing me catch it."

Gaffney was looking at him steadily. "Right."

"Okay, now. I've got an idea. You just said a minute ago you were glad not to be in that forward bunk of yours. You've been complaining about that bunk for six months. You've also been complaining about your cleaning station. What would you say to it, Gaffney, if I gave you a bunk back aft, so you could get some sleep on a night like this? And how would you like it if I changed your cleaning station?"

He could see no change in Gaffney's face, but he wasn't through. "Another thing, Gaffney. That girl of yours. You want to see her next time in, don't you? With her out in Ohio, it's going to be impossible unless you get a pretty good leave, isn't it? If you got a good leave, though, you could get out there, and maybe get married. How about that?"

Gaffney's expression was different now, but he answered very carefully. "It sounds all right, that leave. But can you swing it for me right after a summary?"

"I can swing it if I have to."

Gaffney was looking out over the water. He said, "I'll think about it," and walked away.

Lieutenant Barton decided to say no more. He had him, he was pretty sure of it. It had been an inspiration.

At the end of the watch and just after Barton was relieved, Gaffney appeared out of the darkness and said, "We can settle this if you'll meet me in fifteen minutes, in the machine shop."

Lieutenant Barton wondered about the sound of it. But he had no choice. "I'll be there," he said.

He went down to the wardroom pantry for a cup of coffee, then aft along the red-lit passageway to the machine shop. He swung the door open and stepped in. Gaffney was already there. Over in a corner, half dressed and looking sleepy, stood Farber, the quartermaster.

Gaffney tightened down on both doors of the shop and motioned Farber to stand by one of them. Then he turned to Barton. "I've been thinking about what you said. I told Farber about it because I thought someone else ought to know, and since he saw you sleeping that night, I figured he was the best one. I've decided to take you up on your deal—new bunk, new cleaning station and a leave the next time in. But there's something else I want, too."

Barton tried to make his own voice as hard as Gaffney's. "Yeah?" he said.

Gaffney set his feet wide apart. His face was flushed. He said, "I want you to do something you've been talking about. The other day you said I needed a kick in the tail. And after that, you said you ought to break my neck. That's what I want now. I want you to see what you can do to me."

Barton forced a laugh. "You know I can't touch you, Gaffney. You know enough about Navy Regulations—"

"I know Navy Regulations has something to say about sleeping on watch. Quit horsing now. Take a poke at me before I count ten, or the deal's off."

He meant it. He was counting. Barton looked at Farber, and Farber no longer looked sleepy. When Gaffney got to eight Barton decided to chance it. He stepped forward and swung. He felt his knuckles grazing the side of Gaffney's head. Then he caught it, a stinging blow that split his lips open and made him gasp. He swung again and missed. Something like a club smashed into his eye. He tottered back. Another blow snapped his teeth together and threw his head back and then the bulkhead slammed into him from behind and everything went dark.

WHEN Barton opened his eyes, Gaffney was sitting on the workbench, smoking a cigarette. Farber was gone. Gaffney put his cigarette out, then came and stood over him. Quietly he said, "You had enough?"

Barton wanted to kill him. He pushed himself up to a sitting position. His head flamed with pain and he felt sick. He realized he was not seeing anything out of one eye. He nodded.

"Okay," Gaffney said. "I plead guilty and you pay off, right?"

Barton nodded again.

Gaffney began swinging the wheel to unbolt the door. He pushed it open and stepped out. Then, just before closing it, he turned and looked at Barton. "Good night," he said, "sir."

"It's lukewarm—I'm always afraid cold water is too much of a shock!"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

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Card Trick

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Alice in Wonderland

By AYRES HOUGHTELLING

Presented as an art-told tale, the world's most enchanting fantasy becomes even fresher and more delightful than ever

TO ME, Alice in Wonderland has always been one of childhood's most thrilling adventures as well as one of literature's greatest works. That is why I chose it for the first in my series of art-told tales.

In this technique of presenting the classics of the written word in pictures, I hope to excite and revive real interest and genuine feeling for literature's treasures. The great authors of the past have flawlessly told tales for our entertainment and education. But today their works are being neglected. They are regarded as the leisurely amusements of a bygone era with little to contribute to present-day life. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Hardly one of us goes through a day without drawing on the enchanting nonsense and sly wisdom of Lewis Carroll's delightful book. The Cheshire-Cat, the Mad Hatter, Dormouse, Mock Turtle and all the other inspired characters have become fixed in our culture and language. But we are careless of this heritage; we are allowing such stories to become fragmentary lore rather than preserving them as living riches.

One of the main reasons why I am painting these art-told tales is because I feel that they may help to restore these classics to their rightful place in our lives. When they are seen by children in their bedrooms or classrooms, they may kindle a desire to know the stories as they were written.

The particular artistic problem in making this painting was to force the perspective sufficiently to bring all the elements into close harmony but still retain the concept of an Old English landscape. The cobblestone path, which starts at the upper left-hand corner, is used to give the story its continuity. As you follow it, many an exciting incident will be recalled—and as a child follows it for the first time, it will lead him through the happiest adventure he may ever know.

And, after all, a child's happiness is the greatest reward any person can receive for something he has done; if my painting brings joy to children, I will be content.

See page 73 for key to scenes in the painting, Alice in Wonderland.

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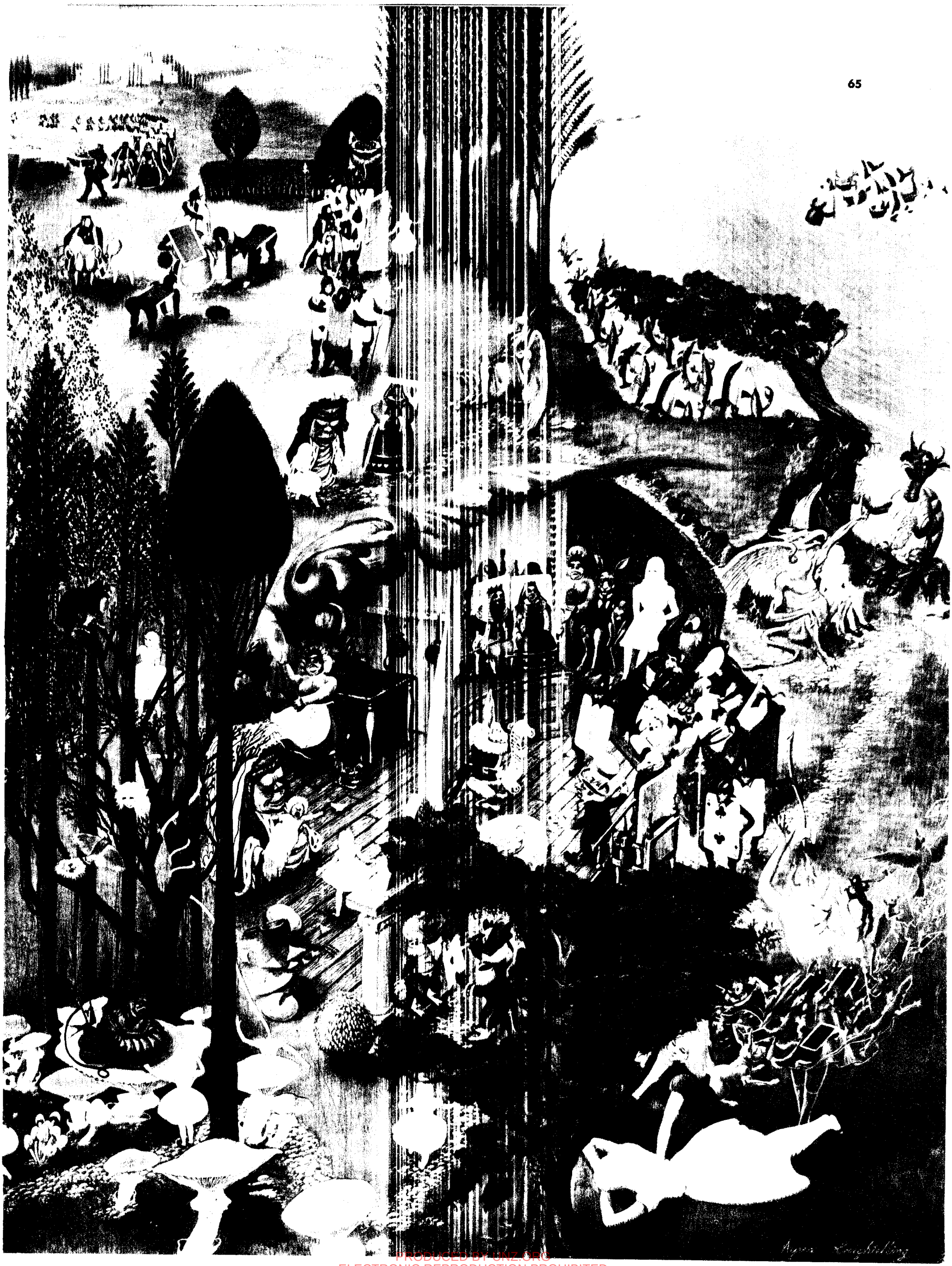

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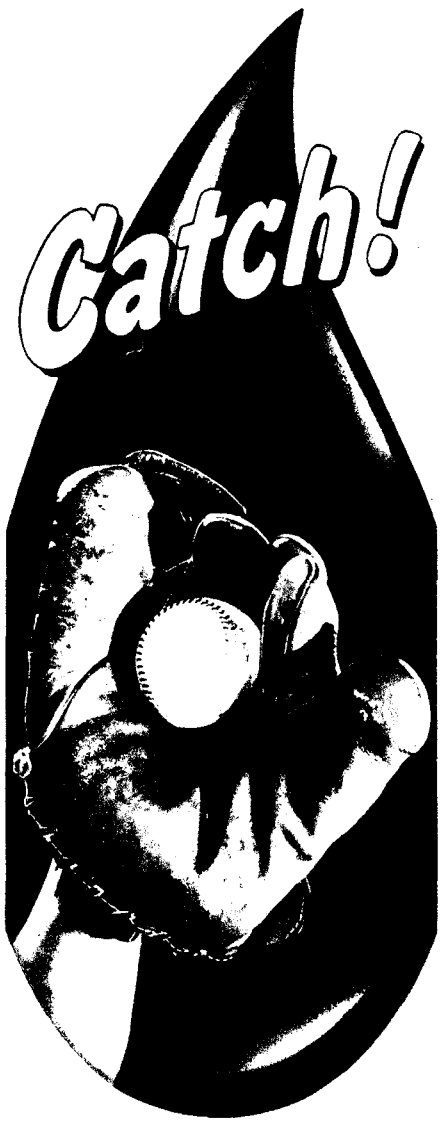

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THE PAPER TRAIL

Continued from page 16

matchbooks out of my pocket and spread them on the table, and tried to reconstruct the evening. There were a couple with "Pennsylvania Drug Company" or "Ex-Lax" which I discarded, because I couldn't tell anything from them. I had the Pump Room, the Buttery, the Wrigley Bar, 606, the French Casino, and something called the El Bee Diner. The Wrigley Bar was out, because I remembered that was where I had met Tex about five o'clock. I decided to start with the Pump Room.

They were just getting ready for the luncheon trade when I arrived at the Pump. Ernie Byfield remembered seeing me the night before, and said we had dinner there. He thought we left about nine. Red, the starter, said he'd tried to get us to take a cab—evidently we weren't too steady—but we'd insisted on walking to the Buttery. So the Buttery was next. We'd spent quite some time in the Buttery, the headwaiter recalled when I asked him. There'd been a little matter of upsetting a tray of glasses, so it stuck in his mind; and the doorman said we left about eleven thirty for the French Casino.

THE Casino was harder. I had to wait a couple of hours until the captain arrived, and he didn't seem particularly glad to see me. He said there had been some kind of argument about a ringside table, in the course of which I had untied his tie, and he had suggested that we leave. He said he didn't remember where we went, so long as we didn't come back.

It was even worse at 606. Frank, the headwaiter, remembered that we got there about midnight; so we must have come direct from the Casino. Thus far the chain was unbroken. Frank said we'd had a lot of drinks, and we'd insisted on joining the chorus in the floor show, and Frank kept trying to get us to go home, he said, but Tex had other ideas. "He wanted to go to the Club Catalina," Frank said. "He hadn't been there in a long time. That was about two o'clock, I'd say."

The Catalina was a pseudo-Spanish club on Clark Street, near Ontario. The stucco walls were painted with undressed *señoritas*, glaringly unfunny by daylight—have you ever seen a night club in the afternoon?—and the tables were piled up, and a colored man was sweeping up last evening's cigarette butts. The proprietor was very courteous, but he said he'd never seen me before. He was sure he'd have remembered me if I had come in, he said. He offered to buy me a brandy, but the air was foul, and I was glad to get out on the street again.

I'd reached a dead end. The only other matchbook I had was the El Bee Diner, on Logan Square. I didn't see how we could have got all the way out to Logan Square last night, but I figured I'd better make sure. The El Bee was just what it sounded like: a long counter with stools, a juke box, bacon and eggs with coffee forty-five cents. Several customers were perched along the counter, eating with their hats on. I sat down on the end stool, and ordered coffee. "Do you remember by any chance if I was in here last night?" I asked the counterman.

"Nope," the counterman said, "I never seen you that I know of, bud."

The man on the next stool turned to stare at me, and I felt embarrassed. "I'm just trying to figure out where I was," I explained to the counterman. "I thought I might have come here."

"You didn't come here, mister," the man beside me said. "You wasn't in any shape to go anywheres."

"How do you know?"

"I took you home in my cab," the man said. "I remember you very well. You borrowed my last pack of matches to light your pipe."

"Where did you pick me up?"

"In front of the Catalina," he said. "You and another fella was arguing which one of you would drop the other off, but you passed out, so I took you home first."

"Where did you take the other fellow?"

"Back to the Catalina."

I sat forward so suddenly that I slopped some coffee.

"He remembered he'd forgotten his cigarette case," the man said, "and he went back to look for it. He told me to wait outside, but after a while the boss came out, Luigi, and he paid me off and told me not to wait, he'd take the fella home in his own car."

"Do you remember what time that was?"

"A little after three."

"Where's your cab now?"

"Outside."

"I want to go to the Catalina," I said.

The colored man had finished sweeping the floor when I arrived, and the tables were back in place. Some waiters were setting the tables, and one of them directed me to Luigi's office, in the rear. He looked up from his desk as I entered.

"Sorry to bother you again," I said.

"Not at all." He shrugged, gesturing with a cigarette holder. "Please sit down."

I SAT down opposite him, and got out my pipe. "I'm still trying to figure out where I was last night. You're sure I wasn't in here?"

"Quite sure," he said, "I certainly would have seen you." He inquired casually, "Why are you so anxious to know, if it's any of my business?"

"A friend of mine thought he might have left something here," I said, lighting my pipe. I watched his face over the flame of the match. "A cigarette case."

His face did not change expression, but I was watching his eyes, and it seemed to me that the pupils got smaller. "No, there is no cigarette case here," he said. "I am sure one of the waiters would have found it. I'm so sorry."

There didn't seem to be much else to say. "Well," I said, rising, "if you ever happen to come across it—"

"I shall save it for you, of course," he said, leading the way to the door, "but I am sure you are mistaken about being here. Sometimes when you are celebrating," he added over his shoulder, "you have trouble to remember later, eh?"

I glanced at his desk as I followed him out. There was a picture of a girl in black tights, in a silver easel frame. It said, in the same big up-and-down handwriting as Tex's case, "To my darling Luigi from Marie."

"That's right," I said to Luigi. "The next morning everything's a blank."

"It is bad to forget." Luigi smiled, holding open the door.

The colored man was standing in the lobby as I went out, leaning on his broom and reading a tabloid. Marie's picture was all over the front page, under big headlines. "This Marie Powys," I asked him, "didn't she work here once?"

"I don' know nuthin' about it, mister," he said quickly.

"She a good friend of the boss?"

"I don' know nuthin'," he said. "I ain' even seen her in a couple of weeks."

"Did she walk out on him or something?"

"I don' know nuthin', I tell you," he said. "The less I knows about the boss's women, the healthier I remains. The boss he don' like people messin' around his women."

"Thanks," I said, and I gave him a dollar and went out into the street.

My pipe was out, and I

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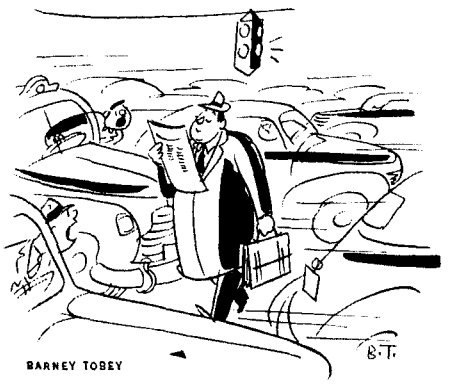

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Why close your eyes to traffic lights?

Your head is in the clouds, I know.
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Intent upon a goal seraphic.

Why put yourself upon the spot?
It's pleasanter to live than not!
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—MARGARET FISHBACK

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COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

knocked out the ashes and filled it again as I strolled down the sidewalk, trying to figure what to do next. The thing seemed pretty clear to me now. Luigi had found the cigarette case after we left, and that was how he knew who Tex was. Probably he'd known about Tex for a long time; probably that was why he and the girl quarreled.

Then when Tex blundered back, looking for his case, Luigi decided to kill two birds with one stone. It was as easy as that. The only thing was to prove it. I had the taxi driver's word that we had been at the Catalina, but Luigi would deny it, of course. And Tex had got back his cigarette case, so that wouldn't prove anything. My trail of paper matches had led me around in a complete circle, and I was right back where I started.

I struck a match to light my pipe, and glanced at the cover of the pack. It said, "Presto Dry Cleaners, 1137½ N. Wabash Avenue." I didn't have that matchbook a few minutes ago. There was only one person I'd been talking to.

THE Presto shop was crowded; the distracted proprietor behind the counter was trying to make deliveries and take new orders and handle a half-dozen impatient customers at once. "I'm all alone, my helper walks out and leaves me flat," he was complaining. "I only got two pairs of hands."

"I'm from the Catalina," I said, forcing my way to the counter. "Is Luigi's suit ready yet?"

The proprietor threw his arms in the air. "He only brought it in this morning, and he wants it back this afternoon. What does he expect, miracles?"

"He's got to have it right away," I said. "He's in a hurry."

"So everybody's in a hurry," he retorted. "Such a shape it was in, all blood on the pants from that taxi smashup he had, it would take another day at least."

"That's too late," I said. "He's got to have it now."

"Take it, then!" the proprietor yelled, his patience exhausted. He ran back into the shop, grabbed a rumpled suit and flung it down angrily on the counter in front of me. "Take it somewhere else. You got a better place to take it?"

"Yes," I said, gathering the blood-stained trousers under my arm, "I got a place."

As I said, I've only blanked out three times in my life—and that night, when Tex was released, was the third time.

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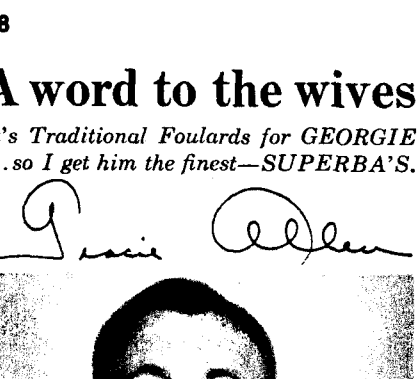

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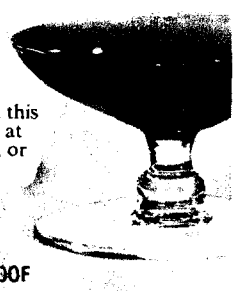

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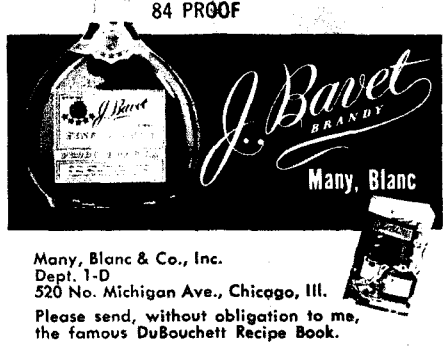

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TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME

Continued from page 19

Real day and night. I'm different from anyone in my family, as far as fighting. My older brother and my younger brother, they wouldn't fight, and my two sisters were pretty normal kids. They were all good kids, they never would fight.

My family lived originally in Brooklyn when I was a kid, but they were pretty poor so they shipped me to live with my grandmother and grandfather on the East Side in New York. My grandfather owned a bar and grill and I lived with them about fifteen years. I was the only one went to live there. I was named Rocco, after my grandfather, and so Rocco was the only one he would take in his house. So that meant I grew up with a different gang of kids than my brothers and sisters. Because the East Side, that's a pretty tough neighborhood. Every time I see the pictures of the Dead End Kids, it brings back old memories. I liked living with my grandmother and grandfather, all right. They never bothered me. They were very old people and they treated me very good. But still and all, I wanted to hang around with the fellas, and that's what I used to do.

We had a gang in our neighborhood when I was a kid. The name of the gang was the Red Range. At that time there was an episode picture, one of those old-time episode pictures—"Seen Next Week"—so we formed a little gang called the Red Range, after this episode picture. We had about twenty guys in the gang. There was Lulu Constantino in the gang—he was a fighter. And there was Terry Young, he was a fighter, and Joe Zulik, another main-bout fighter, and Tony Rotundo, he's fighting professional, too. They were mostly Italian kids. We were all about thirteen years old at the time. I'm twenty-eight now.

Robbing Pushcarts Was Fun

We did everything in general in the Red Range. We used to bother all the storekeepers, for number one. We used to have a lot of trouble with them, nothing real serious, but we were real annoying. On First Avenue, there used to be pushcarts. They aren't there any more, but in those days they used to be there. We used to rob the apples and the guys' stockings and shoes off the pushcarts—but not to sell, just for kicks. For fun.

And we used to fight all the other mobs. The Red Range was considered one of the best fighting mobs in the neighborhood. After all, we had kids who right now, most of them are all professional fighters. We used to fight the Eleventh Street Boys and the Thirteenth Street Boys. They were pretty rough kids there, the Thirteenth Street Boys.

We used to hang out on Tenth Street and First Avenue. All you had around that neighborhood was street fights. We used to fight with rocks and sticks. On Halloween, we would put rocks and sand in a stocking and fight with that. Instead of hitting with an ordinary rag, we would hit with a stocking full of rocks. Sometimes some of the kids would get hurt pretty bad. One day, I was running after a fella, we were playing ring-o-levio. I was running across the street and I ran right under a car and got run over. Then, one day, we opened a johnny pump—you know, a fire hydrant—and we got our trunks on, bathing, under the fire hydrant, and the cops come and chased us. But as soon as they went away, we opened it again and this time they came around and really chased us. So one of my friends was running and I was right behind him and he ran through a door and I ran right through the window of a Chinese laundry. Right through the glass. I got 56 stitches all over my body.

The cops were always annoying us. Somebody used to call in a complaint, the kids are wrecking the neighborhood, and they used to chase us all the time. They used to give us a deal. But there was never anything serious enough for them to arrest us. They used to kick us, hit us in the face—things like that. We all went to school, but most of the time we were playing hooky. Those days we looked pretty big for our age, pretty big. We used to dress like wise guys. The cops used to kick us around a number of times. They never hurt me real bad, because when you're a kid you don't feel it as much as right now. But they used to grab me and kick me around and beat my brains in, but it was just to tell you: You little son of a gun, why don't you straighten out? What's the matter with you, the cops used to say, you're always bothering somebody? But they never used to arrest us. We never robbed anything real serious enough for that. Anyway, there were twenty kids in the mob. They couldn't take in twenty kids.

There was a park on Tenth Street and Avenue A, where we used to go sometimes. This park was just a park for people to walk around and sit around. There wasn't room to play ball or anything. So we were always fighting. There

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Lemon Meringue Pie from Oakhurst Inn, Millerton, New York

A VISIT to Millerton, New York, a pleasant little village sitting atop a hill near the Connecticut state line will leave you with three distinct impressions—broad lawns, spacious old homes and good food.

Oakhurst Inn is one of those rambling old homes laden with porches and crowned by a turret. Margaret and George Reid, who operate the inn, have created a gracious, homelike atmosphere in which to serve their dinners. These range in price from $2.50 (ham steak or potted chicken) to $4 (*filet mignon*). The distinctive features of the dinner I had were a rich and creamy homemade mushroom soup, beautifully cooked vegetables and two spicy condiments, tomato conserve and pepper relish, which tasted as though they had come straight from Grandma's pantry.

The lemon pie I found so good that I asked Mrs. Reid if I might have the recipe for you.

OAKHURST LEMON MERINGUE PIE

5 eggs, separated
1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
¼ cup lemon juice
4 tablespoons cornstarch
1½ cups boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
10 tablespoons sugar
Small pinch salt
1 nine-inch pie shell, baked (consult your cookbook)

Put yolks into a bowl and add the 1½ cups sugar, lemon rind, juice and cornstarch. Mix well. Add a little boiling water, combine mixture with remaining boiling water in top of double boiler. Cook and stir until thickened. Add butter. Cool. Put into pie shell. Beat whites stiff but not dry. Add slowly, while beating, the 10 tablespoons sugar and the salt. Cover lemon custard with this and brown in a very hot oven (about 10 minutes).

If you wish to receive this Lemon Meringue Pie recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 11, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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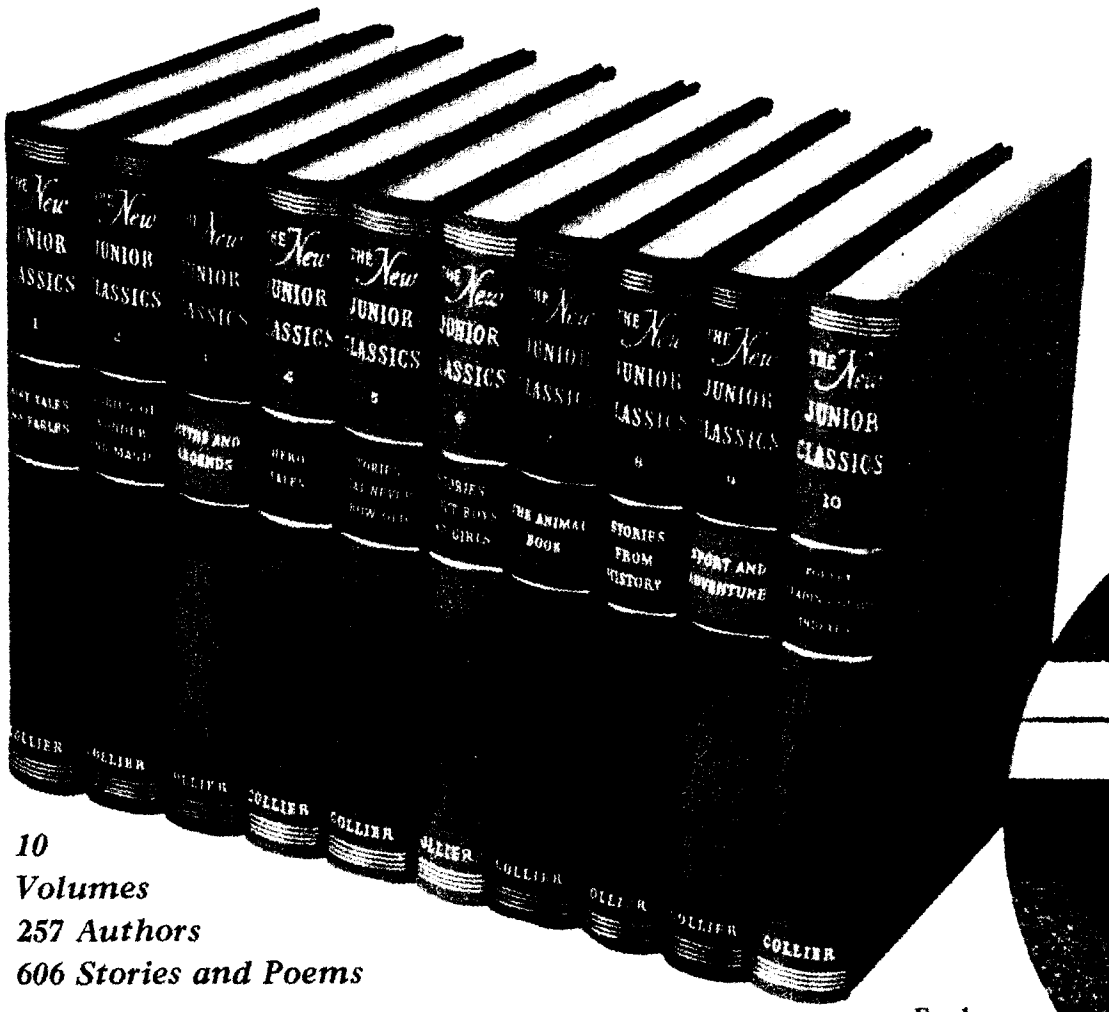

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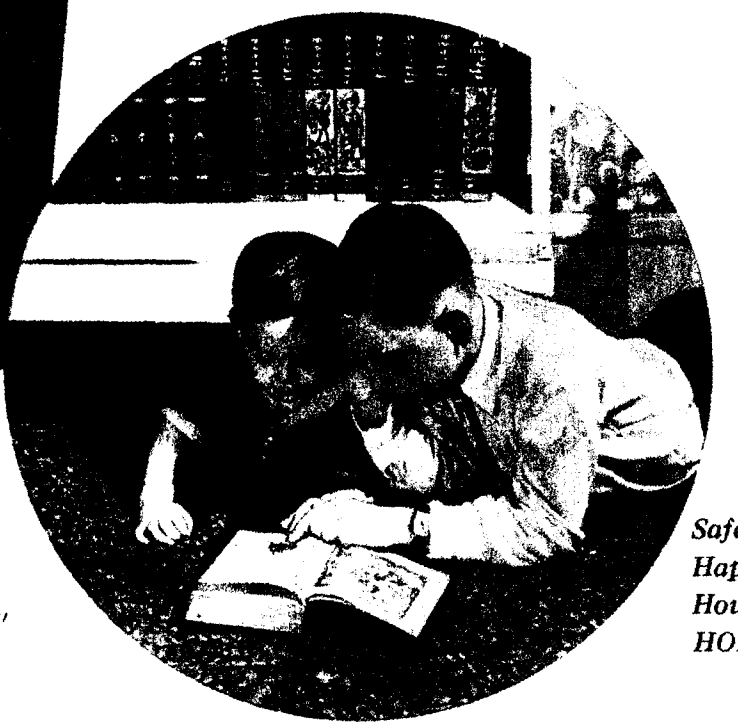

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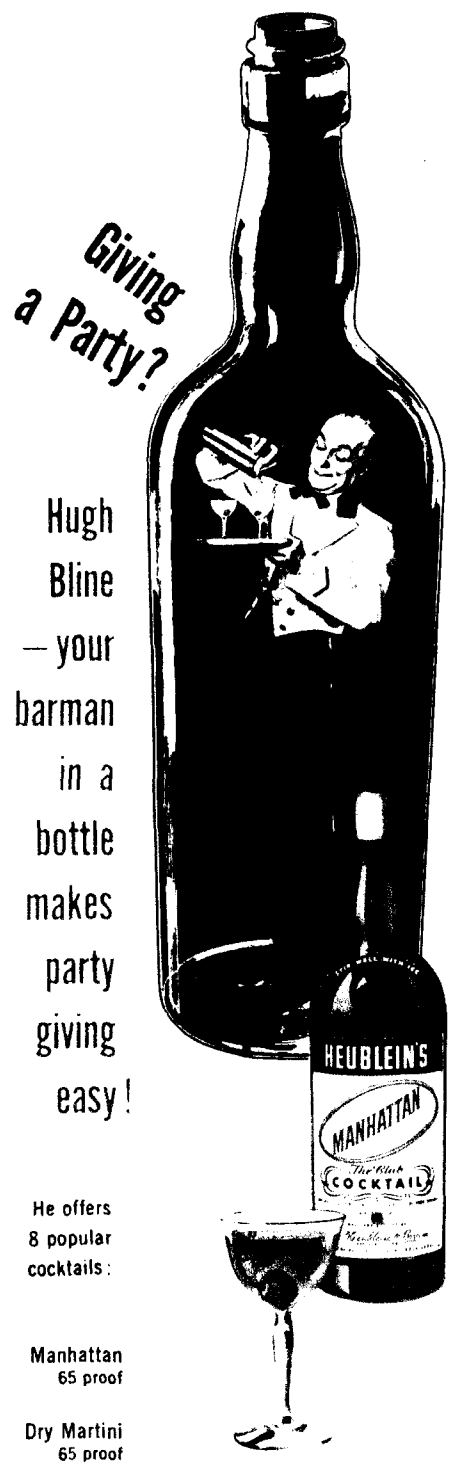

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were always mob fights in that park, real bad ones. Whenever we went there, it was a fight. We were challenging another mob or they were challenging us. There were a bunch of Polish kids hung out there and we were always fighting them. We used to fight with sticks, stones, knives, everything. Kids would get cut on the face, cut on the head. One kid got a big cut on top of his eye, I remember. It was one of these real big deals.

We had a couple of girls in the mob, too. They were real rough tomboys. In the nighttime, we used to go dancing. There's another park, Roosevelt Park on Houston Street; in the summertime they got bands there and we all used to dance over there. I was a pretty good Lindy hopper. There were plenty of fights we had there, also. And whenever we used to have a fight there, sometimes not to make the whole gang fight, they used to throw out one guy from their side (they had the Elizabeth Street mob down at Roosevelt Park) and then my mob used to throw me out. That was because I was one of the better fighters in my mob. Go on, they used to say, you want to fight Rocky? Then I used to fight another guy and usually—well, I was pretty good.

There used to be a Polish club on Tenth Street, and one time a couple of my friends wanted to go into this dance. So there was a little argument there, and this and that, and a couple of the Polish guys run out and they started fighting and my friends got the worst of it. So they come around and grab me. Hey, Rock, let's go! So we went over there and the guy at the door says: Look. I don't want to have no trouble, he says. Take one guy to fight and that's all. So they pushed me out. So I was fighting a professional fighter. I can't remember his name, but he was a professional fighter. About five years later, I finally met the guy, after I had turned pro. He was about on his way out then.

Street Fight at Night

That was some night, that night. I was up and down all night. The only time I hurt the guy was when I hit him with a right hand. But on top of that, he was killing me. We must of fought like an hour and a half, right out in the middle of the street. They formed a big circle. I was a pretty strong kid, but this guy really give it to me. I was up and down, up and down. I had him down, he had me down, I had him down. It was one of them things. And I would never quit, because if my friends ever saw me quit, I'd be out. Well, finally, I really hurt the guy. I hit him a couple of good right hands and the guys come in and broke it up. The guy was almost out. I was almost out, but I had a little more strength. I was a little younger than him, you know?

We used to do other things, too, not only fight. I remember one day, on a Saturday, a kid from the neighborhood came around. His name was Sammy Romero, and he was one of the kids from the college football team. I don't remember the name of the college, it was one of these Catholic colleges. He was a pretty good football fella, a star for this particular team. He was a high-class kid. He was from the neighborhood. He was like that, he was half and half, in the mob, out of the mob. When he went to college he forgot about us.

But one day he come around and he says: Hey, you guys want to play football? He says: The team that was supposed to show up didn't show up, and this and that. And he says: Come on, you come down with me and we'll play against these here guys.

So we said: All right, let's go.

So we grabbed a gang of guys and we went down. He brought us down to Central Park. And we're dressed with peg pants and shoes on and a sweater, with a cap on. I mean, most of us, that's the way we were dressed. So finally, when we go over to the field, I see these guys, they got these things on, hats on, they're all bundled up with these high shoes—*if they touch us, they'll kill us.*

So I said: What are these guys? How are they playing football, they're all guarded up!

I figured these guys are going to kill us. They got helmets on—they run into us, they'll bust our ribs. But anyway we get down. We don't know how to play football, we just know get down, a guy kicks the ball, we catch it, pass it. So who carries the ball but the best fighter? A guy gives me the ball, I start running.

Well, I got hit from more angles. One guy here, one guy here with the helmet, they almost killed me. I got up, I couldn't even walk. I got in the huddle, I said: Let's kill these guys. Because all the kids in the line, they got hurt, too. They went into them with the pads. So finally we got a little mad and finally I made some other kid carry the ball. So finally they hurt him. He ran in and hit a guy and we started banging away at all of them. They were nice guys, they didn't want to fight—at the time, I didn't realize that. But we figured we got the best of them and we said, the hell with you, and we beat it.

Then sometimes we would go swimming off the East Side Drive in the East River. One of the kids, maybe you heard the story, he jumped in the river and his head stuck in a milk can. That's a real story. He came from Tenth Street and Avenue A. He never came up. Oh, that was real rough.

We used to get these tire tubes and then swim all the ways to Brooklyn and back with them. We used to swim at Tenth Street and we used to think we were swimming straight and we used to land all the ways over in Brooklyn, on the other side of the Brooklyn Bridge. So if we wanted to get back, we had to wait. We used to dive off at one o'clock and at four o'clock the tide switches. So we used to fool around in Brooklyn until four o'clock, on the docks there, and then when the tide switched we used to dive in again and come back.

Then, like, during the day. A typical day, we would meet, the kids in the mob, like nine, ten o'clock in the morning. About four or five kids. So what are we going to do today? Well, the usual thing on the block, we would play stickball, shoot craps a little, play cards. For pennies, whatever our mother gave us. Play cards, kibitz around the neighborhood, go on top of the rooves. Some of the guys, they would fly pigeons. We used to look to catch pigeons. Strays. In the winter, it was pretty tough. Because where the hell could we hang out? We used to hang out in the candy store. Play the slot machine (in those days they had the one-armed bandits), play the pinball machines. We used to run around the streets, sneak in a show. We never paid for a show then. We used to chip in, the whole bunch of us, and one guy used to go in and pay. And we used to climb up through the back and the guy used to open there a particular door, and we used to meet him. So about fifteen guys got in for nothing.

Refused to Join Boys' Club

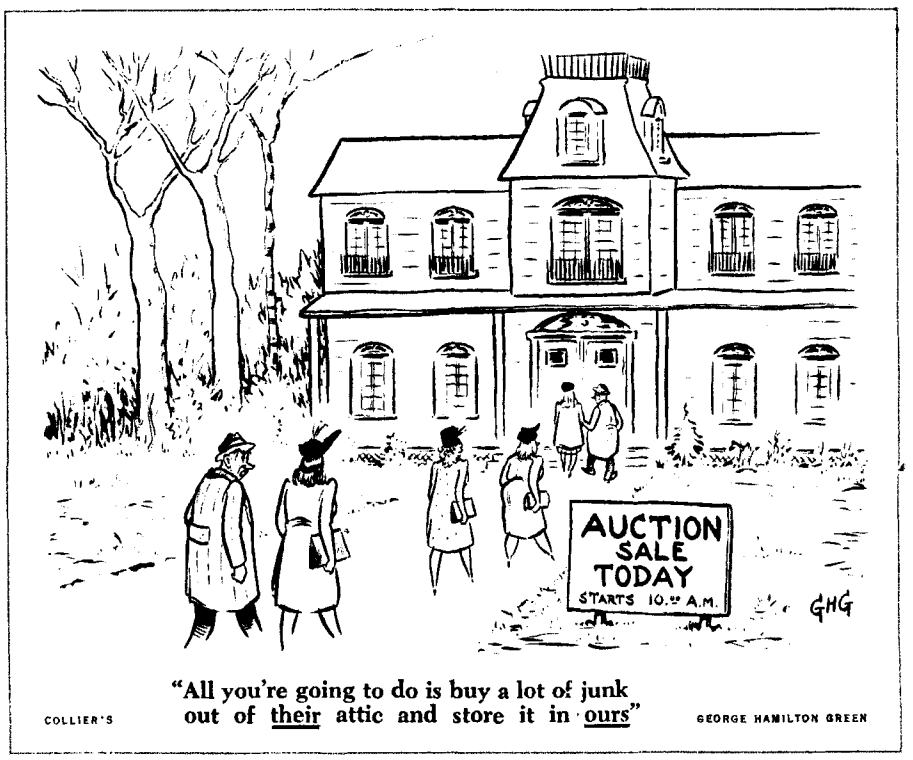
There was also a Boys' Club in the neighborhood, on Tenth Street and Avenue A. There was a Mister Hopkins there, and he always used to come down the street and try to get us in the Boys' Club. And we used to say: What's he selling, a Boys' Club? Get out of here, will ya? Get outta here!

This guy, he talked like a sissy. He was pretty intelligent and he talked nice and soft. We didn't even want to listen to the guy. He used to come over to me and say: I hear you're supposed to be a pretty good fighter. We got boxing bouts here, I imagine you could win.

But I never wanted to go in there. Who the hell wants to go in a Boys' Club? I didn't know the guys there. At that time, all the Italian kids, they used to stick together. The Jewish kids, they had their own mob. The Polish kids had their own mob. And up there in the Boys' Club there was Jews and Poles and everybody mixed together, and we didn't want to be with them. We wanted to be by ourselves. We didn't want nobody to bother us. And we didn't want to bother anybody else, unless they bothered us. So that was one of the reasons why we didn't want to go to the club.

Until, finally, one of the kids, he joined the club. I don't know why, he just joined. Another kid joined. And we finally went into the Boys' Club. And I said: This joint ain't bad after all. They got swimming there, and Ping-pong and pool and basketball, wrestling, boxing. So finally the boxing bouts came in, where they were for the championship of the Boys' Club. And I was about 135 pounds then and I won the 135-pound championship. And the next year I won it and the following year I won it, after that. I was about fifteen years old then.

But we still had the click outside. Instead of the Red Range now, we had the Jacksons. The Jacksons was the name of



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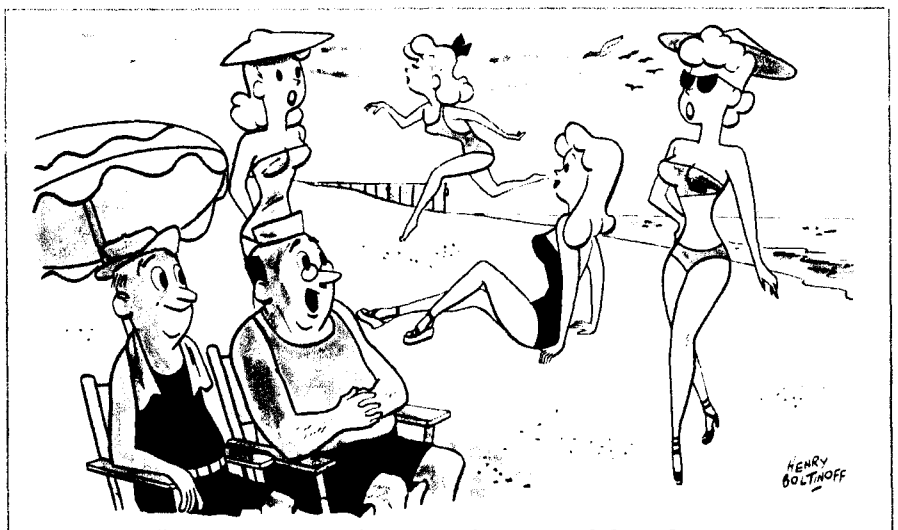

COLLIER'S "My wife sent me down here for a rest. If she only knew—she hasn't been to the beach for 25 years!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

the club inside the Boys' Club. We were the roughest guys in that club. But Mr. Hopkins used to like us. There was some reason or rather, he liked the Jacksons. Every time I see him now, he mentions us. We had more or less the same guys in the Jacksons that were in the Red Range. There was Blackie Schackner, for instance, the harmonica player. He still plays around, a very good harmonica player. The rest of the mob, they were pretty much the same guys.

And all that time, they were bothering me about school. Finally, I was sent away. I did six months, twice, for playing hooky. I went to a reform school. I didn't go to school and I didn't go to school, and they put me on probation. The truant officer come to my house and my grandmother would say: I don't know what's the matter, I sent him to school this morning. They wanted me to go to school. Especially when I was on probation, my grandmother or my mother would take me right to the school and I used to run out of the school.

I tell you the truth, I went to every school in the United States, the way it was to me. I was expelled out of a lot of them. For just not showing up. I never caused trouble in a school because I never was in it. I went to school, but I never went too much. I went up to 8-A.

So finally I was put on probation. The parole officer came, I didn't go to school. The parole officer came, I didn't go to school again. Finally, they picked me up and took me over to the juvenile delinquent court. And the judge said: I'm going to send him away for a while. We had no money, so no lawyer. Nothing. They done what they wanted. My mother didn't understand too well what was going on, and my father either, and finally they sent me away.

What Was Wrong With School?

Now, I don't know what it was, the reason I didn't want to go to school. I can't explain it. There was some reason, I don't know what it was. Just like when I walked away from California. I just walk away. I don't care, I don't want to go. I don't want to do this and that, I don't give a *damn*, I'm a very stubborn fella. But now I can be, I can afford to be stubborn, but then I didn't. And I was very stubborn. I didn't want to go to school. There was something missing in school that I didn't like. I just couldn't *go*. I just couldn't go. I don't know why, I just couldn't go. But right from the beginning, right from the very beginning, when I was a little kid, that's the way it was. I can't explain it. I really mean it. It's just one of those things. I hated it. I just hated it, like you just hate to do something. I just hated it. And I was a pretty stubborn kid and I says: I ain't *going*. I don't care what, who sends me away or who comes up or anything. I just ain't going. Like wearing a tie. When I was a kid, I *hated* to wear a tie. I didn't want anything around my neck. And I would never wear it, even if I went anyplace. And even till I got older, I just could never get used to a tie. I wear it once in a while, but very rare. Very rare. There's some things you just hate. I just couldn't stand going to school. I just can't explain it. The teachers never hit me too much. Maybe, when I was a little kid, they must of given me a smack or so. Maybe that acted on me all these years. It's possible. I remember once, the principal of a school, he used to give me some beatings. He used to hit me on the hand with the ruler. Every time I used to make a mistake—five shots.

Sizing Up the Principal

When he used to hit me, I'd look at him with a sarcastic look and not even wince. And he used to give me five more. And he used to tell me: *Smile*. So things like that, they keep you out of school. I'd say: This dirty so-and-so, he's supposed to be an educated man, how do you like this guy? I used to probably say that to myself.

But about school, I just have no idea. I just couldn't get myself set. I'm not such a bad guy. I wanted to do what everybody else did. But I just couldn't stand going to school. I *couldn't*. In the school, I used to go crazy. I don't know why. I don't know what it was.

So anyway, they sent me to this reform school. I'll never forget that place. The first time, I was there six months. I was about twelve years old and it was pretty rough. It was all discipline and all prayers. You get up in the morning, before you eat you say a prayer. It was march on a line. It was like a real prison. And everything was discipline. You couldn't even talk while you eat. I worked first in the shoemaker shop and then in the laundry. I used to take the clothes and put them in the big washers. It was pretty hard work for a kid, but I was a pretty strong kid. They had three different yards there for the different age kids. I used to beat up all the kids in my yard, because I was the best fighter in there and over there you had to fight. So they put me in the next yard, and from that yard I ran away. I climbed over the wall and I ran and kept on running. They caught me up my house. I ran right there, to the neighborhood. I wasn't looking to run away, I just went home. So they sent a cop up there and he grabbed me and took me to the juvenile court. And they sent me back.

The next time I ran out of there, one of the trusties there, one of the kids who used to handle the keys all the time, he put an imprint in soap. So we went up to the print shop, with the lead, with a file, and we made a key. It wasn't such

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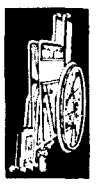

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a hard key. We opened the door and about five of us ran away. So I went home again, around the neighborhood, saw the guys, and wham! They snatched me. I mean, I was just running away from nothing. I just wanted to get out of there to see my friends and family. They used to come up, but they were only allowed once a month. And traveling was hard in those days and they were poor people. It was in the middle of the depression. So I wanted to get out of there.

They used to really belt you around in that reform school, too. I mean, they really hit you. If you stood out of line (they wouldn't hit you for nothing), if you got a little wise and stood out of line, they'd kill you. They'd really kill you—lie you on top of the bed and they got a big whip and they would hit you on top of the butt with it. Real hard, till you were black and blue. And that would make you more mad and you'd say: When I get out, I'll rip the world up. Sure, the kids used to fight a lot, but if we ever got caught fighting, we used to get in a lot of trouble. There used to be only two men would take care of a gang of about five hundred kids, and it was a very big yard. There wasn't too much help there to watch. It was a poor institution. It wasn't a rich institution, so they couldn't give us the best.

That's why, when I got out, I made up my mind. I said: The hell with that. I was a little mad on the world. I figured, look at the bum deal they're giving me. I was in that reform school two times for not going to school, but the third time I went in there, I went in for robbing a bike. I saw this bike in the street, so I took it. I took it because I didn't own a bike. I was in Brooklyn then. I went to visit my mother and father and I took this bike and hid it in the cellar. I figured when I go home, I'll take it to New York. So my older brother, he sees the bike and takes it out and goes around the neighborhood and they arrest him. So he didn't tell them that I took the bike, so when I found out about it, I ran to the station house and I said I robbed the bike, not my brother. So they let my brother go and they held me. I went to court and they looked up my record and I was twice in the reform school and a bad kid, bad record, didn't want to go to school—bang! They sent me right back again. I was about fourteen then.

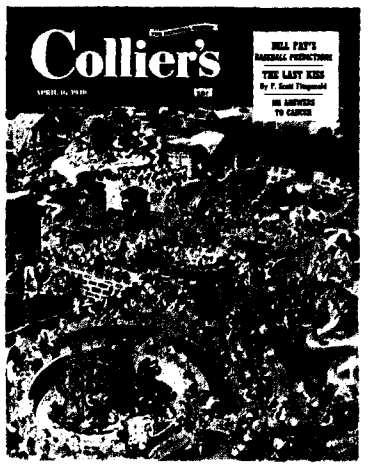
Hanging Around Again

So that time I was up for about eight months and finally I got out. Then I started hanging around the neighborhood again. I got my working papers so I didn't have to go to school, and I never went to work. I was going to the Boys' Club a lot and we had our own club on Tenth Street near Second Avenue, the Tenth Street Social Club. I used to hang around in there. I had a couple of amateur fights, too, under my real name of Rocco Barbella, and I won the Metropolitan A.A.U. championships.

I liked fighting a lot in those days. Very much. I started seeing that with my hands, that was the only thing that I'd be on top. There was no other way. Like if a guy got wise with me, I'd hit him right on the chin. I'd tell him: Don't be a wise guy. That was the only reason why I'd be on top. That was the only thing I had, my fighting ability, which right now made me a lot of money and everything. So I figured, from now on if anybody bothers me, I'll bust their head. Like if a guy come over: Hey, you do this here; or things like that, where a guy would annoy you or you don't want a guy to talk to you, the only way I could show him is to hit him. I could show him that I'm a better fighter than he is.

I used to have a very quick temper. I used to be a pretty bad kid. Take the way I got to be a professional fighter. It was through my friend, Terry Young, who was a main-bout fighter. I used to go up to the gym to watch Terry train. I was about seventeen then and Terry used to pay for me to get in and I used to sit down and watch him. At the time, I never thought to be a professional fighter. I would just hang around with the mob all day and my grandmother would give me a little money, whatever she could afford. She never bothered me to go to work. I never worked in my whole life, except for fighting. I felt about it like school, the same thing. But today, if I ever needed to work, I'd just really go to work. Boxing has really done a lot for me.

Next Week's Cover



Another great drawing by Stanley and Janice Berenstain, creators of Saturday Matinee. Don't miss

Afternoon at the Zoo

So I used to watch Terry Young train, and Terry used to tell his manager, who is Irving Cohen, to watch this kid, meaning me. I was a pretty nice-looking kid then. I had sharp features, I didn't have a nose like I have now. I even looked a little like a sissy. That is, I didn't look like a rough kid, my face wasn't rough, but when I spoke I looked rough. So Terry used to tell Irving: You see this kid? The greatest fighter around. So Irving, he never says anything, he figured this kid never had a glove on. But one day Terry needed a sparring partner and he says: Hey, Rocky, come on. And I says: Aaah, what's the matter with you? But finally I put on the gloves and got in the ring.

It was at Stillman's gym, and I weighed about 145 then. I had no idea to fight or anything. I was just going to go two or three rounds like a sparring partner. Terry was a 10-round main-event professional fighter, and I never fought professional in my life. But I stood up pretty good with him, and the windup is that I hit him with a right hand and I hurt him a little. And then he hit me and knocked me down. And I got up and I grabbed the water bottle and I wanted to hit him on the head. You see, I didn't know I hurt him. I figured I couldn't hurt the guy with the big gloves on. But when Irving saw that, he says if this kid buckled down, he could be a good fighter.

So I started to fight for Irving Cohen. And I was a pretty cocky kid. I had a real wise attitude on life. Irving used to tell me: Rocky, you're fighting in two weeks, you ought to train.

And I used to say: Okay, don't worry about it.

And he used to say: Come up to the gym now.

And I used to say: Don't worry about it.

And I didn't show up in the gym for two weeks. I used to come the day of the fight and say: Let's go. So we go in the fight and I would knock the guy out.

Kayoed Plenty of Pros

And then it got to the stage where I didn't used to train at all. I used to just go in the ring and I was knocking guys out, professional fighters. St. Nick's, Jersey, Ridgewood, all over. I had a pretty good record and I was very cocky and for that reason Irving was always looking to get me beat. He always used to put me in over my head and I used to knock the guys out.

I changed my name, too, at that time, to Rocky Graziano, because my grandmother and grandfather didn't want I should be a fighter. But it was the only way I could make a dollar. I wanted to make money, and quick. From one fight to another fight and that's all. It was the first time I ever made any money. For my first four-rounder I got twenty dollars, in Jersey. You give the guy who works in the corner a few dollars, that's all. A lot of managers take money from a kid fighter, like a kid gets twenty dollars, they cut him ten. But Irving never did. He just kept trying to get me beat and I kept knocking the guys dead. And the money started coming in and I really started to like it. A lot of people started recognizing me and I felt, boy, this is all right! And I began to think. Boxing really done a lot for me in that respect. It made me start to think: This guy is Jewish, he ain't such a bad guy after all. Because when we were kids, that's all we knew were Italians. If any guy was Chinese or colored or Jewish or whatever he was, there was something wrong with him. We expected to see him with horns or something. Then I started mingling with other fighters. Al Davis, colored fighters, Jewish fighters—I made a couple of friends. Things started to work out nice and I was getting a little older and I started to think: These guys ain't bad guys after all.

It was really starting to get real good. I used to bring a different girl to the fight with me each time. I used to be a big ladies' man. I used to have girls around all the time, and guys. I used to bring my own click to see me fight. From the neighborhood, no outsiders. I was a professional fighter, so all my friends looked up to me a little more. I was the fair-haired. And then I got drafted in the Army.

ROCKY had at last found himself. He was a fighter, but when he was drafted into the Army in 1942, he was back where he'd started—bucking his old enemy, discipline. In this personal story of one of the most controversial figures in the sports world, Graziano tells the events that led to his imprisonment, dishonorable discharge and, finally, desperate return to the fight game. The second installment is in Collier's next week.

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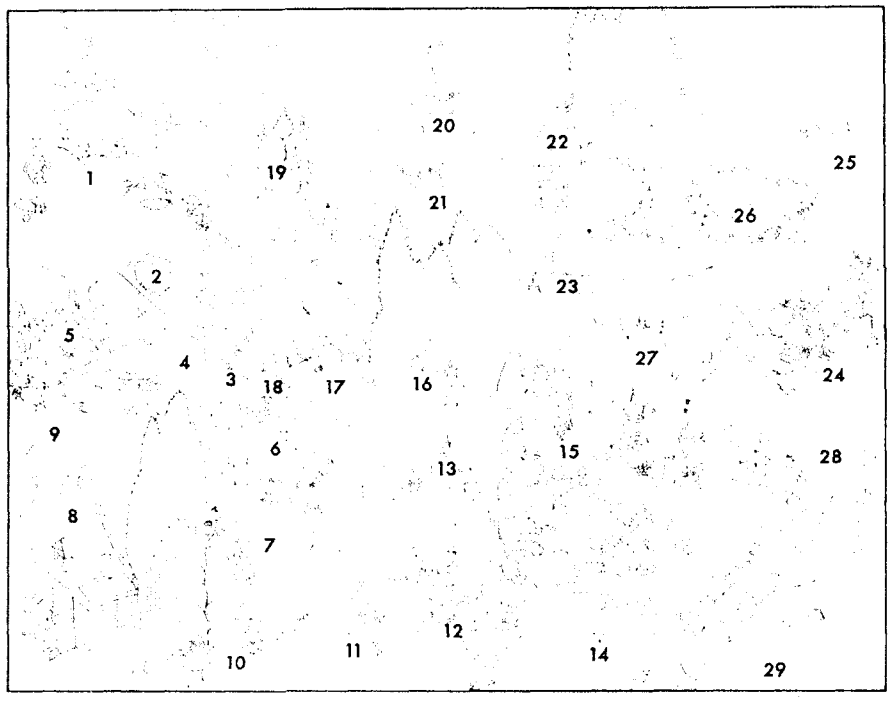

Key to the events on the cobblestone path in the painting on page 64, of

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

(1) Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister and of having nothing to do when suddenly a White Rabbit ran by her.

(2) She followed him into a large rabbit hole and fell down, down, down.

(3) At the bottom of the hole she found a tiny golden key which unlocked a little door. When she looked through the door she saw a beautiful garden that she longed to enter, but couldn't because she was much too large. Then she came upon a bottle marked "Drink Me." The bottle's contents made Alice only ten inches high, just the right size to go through the door, but she had left the key on the table and couldn't reach it.

(4) Finding a little cake with currants on it that spelled out "Eat Me," she ate it and it made her grow "like the largest telescope that ever was!" To get through the door now was more hopeless than ever and Alice began to cry. Passing by, the White Rabbit was startled to see such a monster, dropped his gloves and fan and scurried off. Alice sadly fanned herself with the fan and discovered just in time to keep from disappearing altogether that it was making her small again.

(5) To make matters worse Alice slipped and fell into the pool of tears she had shed. It was quite crowded with birds and animals and when they had all swum to shore, the Mouse recited English history to get them dry.

(6) The Dodo bird suggested a Caucus-race, which succeeded in getting them really dry.

(7) The Rabbit passed by again and told Alice to hurry to his house and get him a pair of gloves and a fan.

(8) In the Rabbit's house Alice drank from another bottle; it made her so big she couldn't get out of the house.

(9) The Rabbit sent Bill the Lizard down the chimney to see what was the matter and Alice kicked him out.

(10) Then the Rabbit threw pebbles in at Alice and when they turned into little cakes, she ate one. It made her small enough to get out of the house. Running away, Alice met a playful puppy so big she had to hide behind a thistle.

(11) Exhausted from her encounter with the puppy, Alice leaned against a buttercup and fanned herself with a leaf.

(12) When Alice asked the Caterpillar, who was sitting on a mushroom, how she could get big again, it said, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

(13) She nibbled from one side of the mushroom but only her neck grew. It got so long a Pigeon mistook her for a serpent after its eggs. So she nibbled from the other side of the mushroom until she was only nine inches high.

(14) Then she came to a house where the Fish-Footman was delivering an invitation to the Frog-Footman, asking the Duchess to come play croquet with the Queen of Hearts.

(15) Inside the house, Alice found the Duchess holding a baby which she treated very roughly. When Alice held the baby, it turned into a pig.

(16) Outside the house, Alice met the Cheshire-Cat sitting in a tree. She asked it directions and it said that one way she'd come to the Mad Hatter's and the other way to the March Hare's, who was also mad. Since it was May, Alice decided to go to the March Hare's, inasmuch as he surely wouldn't be as mad now as he had been in March.

(17) At the March Hare's, she found a tea party in progress with the Mad Hatter and the Dormouse, who was asleep, attending. When the Hare and the Hatter tried to put the Dormouse into the teapot, Alice left.

(18) Going away from the tea party, Alice found a tree with a door in it. She went through and found the little door leading into the beautiful garden. With bits of the mushroom, which she had saved, she got the key, unlocked the door, made herself small, and at last got into the beautiful garden!

(19) Just inside the garden was a large rose tree with white roses on it, which three gardeners were busily painting red.

(20) The King and Queen of Hearts came into the garden to play croquet.

(21) The Queen kept ordering everyone's head chopped off and then suddenly asked Alice to join the croquet game, in which flamingos were used as mallets and hedgehogs as balls.

(22) When Alice was thoroughly discouraged with the game and the Queen, the Cheshire-Cat's head appeared and asked her how she was getting along. Alice was delighted to have someone to talk to and said she didn't like the game or the Queen.

(23) When the Queen had ordered so many persons into custody that there was no one left to play the game, Alice, the Queen and the Duchess left the field.

(24) They met a Gryphon, and the Gryphon was ordered to take Alice on to the Mock Turtle, who began crying over the days when he was a real turtle.

(25) His story was about the days when he went to school to the Tortoise and studied Reeling and Writhing and the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision.

(26) After the story, the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle showed Alice the Lobster-Quadrille, danced to the song, "Will you walk a little faster?"

(27) Alice had to leave the Mock Turtle while it was still singing "Beautiful Soup" because the Gryphon wanted her to see the trial of the Knave of Hearts who was accused of stealing some tarts made by the Queen.

(28) Alice disrupted the court when she said, "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" Everyone flew at her in a rage.

(29) Then Alice's sister woke her from her dream.

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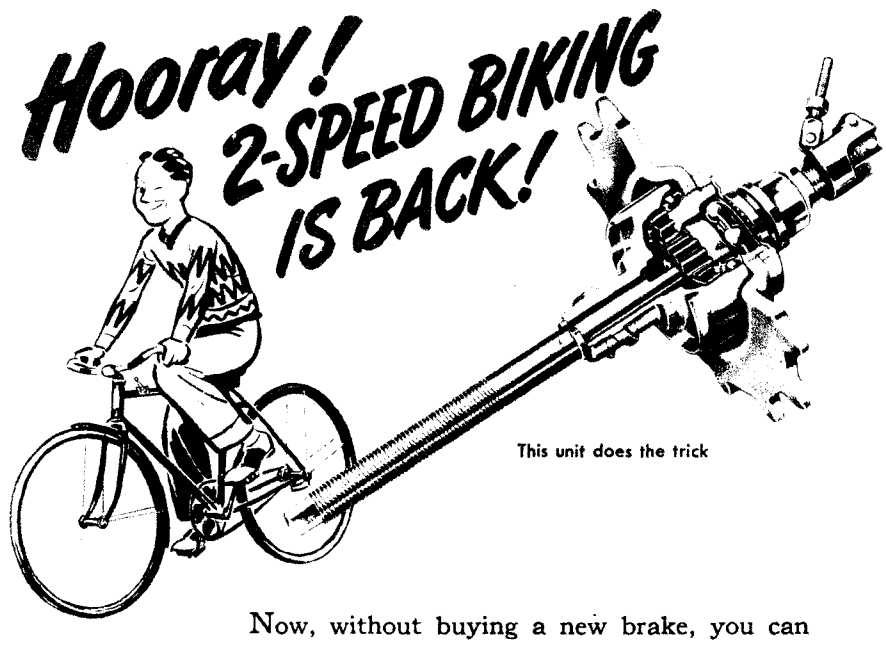

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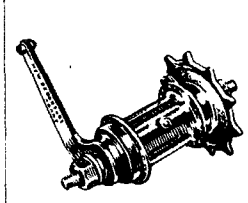

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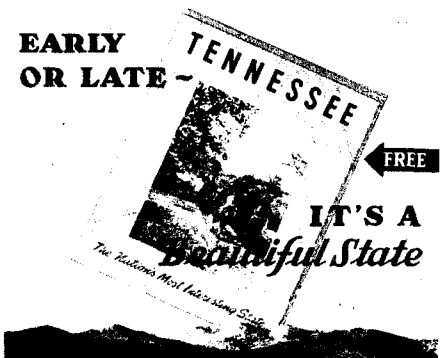

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"I think you're wonderful!" cooed the surprised mother. "John must be very proud of you, my girl!"

"He isn't yet. You see, so far *he's* done all the cooking!" (ADV.)

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OUR REEKING HALLS OF JUSTICE

Continued from page 28

though, Tommy gets arrested. When he does, the cops don't bother to put him in a cell, because a bondsman always appears to release him on bail within a few minutes.

Next day, outside court, a man with a brief case comes up to him and says, "You Tommy Starcke? I'm your lawyer. Just plead guilty and shut up." So when they call his name and read off a charge about violating Section Two-Oh-Something-or-Other, Tommy says, "Guilty," and shuts up. The judge, without even looking up, mumbles a fine, and maybe he adds "fine and costs suspended." If he doesn't add that, the lawyer says, "The defendant has a friend in court who has offered to pay his fine." A big man in a camel's-hair polo coat, who appears to be a friend of several people like Tommy, counts off the money to the clerk and says to Tommy, "Go on, scram back to the job now." And Tommy goes back to his illegal job.

That little scene, with different names or some slight variations, you could have witnessed for yourself in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Philadelphia and many other large cities in America. But don't get the idea that that, too, could happen to you or me, unless, like Tommy, we should find ourselves working for a gambling syndicate.

There is a very strong odor in the court from gambling cases. According to the Chicago Crime Commission nine out of every ten cases that came to court in that city resulted in no punishment or penalty. No one in Cincinnati, not even the detective in charge of the gambling squad, could recall an instance of a bookmaker being sent to jail (although the law provides for it, of course). Checkups in several other cities revealed a similar pattern.

In their handling of gambling cases some judges find themselves caught up in a system reminiscent of the prohibition era, which demonstrated that it is difficult if not impossible to enforce an unpopular law. There are big profits in catering to a forbidden pastime and a large chunk of these profits is used to buy immunity from the law.

Gambling Finances Politics

Authorities generally agree that gambling is the foulest odor in our inferior courts and the greatest force for corrupting local law enforcement today. Gamblers have worked out a smooth system. In most of the cities, large and small, that I visited, the lower court judges are endorsed by the ward leaders. So when a gambler wants to open up, he takes care of the ward leader. In some cities, the gambling interests are the financial drive wheel of the whole political machine. Where this system works—and it's working in a lot of towns—the judge isn't likely to get tough with gambling cases, if he wants to remain in office.

"If the lower courts are corrupt or susceptible to partisan influence," writes William Bennett Munro in his book Municipal Government and Administration, "the underworld is quick to find it out; and by its whisperings carry to thousands of minds the impression that all tribunals of justice are purchasable or partisan. That is what has happened, with or without good reason, in many of the larger American cities."

How does the underworld find it out? One tip-off is a seemingly innocuous device called the "continuance." A continuance is simply a delay, holding a prisoner for further hearing. The prisoner is brought in and the judge says, quite officiously, "Case continued, one week." Nobody asked for the delay, neither the police nor the defendant; it just seems to be a matter of court routine. But the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has found that when a magistrate thus delays a case, for no good reason, it allows time for " 'the fixing' of cases between hearings, for the practice of extortion by police officers and others, and for the operation of sinister political influences."

When the whisperings issue from the corners of underworld mouths and the wise offender gets a continuance like that, he knows enough to hang around the corridor outside the courtroom until he finds out whom to see about a payoff. The one to see is often a hanger-on, one of those mysterious fellows who holds no official position in the court but is frequently seen with the judge.

And what is the purchase price of justice in a corrupt court? It varies. Some idea may be gained, though, from the records of a recent grand jury. A man charged with shooting another man testified that a hanger-on had told him the case could be fixed up for $750, but, when the defendant didn't have that much, the "fixer" finally accepted $250. And the gunman was freed in court.

Some of the odors in the lower courts are subtle and hard to detect because they are covered over with this perfume of legal jabberwocky, like "continuances," and "changes of disposition." In a change of disposition a magistrate may hand out a stiff sentence in open court and secretly change it to a lighter one later. This is not always done for the benefit of the defendant. The practice once brought a neat profit to somebody in a Chicago Court. Hundreds of dollars in fines were remitted, or canceled, after they had been paid. But investigators reported that the people who had paid the fines were never notified of the "change of disposition" and didn't get their money back. The city never got it either. Who did? That remains a question to this day.

Many judges find it convenient to dispose of certain cases in their chambers, before court officially opens. In a Middle Western city I visited, police waited in court all morning to testify against a prisoner, only to find that the judge had "taken care of" the case before he came on the bench.

These star chamber sessions don't always work to the advantage of the defendant, either. The American Civil Liberties Union reported that in a California town a man was tried in the secrecy of his jail cell and sentenced to 180 days for "disturbing the peace," a sentence that turned out to be 90 days beyond the maximum permitted by law. Court records failed to show that the man had been arraigned first or informed of his rights; they showed only that he had pleaded innocent.

The Rights of the Accused

"Disturbing the peace" is a loose charge. Almost anybody could be arrested for it at some time or other. Against such a possibility, it pays to know your rights. The Constitution and our state laws give you the right:

To get word to the outside when you are arrested.

To a prompt appearance in court, usually within 24 hours at most.

To know the charge against you, in language you can understand.

To engage an attorney and see him.

To a public hearing.

To be heard in court, and to plead not guilty or guilty.

To demand a jury trial.

To get another judge if the one hearing your case is prejudiced.

To be freed on bail while awaiting trial, except in the rarest instances.

Besides your rights, there are some practical tips not contained in the Constitution that every person who might be accused of a traffic violation, or "disturbing the peace" or "acting suspiciously" ought to know:

COLLIER'S

"Looks like you'll have to lead with your right. I can't find the other pair"

STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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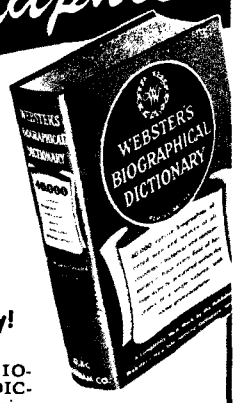

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If you are innocent, don't let policemen grown suddenly friendly talk you into pleading guilty with promises that "you'll get off easier and avoid trouble." Some policemen have a habit of doing this. It improves their conviction record and saves them time in court.

Wear your best clothes to court. Appearance and financial status are not supposed to make any difference to a judge, but compare the treatment generally given the shabby defendant and the affluent-looking one!

Beware of lawyers who pick up cases around the courts and police stations. One citizen, charged with disorderly conduct, paid such a lawyer a $500 fee before he found out that the maximum fine with costs for that charge was only $110.

Investigating committees have recommended that defendants' rights be printed, posted and given to every prisoner. Although there may be some jails or lower courts where this is done, I have yet to see one.

However, in Los Angeles municipal courts, I did see judges and prosecutors carefully explaining to all defendants the charges against them, and informing them clearly of their rights. It was in keeping with the whole atmosphere of that city's municipal courts. Throughout the country there are good lower courts, conscientiously run and decently conducted, and Los Angeles is an outstanding example. Here the people themselves have provided that prerequisite of respected justice—decent courtrooms. They are clean and well kept. There is little complaint that the judges do not spend enough time in court.

In Cleveland, a municipal judge who had been criticized for not spending enough time in court waved his arm around his chambers, almost touching the four walls as he did so, and said to me, "Would you spend time here if you were a judge?" The dingy cubicle contained a tiny overflowing desk and two extra chairs, one a rickety rocker. The sun spotlighted in through a single unshaded window, itself in such disrepair that cold air blasted over the desk. The voters of Cleveland had just defeated a bond issue for new courthouse facilities.

Criminal Code Is Inadequate

Los Angeles municipal judges are paid $12,500 a year. In some cities, like Philadelphia, the magistrates get $5,500 and are supposed to have no outside business. Yet Los Angeles is not satisfied with its municipal courts. Even the court officers admit that the courts are not giving the public the protection it deserves, because good courtrooms, good procedure and good judges are not the sole solution. The best of judges must work within the framework of a criminal code so inadequate it led the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes to question whether "half the criminal law does not do more harm than good?"

"Most of our sex laws, our treatment of prostitutes and of narcotic addicts, and certainly our handling of the problem of alcoholism, are examples of this," declares Edwin J. Lukas of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. "Our criminal code is 50 years behind science."

Los Angeles averages about 100,000 arrests a year for drunkenness. But records show that 37 per cent of these are repeaters. One had been arrested 280 times and spent most of the last 10 years in jail.

Don R. Sanson, Chief Adult Probation Officer of Los Angeles County, told me, "If we could just remove from our dockets the 500 most frequently arrested alcoholics, it would do more than anything else to clear the court calendars and allow time for fair justice for other cases."

New York City has taken a first step toward doing that with Bridge House, an institution to which the magistrates can send alcoholics to be cured rather than futilely punished. The courts of that city have also set up a specialized council to treat intelligently the growing problem of homosexuality.

In all the lower courts, time is the enemy of justice. Though approximately six per cent of our population passes through them every year, judges have little time for the individual. Modern courts are learning to use probation officers and the social agencies to help with this job. But even in the progressive courts of Los Angeles, Detroit and New York, the probation departments are understaffed or inadequately equipped.

Untrained Probation Workers

Good probation departments can cut down crime by scientifically sifting the hopefuls from the hopeless in the court line-ups and salvaging those who can be restored to decent citizenship. This is highly skilled work, calling for special training and social-work experience. And in most of our cities, probation officers, like clerks, bailiffs and other employees of the courts, are outright political appointees, their only qualification being "pull."

Even the ranking employer of the court, the judge himself, is not required to have any scientific training in the field of crime. Professor Sheldon Glueck, Harvard's noted criminologist, recommends special courses for all criminal courts justices.

Standing outside the courtroom of a notoriously incapable, semi-illiterate judge, I heard a reporter say, "If the people who elected him would only take the trouble to visit this court once, he'd never hold office another term."

When I asked Chief Justice Edward S. Scheffler of the Chicago municipal courts how the people could elect, and re-elect, judges who degrade the lower courts, he replied, "I don't think the people do. I don't think the people, as a whole, bother to vote for judges."

That is the key to the ward leaders' control of the lower courts. That is why, in many cities, the judges they endorse are automatically elected or appointed, regardless of honesty or ability. But it works both ways. Asked how he accounted for the higher quality of justice in Los Angeles courts, Presiding Judge Leo Freund said, "Our people take a great interest in our municipal courts."

There is very little wrong with the lower courts that a few thousand interested voters couldn't cure in each community. But municipal judges' names trail at the end of the ballot, and the average voter doesn't know anything about them. Few public organizations try to inform him, and when they do, he often disregards it as too trivial. One municipal judge was re-elected after he was openly charged with having business connections with a notorious mobster.

In the last election in Missouri, an election board forgot to include the judges' names on the ballot, and none of the voters noticed it until the election was half over. In California the voters elected as justice of the peace a man who had died before the election.

Various schemes have been tried to break the corrupt politicians' grip on the lower courts—the nonpartisan ballot, appointment of judges, and a combination of appointment with voters' approval. Wherever there has been public apathy, all of them have failed.

Every authority and every observer, every honest judge and every grafter I talked to in this investigation came around to the same statement:

"The people usually get just what they want in the way of justice."

Is your city's court giving the sort of justice you'd want?

THE END

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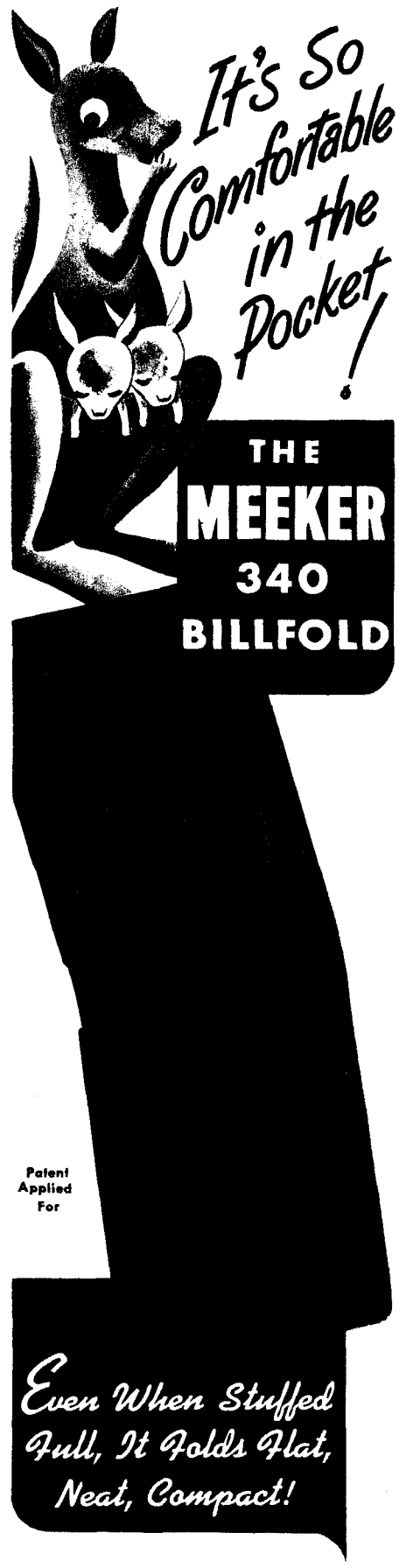

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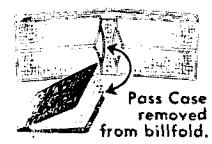

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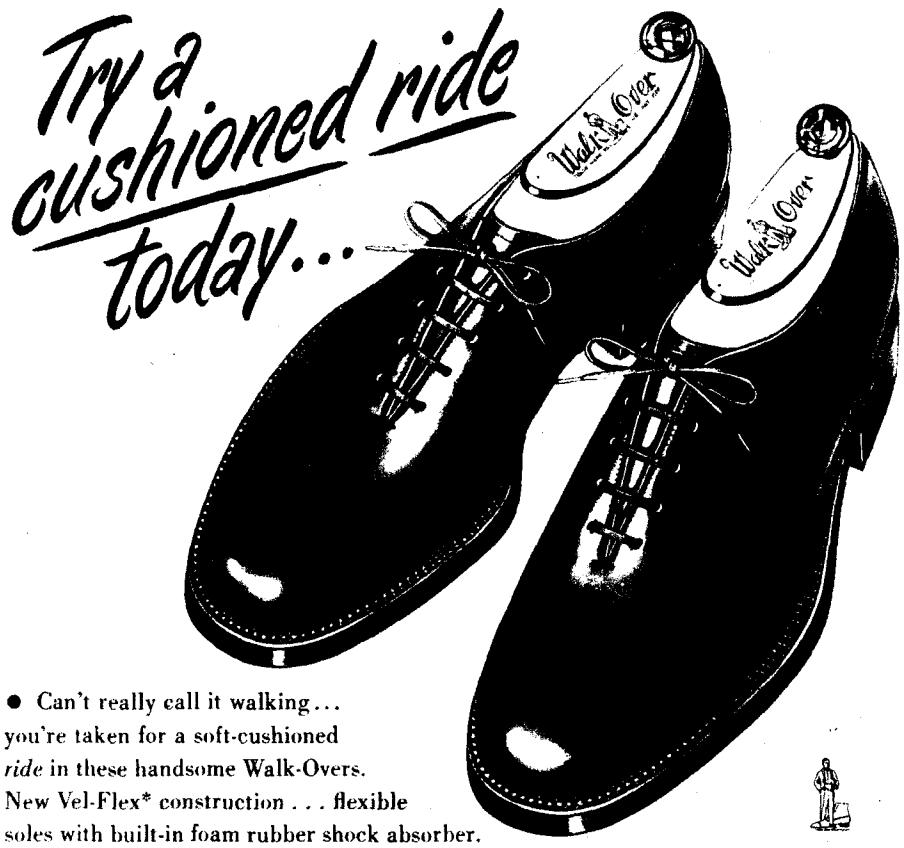

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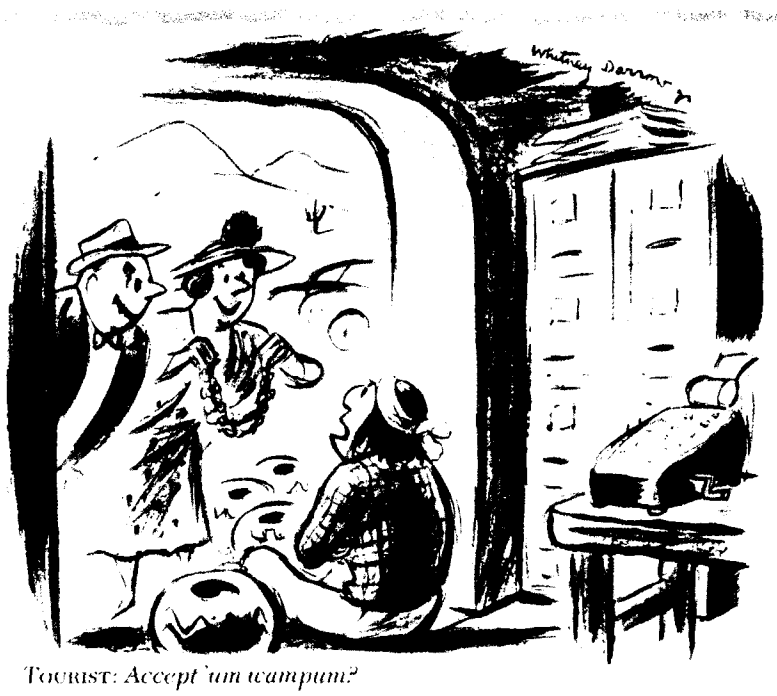

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IRON MAN BARKLEY

Continued from page 25

"It looks like Barkley for the Vice-Presidency," Les said.

"Yes," Truman replied, "it was a great demonstration. If the convention wants him, I would be proud to have him on the ticket."

If Barkley had been a vindictive man he would, that night, have nudged Truman out of the party's nomination. That he did not do so was not only a measure of his character but also of his political acumen. He knew he might not be elected if he, not so well known nationally as Truman, headed the ticket. He also knew that disavowal of Truman would mean betrayal of his true love, the Democratic party.

Veto Arouses Resentment

He had reason enough to be vindictive. He, and not Truman, might have become President on April 12, 1945, when Roosevelt died, had the maestro picked him for Vice-President instead of the senator from Missouri. None knew better than Barkley that Roosevelt passed him by, not because he was "too old"—Truman was not sufficiently younger than Barkley to make that argument stick—but because the Kentuckian, in February of 1944, had dared challenge F.D.R.'s wisdom in vetoing a hard-won wartime tax bill.

Roosevelt had asked Congress to increase wartime taxes by at least ten billions. After more than six months of hard work, Congress produced a tax bill upping government income by only $2,250,000,000.

"It is not a tax bill," F.D.R. said in his veto message, "but a tax-relief bill, providing relief not for the needy but for the greedy."

Barkley, habitually even-tempered, exploded on the Senate floor. "This is the first time I have been accused deliberately of voting for a bill that constituted a relief measure impoverishing the needy and enriching the greedy. For twelve years I have carried the flag of this Administration as majority leader of the Senate. Sometimes I have carried it with little help here on the Senate floor and more frequently with little help from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue . . ."

When he finished, Alben resigned as Senate majority leader and lost his chance at the Vice-Presidency.

Like Roosevelt, Truman, who would not consciously hurt a friend, was nevertheless guilty of snubbing Barkley four years later. Not only had he not tapped the Kentuckian for the Vice-Presidency but he had not consulted with his majority leader as often as he might have on "must" legislation.

First as Truman's majority leader and, after the Republican upsurge of 1946, as his minority leader, Barkley seldom saw the President.

"It's like playing in a night ball game," he said, joking about the lack of co-operation. "I'm supposed to be the catcher and get signals from the dugout. But I'm not only not getting the signals. Somebody sometimes even turns the lights out when the ball is tossed."

That is certainly what happened when Truman threw his civil rights pitch. Barkley probably could have avoided the Dixiecrat revolt if he had been consulted in time.

What sustained Barkley through those years of humiliations was undoubtedly his genius for laughing at himself and for inducing laughter in others.

He demonstrated this gift one morning when he and his daughter stopped for gas at a Kentucky crossroads during the recent campaign. The senator, always ready for a bit of roadside politicking, greeted the attendant with a booming "good morning" and his favorite conversational gambit: "I'm Barkley, of Paducah."

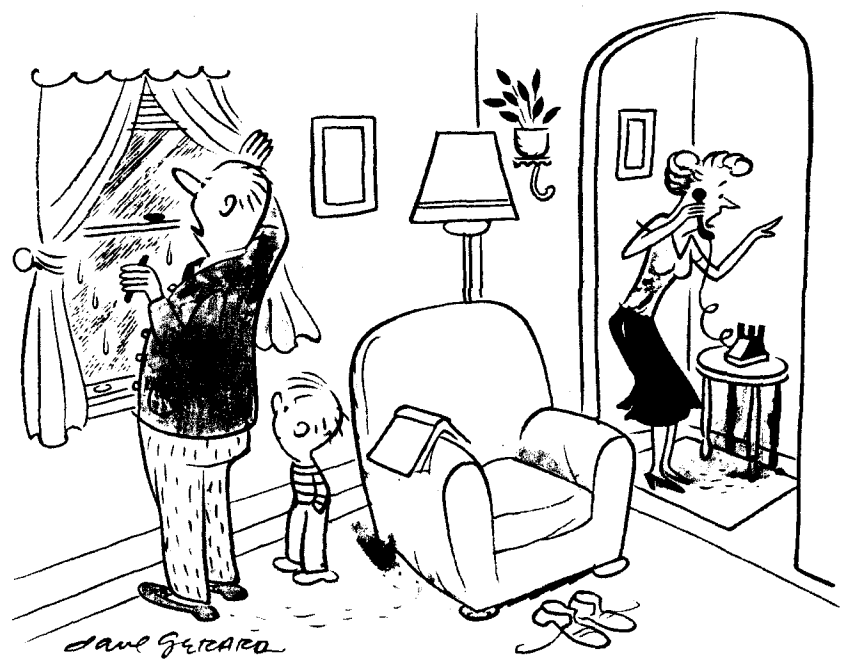
He got only a polite "Howdy, Mr. Bogly," and dead-panned unrecognition in return.

The senator tried again. "I'm Barkley, Alben Barkley, of Paducah."

With an I-heard-you-the-first-time air the man went on with his windshield wiping and nodded. "Pleased to meetcha', Mr. Buckley," he said. Barkley reddened, and Mrs. Truitt hid a smile as she gunned the car away from the gas station. Downroad a piece, Barkley exploded—with laughter.

Viewpoint

By DAVE GERARD



"Oh, gosh! Watta night! I wouldn't send a dog out into a night like this . . ."

"Now that's ridiculous, Mother! You stay right there and George will walk down with an umbrella!"

COLLIER'S

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"You know who said it's the greatest movie ever made? I'll tell you who said it's the greatest movie ever made. The people who made it. They said it's the greatest movie ever made"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

"Sis," he roared, "I guess that fellow didn't know me."

It was Barkley's humor that the voters liked best about him when he toured more than half the country on behalf of the Democratic ticket last fall. He had them laughing from coast to coast. When his speech at Carnegie Hall ran beyond his allotted time by 15 minutes and the Philharmonic was waiting to go on, a stage manager blinked the house lights off and on to discourage him.

"Well," said Barkley during one of the brief blackouts, "I've been in the dark before. But never, of course, about the predatory aims of the Republicans."

Out in California, where he reputedly decided the issue in favor of the Democrats by his vigorous campaigning, he started almost all of his speeches by sounding as though he were electioneering for his Republican opponent, Earl Warren. He would praise Warren as an able administrator.

"You elected him," he said on one occasion, "because he is a fine, upstanding man—just the person to help you solve the many difficult problems with which California is beset. I say that you cannot spare Earl Warren from California. Don't send him to Washington."

His Part in the "Miracle"

There is no doubt in the minds of many who participated in the technical business of electing a President, Republicans and Democrats, that Barkley's presence on the ticket was at least one of the reasons for the Truman miracle in November. Barkley is credited with having decided the issue in doubtful Kentucky and with having swung many of the farm states over to Truman.

The sashaying back and forth across the country wearied the forty-six-year-old Dewey, tried the sixty-four-year-old Truman and fatigued husky Barkley, who was fifty-seven. But one-night stands, as many as 14 speeches a day, hops and hours of handshaking didn't seem to bother Barkley much. He had no doctor with him, no masseurs, no valets.

The Vice-President is a free-swinging, old-school orator. Nobody ever wrote a speech for him. Several tried but no matter what they wrote, it would all come out pure Barkley when he spoke it. He often took the more important set speeches and, reading from the copy, dictated his own version, invariably more humorous, warm and pertinent than the carefully prepared text.

When he reads a speech he does so from notes printed on cards in large type. His eyes have always been weak. He often discards prepared speeches merely because he can't read them without peering at them through his bifocals—which he abhors because it causes him "to lose touch" with his audience.

Some observers believe that Barkley has "earned a rest." As defined by the Constitution, the Vice-President's duties consist of presiding over the Senate, where he votes only in case of a tie, something that has happened only a couple of hundred times in our entire history.

For the rest, the Vice-President appoints a few minor Senate committees, attends Cabinet meetings, signs joint resolutions of Congress, appoints five midshipmen to the Naval Academy and as many cadets to West Point. He is a member of the board of regents of the Smithsonian Institution, and he substitutes for the President at parades, cornerstone and wreath layings and other functions.

But Barkley has no intention of playing it that way. He has, he knows, a valuable function to perform. This is to keep the new Democratic Congress and the White House "working together as a team." Barkley will try to mitigate the effects of the struggle for power which has historically plagued relations between the President and the Hill and which reached its ugliest climax during the 80th Congress.

If Barkley succeeds, he may go down in history as the Great Harmonizer of what has always been an unruly party of liberals, radicals, middle-of-the-roaders and outright reactionaries. But the party, its extreme left Wallaceites and extreme right Dixiecrats either jettisoned outright or made to eat crow, emerged stronger than it had ever been from the recent elections. Barkley hopes to keep it that way, aware that new friction and new splits could wreck an Administration of which he is a principal architect.

When it is all over, Barkley hopes to retire to The Angles, his big, one-story brick house near Paducah. He will live there with his forty-two-year-old son, David. He will miss his wife, Dorothy Bower, who died of heart disease March 10, 1947, in Washington.

The house is crammed with antiques, and antique china which Barkley and his wife collected over a period of 44 years of married life. Next to politics, a tough trade, Barkley loves his fragile collections best.

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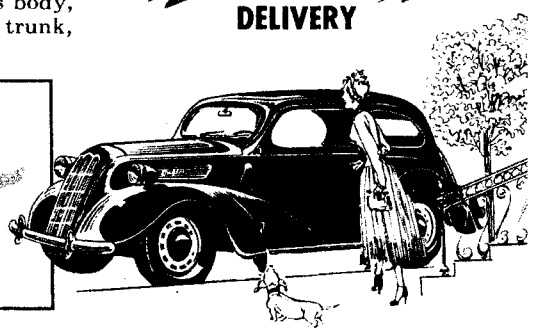

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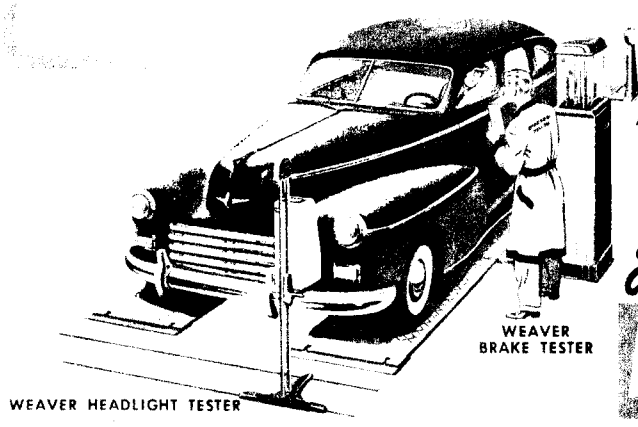

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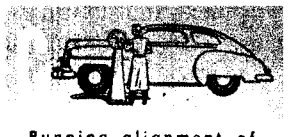

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DONALD MOSS

Rocky Has A Message For You

COLLIER'S thinks that the story unfolded by Rocky Graziano can be fruitfully pondered by a great many people, including those who have only contempt for the morals and manners of the prize-fight business.

Rocky Graziano, as is shown by his narrative that starts in this week's Collier's, is certainly no lily. In fact the reader will doubtless infer that Mr. Graziano does not contemplate with too much satisfaction many of the critical episodes in his own career. Mr. Graziano frankly does not understand why he did a number of things that did not elicit cheers.

The readers of this remarkable record of his will have a more detached view of his behavior and of his motives. Mr. Graziano regards himself as a success. In a certain fashion he is. He has earned public attention and considerable sums of money.

But it is for his deficiencies as well as for his accomplishments that Rocky Graziano is worth serious consideration. He is a product of New York's congested East Side. He did not fit into any of the available schools. Before he was ten years old he had attracted the censorious eyes and boots of the neighborhood police.

Not even reform institutions were able to give him regular or instructive schooling. Many of his boyhood playmates ended up in crime and prison. He managed to escape such degradation by the profitable exercise of his talents as a boxer. Even in this career the ugly scars of his environment and upbringing showed.

The tenement slums that produced Rocky Graziano were the same slums that a generation before bred Alfred E. Smith, the Happy Warrior, one of New York's greatest governors. Al Smith's environment was no better and little different. Yet Al Smith became one of the most useful and best-loved men of his generation.

We cannot blame New York's slums for Rocky Graziano without according them credit for Governor Smith. We can admit, however, that very superior gifts of mind and heart are required if a boy or a girl is to develop normally and healthily in such an environment.

The sober truth is that crowded slums, not merely of the great metropolis but of all cities large and small, are poor and menacing places for children. Short of a cave or a hollow tree it would be hard to find a less favorable place in which to nurture the young than the dark and noisy tenements of the old Bowery districts.

There were few places in which children could play without becoming public nuisances and lawbreakers. The policeman, inspired chiefly by a desire to avoid complaints from pestered citizens or irritated superiors, was the chief representative of the community—outside the schools—in dealing with high-spirited boys and girls.

Schools were crowded. Teachers were assigned classes so large that it was virtually impossible to give individual attention to children who did not easily conform. Playgrounds did not exist for most of these underprivileged youngsters. There were few safe or legal outlets for the turbulent spirits of children whose one refuge was the city streets.

Great progress has been made in tearing down old tenements and in letting air and sunlight into places that had been dark and unsavory for generations. Playgrounds, modern apartments, community centers, social settlements, boys' clubs and many other utilities have been established. The police themselves in many places have established athletic leagues that seek to provide wholesome channels through which may flow the eager energies of boys and girls who must have activity if they are to be normal.

Few Eastern cities and still fewer towns and villages have sufficient school and recreational resources to care for their children. Western cities generally have made better provision than the East. Chicago was, of course, a pioneer in this development.

Almost nowhere have the cities been able to catch up with their problem in this respect. The cities that have had large immigration from other sections, notably the South, are experiencing great difficulty now.

If, for example, the section of New York called Harlem had playgrounds in adequate number it might have few predatory gangs and fewer of the crimes locally known as mugging. Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, among others, have similar problems.

We can't wholly undo the past, but we can face up to the problem that endures. Rocky Graziano, in recalling his own experiences, problems, struggles and defeats, brings sharply home to all of us our neglects in providing the environmen in which children might have a normal expe tation of growing up into useful citizenshi healthy in itself, alert and loyal to the comm interest. For what he lacks, this son of the te ment reminds us of what we as people ha.. failed to provide. . . . W. L. C.

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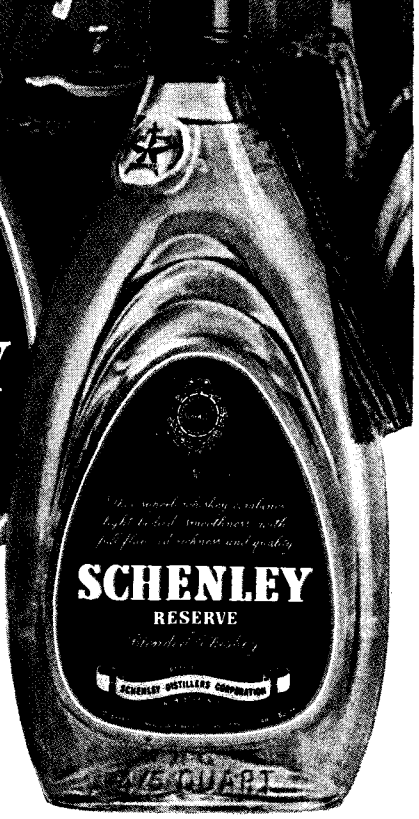

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